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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER IV.



ANY ONE who reads it by the fireside may smile at the incongruous mixture of a sanguinary menace with bad spelling. But deeds of blood had often followed these scrawls in Hillsborough, and Henry knew it: and, indeed, he who cannot spell his own name correctly, is the very man to take his neighbour's life without compunction; since mercy is a fruit of knowledge, and cruelty of ignorance.

And then there was something truly chilling in the mysterious entrance of this threat on a dagger's point into a room he had locked overnight. It implied supernatural craft

and power. After this, where could a man be safe from these all-penetrating and remorseless agents of a secret and irresponsible tribunal?

Henry sat down awhile, and pored over the sanguinary scrawl, and glanced from it with a shudder at the glittering knife. And, while he was in this state of temporary collapse, the works filled, the Power moved, the sonorous grindstones revolved, and every man worked at his ease, except one, the best of them all beyond comparison.

He went to his friend Bayne, and said in a broken voice, "They have put me in heart for work; given me a morning dram. Look here." Bayne was shocked, but not surprised. "It is the regular routine," said he. "They begin civil; but if you don't obey, they turn it over to the scum."

"Do you think my life is really in danger?"

"No, not yet; I never knew a man molested on one warning. This is just to frighten you. If you were to take no notice, you'd likely get another warning, or two, at most; and then they'd do you, as sure as a gun."

"Do me?"

"Oh, that is the Hillsborough word. It means to disable a man from work. Sometimes they lie in wait in these dark streets, and fracture his skull with life-preservers; or break his arm, or cut the sinew of his wrist; and that they call *doing* him. Or, if it is a grinder, they'll put powder in his trough, and then the sparks of his own making fire it, and scorch him, and perhaps blind him for life: that's *doing* him. They have gone as far as shooting men with shot, and even with a bullet, but never so as to kill the man dead on the spot. They *do* him. They are skilled workmen, you know: well, they are skilled workmen at violence and all, and it is astonishing how they contrive to stop within an inch of murder. They'll chance it though sometimes with their favourite gunpowder. If you're very wrong with the trade, and they can't *do* you any other way, they'll blow your house up from the cellar, or let a can of powder down the chimney, with a lighted fuse, or fling a petard in at the window, and they take the chance of killing a houseful of innocent people, to get at the one that's on the black books of the trade, and has to be *done*."

"The beasts! I'll buy a six-shooter. I'll meet craft with craft, and force with force."

"What can you do against ten thousand? No: go you at once to the Secretary of the Edge-Tool Grinders, and get your trade into his union. You will have to pay; but don't mind that. Cheetham will go halves."

"I'll go at dinner-time."

"And why not now?"

"Because," said Henry, with a candour all his own, "I'm getting over my fright a bit, and my blood is beginning to boil at being threatened by a sneak, who wouldn't stand before me one moment in that yard, knife or no knife."

Bayne smiled a friendly but faint smile, and shook his head with grave disapprobation, and said, with wonder, "Fancy postponing Peace!"

Henry went to his forge, and worked till dinner-time. Nay, more, he was a beautiful whistler, and always whistled a little at his work; so to-day he whistled a great deal: in fact, he over-whistled.

At dinner-time he washed his face and hands, and put on his coat to go out.

But he had soon some reason to regret that he had not acted on Bayne's advice to the letter. There had been a large trades' meeting overnight, and the hostility to the London craftsman had spread more

widely, in consequence of remarks that had been there made. This emboldened the lower class of workmen, who already disliked him out of pure envy, and had often scowled at him in silence: and, now, as he passed them, they spoke at him, in their peculiar language, which the great friend and supporter of mechanics in general, *The Hillsborough Liberal*, subsequently christened "THE DASH DIALECT."

"We want no — cockneys here, to steal our work."

"Did ever a — anvil-man handle his own blades in Hillsborough?"

"Not till this — knobstick came," said another.

Henry turned sharp round upon them haughtily, and, such was the power of his prompt defiant attitude, and his eye, which flashed black lightning, that there was a slight movement of recoil among the actual speakers. They recovered it immediately, strong in numbers; but in that same moment Little also recovered his discretion, and he had the address to step briskly towards the gate and call out the porter; he said to him in rather a loud voice, for all to hear, "If anybody asks for Henry Little, say he has gone to the Secretary of the Edge-Tool Forgers' Union." He then went out of the works; but, as he went, he heard some respectable workman say to the scum, "Come, shut up now. It is in better hands than yours."

Mr. Jobson, the Secretary of the Edge-Tool Forgers, was not at home, but his servant-girl advised Little to try the "Rising Sun;" and in the parlour of that orb he found Mr. Jobson, in company with other magnates of the same class, discussing a powerful leader of the *Hillsborough Liberal*, in which was advocated the extension of the franchise, a measure calculated to throw prodigious power into the hands of Hillsborough operatives, because of their great number, and their habit of living each workman in a tenement of his own, however small.

Little waited till *The Liberal* had received its meed of approbation, and then asked respectfully if he might speak to Mr. Jobson on a trade matter. "Certainly," said Mr. Jobson. "Who are you?"

"My name is Little. I make the carving-tools at Cheetham's."

"I'll go home with you; my house is hard by."

When they got to the house, Jobson told him to sit down, and asked him, in a smooth and well-modulated voice, what was the nature of the business. This query, coming from him, who had set the stone rolling that bade fair to crush him, rather surprised Henry. He put his hand into his pocket, and produced the threatening note, but said nothing as to the time or manner of its arrival.

Mr. Jobson perused it carefully, and then returned it to Henry. "What have we to do with this?" and he looked quite puzzled.

"Why, sir, it is the act of your Union."

"You are sadly misinformed, Mr. Little. *We never threaten.* All we do is to remind the master that, if he does not do certain things, certain other things will probably be done by us; and this we wrap up in the kindest way."

"But, sir, you wrote to Cheetham against me."

"Did we? Then it will be in my letter-book." He took down a book, examined it, and said, "You are quite right. Here's a copy of the letter. Now surely, sir, comparing the language, the manners, and the spelling, with that of the ruffian whose scrawl you received this morning——"

"Then you disown the ruffian's threat, sir?"

"Most emphatically. And if you can trace it home, he shall smart for interfering in our business."

"Oh, if the trade disowns the blackguard, I can despise him. But you can't wonder at my thinking all these letters were steps of the same—yes, and Mr. Bayne thought so too; for he said this was the regular routine, and ends in *doing* a poor fellow for gaining his bread."

Mr. Jobson begged to explain.

"Many complaints are brought to us, who advise the trades. When they are frivolous, we are unwilling to disturb the harmony of employers and workmen; we reason with the complainant, and the thing dies away. When the grievance is substantial, we take it out of the individual's hands, and lay it before the working committee. A civil note is sent to the master; or a respectable member of the committee calls on him, and urges him to redress the grievance, but always in kind and civil terms. The master generally assents: experience has taught him it is his wisest course. But if he refuses, we are bound to report the refusal to a larger committee, and sometimes a letter emanates from them, reminding the master that he has been a loser before by acts of injustice, and hinting that he may be a loser again. I don't quite approve this form of communication. But certainly it has often prevented the mischief from spreading farther. Well, but perhaps he continues rebellious. What follows? We can't lock up facts that affect the trade; we are bound to report the case at the next general meeting. It excites comments, some of them perhaps a little intemperate; the lower kind of workmen get inflamed with passion, and often, I am sorry to say, write ruffianly letters, and now and then do ruffianly acts, which disgrace the town, and are strongly reprobated by us. Why, Mr. Little, it has been my lot to send a civil remonstrance, written with my own hand, in pretty fair English—for a man who plied bellows and hammer twenty years of my life—and be treated with silent contempt; and two months after, to be offering a reward of twenty or thirty pounds, for the discovery of some misguided man, that had taken on himself to right this very matter with a can of gunpowder, or some such coarse expedient."

"Yes, but, sir, what hurts me is, you didn't consider me to be worth a civil note. You only remonstrated with Cheetham."

"You can't wonder at that. Our trade hasn't been together many years: and what drove us together? The tyranny of our employers. What has kept us together? The bitter experience of hard work and little pay, whenever we were out of union. Those, who now direct the trades, are old enough to remember when we were all ground down to the dust by the greedy masters; and therefore it is natural, when a grievance arises, we

should be inclined to look to those old offenders for redress in the first instance. Sometimes the masters convince us the fault lies with workmen; and then we trouble the master no more than we are forced to do in order to act upon the offenders. But, to come to the point; what is your proposal?"

"I beg to be admitted into the union."

"What union?"

"Why, of course the one I have offended, through ignorance. The edge-tool forgers."

Jobson shook his head, and said he feared there were one or two objections.

Henry saw it was no use bidding low. "I'll pay 15*l.* down," said he, "and I'll engage not to draw relief from your fund, unless disabled by accident or violence."

"I will submit your offer to the trade," said Jobson. He added, "Then there I conclude the matter rests for the present."

Henry interpreted this to mean that he had nothing to apprehend, unless his proposal should be rejected. He put the 15*l.* down on the table, though Mr. Jobson told him that was premature, and went off as light as a feather. Being nice and clean, and his afternoon's work spoiled, he could not resist the temptation; he went to "Woodbine Villa." He found Miss Carden at home, and she looked quietly pleased at his unexpected arrival: but Jael's colour came and went, and her tranquil bosom rose and fell slowly, but grandly, for a minute, as she lowered her head over her work.

This was a heavenly change to Henry Little. Away from the deafening workshop, and the mean jealousies and brutality of his inferiors, who despised him, to the presence of a beautiful and refined girl, who was his superior, yet did not despise him. From sin to purity, from dirt to cleanliness, from war to peace, from vilest passions to Paradise.

Her smile had never appeared so fascinating, her manner never so polite yet placid. How softly and comfortably she and her ample dress nestled into the corner of the sofa and fitted it! How white her nimble hand! how bright her delicious face! How he longed to kiss her exquisite hand, or her little foot, or her hem, or the ground she walked on, or something she had touched, or her eye had dwelt on.

But he must not even think too much of such delights, lest he should show his heart too soon. So, after a short lesson, he proposed to go into the lumber-room and find something to work upon. "Yes, do," said Grace. "I would go too; but no; it was my palace of delights for years, and its treasures inexhaustible. I will not go to be robbed of one more illusion. It is just possible I might find it really is what the profane in this house call it—a lumber-room—and not what memory paints it, a temple of divine curiosities." And so she sent them off, and set herself to feel old—"Oh, so old."

And presently Henry came back, laden with a great wooden bust of

Erin, that had been the figure-head of a wrecked schooner; and set it down, and told her he should carve that into a likeness of herself, and she must do her share of the work.

Straightway she forgot she was worn out; and clapped her hands, and her eyes sparkled. And the floor was prepared, and Henry went to work like one inspired, and the chips flew in every direction, and the paint was chiselled away in no time, and the wood proved soft and kindly, and just the colour of a delicate skin, and Henry said, "The Greek Statues, begging their pardons, have all got hair like mops; but this shall have real hair, like your own: and the silk dress, with the gloss on; and the lace: but the face, the expression, how can I ever——?"

"Oh, never mind *them*," cried Grace. "Jael, this is too exciting. Please go and tell them 'not at home' to anybody."

Then came a pretty picture: the workman, with his superb hand, brown and sinewy, yet elegant and shapely as a Duchess's, and the fingers almost as taper, and his black eye that glowed like a coal over the model, which grew under his masterly strokes, now hard, now light: the enchanting girl who sat to him, and seemed on fire with curiosity and innocent admiration: and the simple rural beauty, that plied the needle, and beamed mildly with demure happiness, and shot a shy glance upward now and then.

Yes, Love was at his old mischievous game.

Henry now lived in secret for Grace Carden, and Jael was garnering Henry into her devoted heart, unobserved by the object of her simple devotion. Yet, of the three, these two, that loved with so little encouragement, were the happiest. To them the world was Heaven this glorious afternoon. Time, strewing roses as he went, glided so sweetly and so swiftly, that they started with surprise, when the horizontal beams glorified the windows, and told them the brightest day of their lives was drawing to its end.

Ah, stay a little while longer for them, Western Sun. Stand still, not as in the cruel days of old, to glare upon poor, beaten, wounded, panting warriors, and rob them of their last chance, the shelter of the night; but to prolong these holy rapturous hours of youth, and hope, and first love in bosoms unsullied by the world—the golden hours of life, that glow so warm, and shine so bright, and fleet so soon; and return in this world——Never more!

CHAPTER V.

HENRY LITTLE began this bust in a fervid hour, and made great progress the first day: but, as the work grew on him, it went slower and slower; for his ambitious love drove him to attempt beauties of execution that were without precedent in this kind of wood-carving; and, on the other hand, the fastidiousness of a true craftsman made him correct his attempts

again and again. As to those mechanical parts, which he entrusted at first to his pupil, she fell so far short of his ideal even in these, that he told her bluntly she must strike work for the present; he could not have *this* spoiled.

Grace thought it hard she might not be allowed to spoil her own image; however, she submitted, and henceforth her lesson was confined to looking on. And she did look on with interest, and, at last, with profound admiration. Hitherto she had thought, with many other persons, that, if a man's hand was the stronger, a woman's was the neater: but now she saw the same hand, which had begun by hewing away the coarse outlines of the model, bestow touches of the chisel so unerring and effective, yet so exquisitely delicate, that she said to herself, "No woman's hand could be so firm, yet so feather-like, as all this."

And the result was as admirable as the process. The very texture of the ivory forehead began to come under those master-touches, executed with perfect and various instruments: and, for the first time perhaps in the history of this art, a bloom, more delicate far than that of a plum, crept over the dimpled cheek. But, indeed, when love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

Henry worked on it four afternoons, the happiest he had ever known. There was the natural pleasure of creating, and the distinct glory and delight of reproducing features so beloved; and to these joys were added the pleasure of larger conversation. The model gave Grace many opportunities of making remarks, or asking questions, and Henry contrived to say so many things in answer to one. Sculptor and sitter made acquaintance with each other's minds over the growing bust.

And then young ladies and gentlemen dropped in, and gazed, and said such wonderfully silly things, and thereby left their characters behind them as fruitful themes for conversation. In short, topics were never wanting now.

As for Jael, she worked, and beamed, and pondered every word her idol uttered, but seldom ventured to say anything, till he was gone, and then she prattled fast enough about him.

The work drew near completion. The hair, not in ropes, as heretofore, but its silken threads boldly and accurately shown, yet not so as to cord the mass, and unsatin it quite. The silk dress; the lace collar; the blooming cheek, with its every dimple and incident; all these were completed, and one eyebrow, a masterpiece in itself. This carved eyebrow was a revelation, and made everybody who saw it wonder at the conventional substitutes they had hitherto put up with in statuary of all sorts, when the eyebrow itself was so beautiful, and might, it seems, have been imitated, instead of libelled, all these centuries.

But beautiful works, and pleasant habits, seem particularly liable to interruption. Just when the one eyebrow was finished, and when Jael Dence had come to look on Saturday and Monday as the only real days in the week, and when even Grace Carden was brighter on those days, and

gliding into a gentle complacent custom, suddenly a Saturday came and went, but Little did not appear.

Jael was restless.

Grace was disappointed, but contented to wait till Monday.

Monday came and went, but no Henry Little.

Jael began to fret and sigh; and, after two more blank weeks, she could bear the mystery no longer. "If you please, Miss," said she, "shall I go to that place where he works?"

"Where who works?" inquired Grace, rather disingenuously.

"Why, the dark young man, Miss," said Jael, blushing deeply.

Grace reflected, and curiosity struggled with discretion; but discretion got the better, being aided by self-respect. "No, Jael," said she; "he is charming, when he is here; but, when he gets away, he is not always so civil as he might be. I had to go twice after him. I shall not go nor send a third time. It really is too bad of him."

"Dear heart," pleaded Jael, "mayhap he is not well."

"Then he ought to write and say so. No, no; he is a radical, and full of conceit: and he has done this one eyebrow, and then gone off laughing and saying, 'Now let us see if the gentry can do the other amongst them.' If he doesn't come soon, I'll do the other eyebrow myself."

"Mayhap he will never come again," sighed Jael.

"Oh, yes, he will," said Grace, mighty cunningly; "he is as fond of coming here as we are of having him. Not that I'm at all surprised; for the fact is you are very pretty, extremely pretty, abominably pretty."

"I might pass in Cairnhope town," said Jael, modestly, "but not here. The moon goes for nought when the sun is there. He don't come here for me."

This sudden elegance of language, and Jael's tone of dignified despondency, silenced Grace, somehow, and made her thoughtful. She avoided the subject for several days. Indeed, when Saturday came, not a word was said about the defaulter: it was only by her sending for Jael to sit with her, and by certain looks, and occasional restlessness, she betrayed the slightest curiosity or expectation.

Jael sat and sewed, and often looked quickly up at the window, as some footstep passed, and then looked down again and sighed.

Young Little never came. He seemed to have disappeared from both their lives; quietly disappeared.

Next day, Sunday, Jael came to Miss Carden, after morning church, and said, meekly, "If you please, Miss, may I go home?"

"Oh, certainly," said Grace, a little haughtily. "What for?"

Jael hung her head, and said she was not used to be long away. Then she lifted her head, and her great candid eyes, and spoke more frankly. "I feel to be drawn home. Something have been at me all the night to that degree as I couldn't close my eyes. I could almost feel it, like a child's hand, a pulling me East. I'm afeard father's ill, or maybe the calves are bleating for me, that is better acquaint with them than

sister Patty is. And Hillsborough air don't seem to 'gree with me now not altogether as it did at first. If you please, Miss, to let me go; and then I'll come back when I'm better company than I be now. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Why, Jael, my poor girl, what is the matter?"

"I don't know, Miss. But I feel very unked."

"Are you not happy with me?"

"'Tis no fault of yourn, Miss," said Jael, rustic, but womanly.

"Then you are *not* happy here."

No reply, but two clear eyes began to fill to the very brim.

Grace coaxed her, and said, "Speak to me like a friend. You know, after all, you are not my servant. I can't possibly part with you altogether; I have got to like you so: but, of course, you shall go home for a little while, if you wish it very, very much."

"Indeed I do, Miss," said Jael. "Please forgive me, but my heart feels like lead in my bosom." And, with these words, the big tears ran over, and chased one another down her cheeks.

Then Grace, who was very kind-hearted, begged her, in a very tearful voice, not to cry: she should go home for a week, a fortnight, a month even. "There, there, you shall go to-morrow, poor thing."

Now it is a curious fact, and looks like animal magnetism or something, but the furahouse, to which Jael had felt so mysteriously drawn all night, contained, at that moment, besides its usual inmates, one Henry Little: and how he came there is an important part of this tale, which I must deal with at once.

While Henry was still visiting Woodbine Villa, as related above, events of a very different character from those soft scenes were taking place at the works. His liberal offer to the Edge-Tool Forgers had been made about a week, when, coming back one day from dinner to his forge, he found the smoky wall written upon with chalk, in large letters, neatly executed—

"Why overlook the Handlers?"

"MARY."

He was not alarmed this time, but vexed. He went and complained to Bayne; and that worthy came directly and contemplated the writing, in silence, for about a minute. Then he gave a weary sigh, and said, with doleful resignation, "Take the chalk, and write. There it is."

Henry took the chalk, and prepared to write Bayne's mind underneath Mary's. Bayne dictated:—

"I have offered the Handlers the same as the Forgers."

"But that is not true," objected Henry, turning round, with the chalk in his hand.

"It will be true, in half an hour. We are going to Parkin, the Handlers' Secretary."

"What, another 15*l*.! This is an infernal swindle."

"What isn't?" said Bayne, cynically.

Henry then wrote as desired; and they went together to Mr. Parkin.

Mr. Parkin was not at home. But they hunted him from pillar to post, and caught him, at last, in the bar-parlour of "The Pack-saddle." He knew Bayne well, and received him kindly, and, on his asking for a private interview, gave a wink to two persons who were with him: they got up directly, and went out.

"What, is there anything amiss between you and the trade?" inquired Mr. Parkin, with an air of friendly interest.

Bayne smiled, not graciously, but sourly, "Come, come, sir, that is a farce you and I have worn out this ten years. This is the London workman himself, come to excuse himself to Mary and Co., for not applying to them before: and the long and the short is, he offers the Handlers the same as he has the Smiths, fifteen down, and to pay his natty money, but draw no scale, unless disabled. What d'ye say? Yes, or no?"

"I'll lay Mr. Little's proposal before the committee."

"Thank you, sir," said Little. "And, meantime, I suppose I may feel safe against violence, from the members of your union?"

"Violence!" said Mr. Parkin, turning his eye inwards, as if he was interrogating the centuries. Then to Mr. Bayne, "Pray, sir, do you remember any deed of darkness that our union have ever committed, since we have been together; and that is twelve years?"

"Well, Mr. Parkin," said Bayne, "if you mean deeds of blood, and deeds of gunpowder, etcetera—why, no, not one: and it is greatly to your honour. But, mind you, if a master wants his tanks tapped and his hardening-liquor run into the shore, or his bellows to be ripped, his axlenuts to vanish, his wheel-bands to go and hide in a drain or a church belfry, and his scythe-blades to dive into a wheel-dam, he has only to be wrong with your union, and he'll be accommodated as above. I speak from experience."

"Oh, rattening!" said Mr. Parkin. "That is a mighty small matter."

"It is small to you, that are not in the oven, where the bread is baked, or cooled, or burnt. But whatever parts the grindstones from the Power, and the bellows from the air, and the air from the fire, makes a hole in the master's business to-day, and a hole in the workmen's pocket that day six months. So, for Heaven's sake, let us be right with you. Little's is the most friendly and liberal offer that any workman ever made to any union. Do, pray, close with it, and let us be at peace; sweet—balmy—peace."

Parkin declared he shared that desire: but was not the committee.

Then, to Henry: "I shall put your case as favourably as my conscience will let me. Meantime, of course, the matter rests as it is."

They then parted; and Henry, as he returned home, thanked Bayne heartily. He said this second 15*l.* had been a bitter pill at first; but now he was glad he had offered it. "I would not leave Hillsborough for fifteen hundred pounds."

Two days after this promising interview with Mr. Parkin, Henry received a note, the envelope of which showed him it came from Mr. Jobson. He opened it eagerly, and with a good hope that its object was to tell him he was now a member of the Edge-Tool Forgers' Union.

The letter, however, ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,—I hear, with considerable surprise, that you continue to forge blades and make handles for Mr. Cheetham. On receipt of this information I went immediately to Mr. Parkin, and he assured me that he came to the same terms with you as I did. He says he intimated politely, but plainly, that he should expect you not to make any more carving-tool handles for Mr. Cheetham, till his committee had received your proposal. He now joins me in advising you to strike work for the present. Hillsborough is surrounded by beautiful scenes, which it might gratify an educated workman to inspect, during the unavoidable delay caused by the new and very important questions your case has raised.

"Yours obediently,

"SAML. JOBSON.

"P.S.—A respectable workman was with me yesterday, and objected that you receive from Mr. Cheetham a higher payment than the list price. Can you furnish me with a reply to this, as it is sure to be urged at the trade meeting."

When he read this, Little's blood boiled, especially at the cool advice to lay down his livelihood, and take up scenery: and he dashed off a letter of defiance. He showed it to Bayne, and it went into the fire directly. "That is all right," said this worthy. "You have written your mind, like a man. Now sit down, and give them treacle for their honey—or you'll catch pepper."

Henry groaned, and writhed, but obeyed.

He had written his defiance in three minutes. It took him an hour to produce the following:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the misunderstanding. I did not, for a moment, attach that meaning to anything that fell either from you or Mr. Parkin.

"I must now remind you that, were I to strike work entirely, Mr. Cheetham could discharge me, and even punish me, for breach of contract. All I can do is to work fewer hours than I have done: and I

am sure you will be satisfied with that, if you consider that the delay in the settlement of this matter rests with you, and not with me.

"I am

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY LITTLE.

"I furnish you, as requested, with two replies to the objection of a respectable workman that I am paid above the list price.

"1.—To sell skilled labour below the statement price, is a just offence, and injury to trade. But to obtain above the statement price is to benefit trade. The high price, that stands alone to-day, will not stand alone for ever. It gets quoted in bargains, and draws prices up to it. That has been proved a thousand times.

"2.—It is not under any master's skin to pay a man more than he is worth. If I get a high price, it is because I make a first-rate article. If a man has got superior knowledge, he is not going to give it away to gratify envious Ignorance."

To this, in due course, he received from Jobson the following :—

"DEAR SIR,—I advised you, according to my judgment and experience : but, doubtless, you are the best judge of your own affairs."

And that closed the correspondence with the Secretaries.

The gentle Jobson and the polite Parkin had retired from the correspondence with their air of mild regret and placid resignation just three days, when young Little found a dirty crumpled letter on his anvil, written in pencil. It ran thus :—

"Turn up or you'll wish you had dropped it. You'll be made so as you'll never do hands turn agin, an never know what hurt you.

(Signed)

"MOONRAKER."

Henry swore.

When he had sworn, (and, as a Briton, I think he had denied himself that satisfaction long enough,) he caught up a strip of steel with his pincers, shoved it into the coals, heated it, and, in half a minute, forged two long steel nails. He then nailed this letter to his wall, and wrote under it in chalk, "I offer 10*l.* reward to any one who will show me the coward who wrote this, but was afraid to sign it. The writing is peculiar, and can easily be identified."

He also took the knife that had been so ostentatiously fixed in his door, and carried it about him night and day, with a firm resolve to use it in self-defence, if necessary.

And now the plot thickened : the decent workmen in Cheetham's works were passive ; they said nothing offensive, but had no longer the

inclination, even if they had the power, to interfere and restrain the lower workmen from venting their envy and malice. Scarcely a day passed without growls and scowls. But Little went his way haughtily, and affected not to see, nor hear them.

However, one day, at dinner-time, he happened, unluckily, to be detained by Bayne in the yard, when the men came out; and two or three of the roughs took this opportunity and began on him at once, in the Dash Dialect, of course; they knew no other.

A great burly forger, whose red matted hair was powdered with coal-dust, and his face bloated with habitual intemperance, planted himself insolently before Henry, and said, in a very loud voice, "How many more trade meetings are we to have for one — knobstiek?"

Henry replied, in a moment, "Is it my fault if your shilly-shallying committees can't say yes or no to 15/. You'd say yes to it, wouldn't you, sooner than go to bed sober?"

This sally raised a loud laugh at the notorious drunkard's expense, and checked the storm, as a laugh generally does.

But men were gathering round, and a workman who had heard the raised voices, and divined the row, ran out of the works, with his apron full of blades, and his heart full of mischief. It was a grinder of a certain low type, peculiar to Hillsborough, but quite common there, where grinders are often the grandchildren of grinders. This degenerate face was more canine than human; sharp as a hatchet, and with forehead villanously low; hardly any chin; and—most characteristic trait of all—the eyes, pale in colour, and tiny in size, appeared to have come close together, to consult, and then to have run back into the very skull, to get away from the sparks, which their owner, and his sire, and his grandsire, had been eternally creating.

This greyhound of a grinder flung down a lot of dull bluish blades, warm from the forge, upon a condemned grindstone that was lying in the yard; and they tinkled.

"— me, if I grind cockney blades!" said he.

This challenge fired a sympathetic handle-maker. "Grinders are right," said he. "We must be a — mean lot and all, to handle his — work."

"He has been warned enough; but he heeds noane."

"Hustle him out o' works."

"Nay, hit him o'er th' head and fling him into shore."

With these menacing words, three or four roughs advanced on him, with wicked eyes; and the respectable workmen stood, like stone statues, in cold and terrible neutrality; and Henry, looking round, in great anxiety, found that Bayne had withdrawn.

He ground his teeth, and stepped back to the wall, to have all the assailants in the front. He was sternly resolute, though very pale, and, by a natural impulse, put his hand into his side-pocket, to feel if he had a weapon. The knife was there, the deadly blade with which his enemies

themselves had armed him ; and, to those who could read faces, there was death in the pale cheek and gleaming eye of this young man, so sorely tried.

At this moment, a burly gentleman walked into the midst of them, as smartly as Van Amburgh amongst his tigers, and said steadily, "What is to do now, lads ?" It was Cheetham himself. Bayne knew he was in the office, and had run for him, in mortal terror, and sent him to keep the peace. "They insult me, sir," said Henry ; "though I am always civil to them ; and that grinder refuses to grind my blades, there."

"Is that so ? Step out, my lad. Did you refuse to grind those blades ?"

"Ay," said the greyhound-man, sullenly.

"Then put on your coat, and leave my premises this minute."

"He is entitled to a week's warning, Mr. Cheetham," said one of the decent workmen, respectfully, but resolutely ; speaking now for the first time.

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Mr. Cheetham, in exactly the same tone. (No stranger could have divined the speakers were master and man.) "He has vitiated his contract by publicly refusing to do his work. He'll get nothing from me but his wages up to noon this day. But *you* can have a week's warning, if you want it."

"Nay, sir. I've nought against you, for my part. But they say it will come to that, if you don't turn Little up."

"Why, what's his fault ? Come now ; you are a man. Speak up."

"Nay, I've no quarrel with the man. But he isn't straight with the trade."

"That is the secretaries' fault, not mine," said Henry. "They can't see I've brought a new trade in, that hurts no old trade, and will spread, and bring money into the town."

"We are not so — soft as swallow that," said the bloated smith. "Thou'st just come t' Hillsborough to learn forging, and when thou'st mastered that, off to London, and take thy — trade with thee."

Henry coloured to the brow at the inferior workman's vanity and its concomitant, detraction. But he governed himself, by a mighty effort, and said, "Oh, that's your grievance now, is it ? Mr. Cheetham—sir—will you ask some respectable grinder to examine these blades of mine ?"

"Certainly. You are right, Little. The man to judge a forger's work is a grinder, and not another forger. Reynolds, just take a look at them, will ye ?"

A wet grinder of a thoroughly different type and race from the greyhound, stepped forward. He was thick-set in body, fresh-coloured, and of a square manly countenance. He examined the blades carefully, and with great interest.

"Well," said Henry, "were they forged by a smith, or a novice that is come here to learn anvil work ?"

Reynolds did not reply to him, nor to Mr. Cheetham : he turned to

the men. "Mates, I'm noane good at lying. Hand that forged these has nought to learn in Hillsbro', nor any other shop."

"Thank you, Mr. Reynolds," said Henry, in a choking voice: "that is the first gleam of justice that I——" He could say no more.

"Come, don't you turn soft for a word or two," said Cheetham. "You'll wear all this out in time. Go to the office. I have something to say to you."

The something was soon said. It amounted to this—"Stand by me, and I'll stand by you."

"Well, sir," said Henry, "I think I must leave you if the committees refuse my offer. It is hard for one man to fight a couple of trades in such a place as this. But I'm firm in one thing: until those that govern the unions say 'no' to my offer, I shall go on working, and the scum of the trades shan't frighten me away from my forge."

"That's right; let the blackguards bluster. Bayne tells me you have had another anonymous."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here: you must take care of yourself, outside the works; but I'll take care of you inside. Here, Bayne, write a notice that, if any man molests, intimidates, or affronts Mr. Little, in my works, I'll take him myself to the town-hall, and get him two months directly. Have somebody at the gate, to put a printed copy of that into every man's hand as he leaves."

"Thank you, sir!" said Henry, warmly. "But ought not the police to afford me protection, outside?"

"The police! You might as well go to the beadle. No; change your lodging, if you think they know it. Don't let them track you home. Buy a brace of pistols, and, if they catch you in a dark place, and try to do you, give them a barrel or two before they can strike a blow. Not one of *them* will ever tell the police, not if you shot his own brother dead at that game. The law is a dead letter here, sir. You've nothing to expect from it, and nothing to fear."

"Good heavens! Am I in England?"

"In England? No. You are in Hillsborough."

This epigram put Cheetham in good humour with himself, and, when Henry told him he did not feel quite safe, even in his own forge, nor in his handling-room, and gave his reasons, "Oh," said cheerful Cheetham, "that is nothing. Yours is a box-lock; the blackguard will have hid in the works at night, and taken the lock off, left his writing, and then screwed the lock on again: that is nothing to any Hillsborough hand. But I'll soon stop that game. Go you to Chestnut Street, and get two first-class Bramah locks. There's a pocket-knife forge upstairs, close to your handling-room. I'll send the pocket-knife hand downstairs, and you fasten the Bramah locks on both doors, and keep the keys yourself. See to that now at once: then your mind will be easy. And I shall be in the works all day now, and every day; come to me directly, if there is anything fresh."

Henry's forge was cold, by this time; so he struck work, and spent the afternoon in securing his two rooms with the Bramah locks. He also took Cheetham's advice, in another particular. Instead of walking home, he took a cab, and got the man to drive rapidly to a certain alley. There he left the cab, ran down the alley, and turned a corner, and went home round about. He doubled like a hare, and dodged like a criminal evading justice.

But the next morning he felt a pleasing sense of security when he opened his forge-room with the Bramah key, and found no letters nor threats of any kind had been able to penetrate.

Moreover, all this time you will understand he was visiting "Woodbine Cottage" twice a week, and carving Grace Carden's bust.

Those delightful hours did much to compensate him for his troubles in the town, and were even of some service to him in training him to fence with the trades of Hillsborough: for at "Woodbine Villa" he had to keep an ardent passion within the strict bounds of reverence, and in the town he had constantly to curb another passion, wrath, and keep it within the bounds of prudence. These were kindred exercises of self-restraint, and taught him self-government beyond his years. But what he benefited most by, after all, was the direct and calming effect upon his agitated heart, and irritated nerves, that preceded, and accompanied, and followed these sweet, tranquillizing visits. They were soft, solacing, and soothing; they were periodical, and certain. He could count on leaving his cares, and worries, twice every week, at the door of that dear villa; and, when he took them up again, they were no longer the same; heavenly balm had been shed over them, and over his boiling blood.

One Saturday he heard, by a side-wind, that the unions at a general meeting had debated his case, and there had been some violent speeches, and no decision come to; but the majority adverse to him. This discouraged him sadly, and his yearning heart turned all the more towards his haven of rest, and the hours, few but blissful, that awaited him.

About 11 o'clock, that same day, the postman brought him a letter, so vilely addressed, that it had been taken to two or three places, on speculation, before it reached its destination.

Little saw at once it was another anonymous communication. But he was getting callous to these missives, and he even took it with a certain degree of satisfaction. "Well done, Bramah! Obligated to send their venom by post now." This was the feeling uppermost in his mind. In short, he opened the letter with as much contempt as anger.

But he had no sooner read the foul scrawl, than his heart died within him.

"Thou's sharp but not sharp enow. We know where thou goes coorting up hill. Window is all glass and ripe for a Peter shall blow the house tatums. There's the stuff in Hillsbro and the men that have done others

so, and will do her job as wells thine. Powders a good servant but a bad master.

"ONE WHO MEANS DOING WHAT HE SAYS."

At this diabolical threat, young Little leaned sick and broken over the handle of his bellows.

Then he got up, and went to Mr. Cheetham, and said, patiently, "Sir, I am sorry to say I must leave you this very day."

"Don't say that, Little, don't say that."

"Oh, it is with a heavy heart, sir; and I shall always remember your kindness. But a man knows when he is beat. And I'm beat now." He hung his head in silence awhile. Then he said, in a faint voice, "This is what has done it, sir," and handed him the letter.

Mr. Cheetham examined it, and said, "I am not surprised at you being taken aback by this. But it's nothing new to us; we have all been threatened in this form. Why, the very last time I fought the trades, my wife was threatened I should be brought home on a shutter, with my intestines sweeping the ground. That was the purport, only it was put vernacular and stronger. And they reminded me that the old gal's clothes (that is Mrs. Cheetham: she is only twenty-six, and the prettiest lass in Coventry, and has a row of ivories that would do your heart good: now these Hillsborough hags haven't got a set of front teeth among 'em, young or old.) Well, they told me the old gal's clothes could easily be spoiled, and her doll's face and all, with a penn'orth of vitriol."

"The monsters!"

"But it was all brag. These things are threatened fifty times, for once they are done."

"I shall not risk it. My own skin, if you like. But not hers: never, Mr. Cheetham: oh, never; never!"

"Well, but," said Mr. Cheetham, "she is in no danger so long as you keep away from her. They might sling one of their petards in at the window, if you were there; but otherwise, never, in this world. No, no, Little, they are not so bad as that. They have blown up a whole household, to get at the obnoxious party; but they always make sure he is there first."

Bayne was appealed to, and confirmed this; and, with great difficulty, they prevailed on Little to remain with them, until the unions should decide; and to discontinue his visits to the house on the hill in the meantime. I need hardly say they had no idea the house on the hill was "Woodbine Villa."

He left them, and, sick at heart, turned away from Heath Hill, and strolled out of the lower part of the town, and wandered almost at random, and sad as death.

He soon left the main road, and crossed a stile: it took him by the side of a babbling brook, and at the edge of a picturesque wood. Ever and anon he came to a water-wheel, and above the water-wheel a dam made

originally by art, but now looking like a sweet little lake. They were beautiful places; the wheels and their attendant works were old and rugged, but picturesque and countrified: and the little lakes behind, fringed by the master-grinder's garden, were strangely peaceful and pretty. Here the vulgar labour of the grindstone was made beautiful and incredibly poetic.

"Ah!" thought poor Little, "how happy a workman must be that plies his trade here in the fresh air. And how unfortunate I am to be tied to a power-wheel, in that filthy town, instead of being here, where Nature turns the wheel, and the birds chirp at hand, and the scene and the air are all purity and peace."

One place of the kind was particularly charming. The dam was larger than most, and sloping grass on one side, cropped short by the grinder's sheep; on the other his strip of garden: and bushes and flowers hung over the edge and glassed themselves in the clear water. Below the wheel, and at one side, was the master grinder's cottage, covered with creepers.

But Henry's mind was in no state to enjoy these beauties. He envied them; and, at last, they oppressed him, and he turned his back on them, and wandered, disconsolate, home.

He sat down on a stool by his mother, and laid his beating temples on her knees,

"What is it, my darling?" said she softly.

"Well, mother, for one thing, the unions are against me, and I see I shall have to leave Hillsborough, soon or late."

"Never mind, dear; happiness does not depend upon the place we live in: and oh, Henry, whatever you do, never quarrel with those terrible grinders and people. The world is wide. Let us go back to London; the sooner the better. I have long seen there was something worrying you. But Saturday and Monday—they used to be your bright days."

"It will come to that, I suppose," said Henry, evading her last observation. "Yes," said he, wearily, "it will come to that." And he sighed so piteously that she forbore to press him. She had not the heart to cross-examine her suffering child.

That evening, mother and son sat silent by the fire: Henry had his own sad and bitter thoughts; and Mrs. Little was now brooding over the words Henry had spoken in the afternoon; and presently her maternal anxieties found a copious vent. She related to him, one after another, all the outrages that had been perpetrated in Hillsborough, while he was a child, and had been, each in its turn, the town talk.

It was a subject on which, if her son had been older, and more experienced in her sex, he would have closed her mouth promptly, she being a woman whose own nerves had received so frightful a shock, by the manner of her husband's death. But, inadvertently, he let her run on, till she told him how a poor grinder had been carried home to his wife, blinded and scorched with gunpowder and another had been taken home,

all bleeding, to his mother, so beaten and bruised with life-preservers, that he had lain between life and death for nine days, and never uttered one word all that time, in reply to all her prayers and tears.

Now Mrs. Little began these horrible narratives with a forced and unnatural calmness; but, by the time she got to the last, she had worked herself up to a paroxysm of sympathy with other wretched women in Hillsborough, and trembled all over, like one in an ague, for herself: and at last stretched out her shaking hands, and screamed to him, "Oh, Harry, Harry, have pity on your miserable mother! Think what these eyes of mine have seen—bleeding at my feet—there—there—I see it now"—(her eyes dilated terribly at the word)—"oh, promise me, for pity's sake, that these—same—eyes—shall never see *you* brought and laid down bleeding like *him*!" With this she went into violent hysterics, and frightened her son more than all the ruffians in the town had ever frightened him.

She was a long time in this pitiable condition, and he nursed her: but at last her convulsion ceased, and her head rested on her son's shoulder in a pitiable languor.

Henry was always a good son: but he never loved his mother so tenderly as he did this night. His heart yearned over this poor panting soul, so stately in form, yet so weak, so womanly, and loveable; his playmate in childhood, his sweet preceptor in boyhood; the best friend and most unselfish lover he had, or could ever hope to have, on earth; dear to him by her long life of loving sacrifice, and sacred by that their great calamity, which had fallen so much heavier on her than on him.

He soothed her, he fondled her, he kneeled at her feet, and promised her most faithfully he would never be brought home to her bruised or bleeding. No: if the unions rejected his offer he would go back to London with her at once.

And so, thrust from Hillsborough by the trades, and by his fears for Miss Carden, and also drawn from it by his mother's terrors, he felt himself a feather on the stream of Destiny; and left off struggling: beaten, heart-sick, and benumbed, he let the current carry him like any other dead thing that drifts.

He still plied the hammer, but in a dead-alive way.

He wrote a few cold lines to Mr. Jobson, to say that he thought it was time for a plain answer to be given to a business proposal. But, as he had no great hope the reply would be favourable, he awaited it in a state bordering on apathy. And so passed a miserable week.

And all this time she, for whose sake he denied himself the joy and consolation of her company, though his heart ached and pined for it, had hard thoughts of him, and vented them too to Jael Dence.

The young are so hasty in all their judgments.

While matters were in this condition, Henry found, one morning, two fresh panes of glass broken in his window.

In these hardware works the windows seldom or never open: air is procured in all the rooms by the primitive method of breaking a pane here

and a pane there ; and the general effect is as unsightly as a human mouth where teeth and holes alternate. The incident therefore was nothing, if it had occurred in any other room ; but it was not a thing to pass over in this room, secured by a Bramah lock, the key of which was in Henry's pocket : the panes must have been broken from the outside. It occurred to him directly that a stone had been thrown in with another threatening scrawl.

But, casting his eye all round, he saw nothing of the kind about.

Then, for a moment, a graver suspicion crossed his mind : might not some detonating substance, of a nature to explode when trodden upon, have been flung in ? Hillsborough excelled in deviltries of this kind.

Henry thought of his mother, and would not treat the matter lightly or unsuspiciously. He stood still till he had lighted a lucifer match, and examined the floor of his room. Nothing.

He lighted a candle, and examined all the premises. Nothing.

But, when he brought his candle to the window, he made a discovery : the window had two vertical iron uprights, about three-quarters of an inch in circumference : and one of these revealed to his quick eye a bright horizontal line. It had been sawed with a fine saw.

Apparently an attempt had been made to enter his room from outside.

The next question was, had that attempt succeeded.

He tried the bar : it was not quite cut through.

He locked the forge up directly, and went to his handling-room. There he remained till Mr. Cheetham entered the works ; then he went to him, and begged him to visit his forge.

Mr. Cheetham came directly, and examined the place carefully.

He negatived, at once, the notion that any Hillsborough hand had been unable to saw through a bar of that moderate thickness. "No," said he, "they were disturbed, or else some other idea struck them all of a sudden ; or else they hadn't given themselves time, and are coming again to-morrow. I hope they are. By six o'clock to-night, I'll have a common wooden shutter hung with six good hinges on each side, easy to open at the centre ; only, across the centre, I'll fix a Waterloo cracker inside."

"A Waterloo cracker !"

"Ay, but such a one as you never saw. I shall make it myself. It shall be only four inches long, but as broad as my hand, and enough detonating powder in it to blow the shutter fifty feet into the air : and, if there should be one of Jobson's lads behind the shutter at the time, why he'll learn flying, and nought to pay for wings."

"Why, sir, you are planning the man's death !"

"And what is *he* planning ? Light your forge, and leave the job to me. I'm Hillsborough too : and they've put my blood up at last."

While Henry lighted his forge, Mr. Cheetham whipped out a rule, and measured the window exactly. This done, he went down the stairs, and crossed the yard to go to his office,

But, before he could enter it, a horrible thing occurred in the room he had just left ; so horrible, it made him, brave as he was, turn and scream like a woman.

Some miscreant, by a simple but ingenious means, which afterwards transpired, had mixed a quantity of gunpowder with the smithy-slack or fine cinders of Henry's forge. The moment the forge was hot, the powder ignited with a tremendous thud, a huge mass of flame rushed out, driving the coals with it, like shot from a gun ; Henry, scorched, blackened, and blinded, was swept, as by a flaming wind, against the opposite wall ; then, yelling, and stark mad with fright (for nothing drives men out of their wits like an explosion in a narrow space), he sprang at the window, head foremost, and with such velocity, that the sawed iron snapped like a stick of barley-sugar, and out he went head foremost ; and this it was made Cheetham scream, to see him head downwards, and the paving-stones below.

But the aperture was narrow : his body flew through, but his right arm went round the unbroken upright, and caught it in the bend of the elbow.

Then Cheetham roared, " Hold on, Little ! Hold on, I tell you ! "

The scared brain of a man accustomed to obey received the command almost without the mind ; and the grinders and forgers, running wildly into the yard, saw the obnoxious workman, black as a cinder from head to foot, bleeding at the face from broken glass, hanging up there by one hand, moaning with terror, and looking down with dilating eye, while thick white smoke rushed curling out, as if his body was burning. Death by suffocation was at his back, and broken bones awaited him below.

On Relics Ecclesiastical.

(BY "THE UNDEVELOPED COLLECTOR.")

PART III.

If the number of relics ascribed to Apostolic times has appeared somewhat astonishing, our wonder must go on increasing as we descend to more recent periods. When relic-collecting had become a regular and encouraged custom, when an African Council could decree that no church should be built without them, it was natural enough that churches should vie with each other in their museums of saintly rarities. Cities fought for the "earthly tabernacle" of some martyr or confessor, just as Smyrna and others did about the birthplace of Homer. The joint of a finger, if nothing better could be had, was a present Emperors were not ashamed to make or archbishops to receive. Amidst such an *embarras de richesses*, all that can be done is to pick out from the mountain a fragment here and there that has more than common interest.

The earliest saint to which a church was dedicated after St. Peter and St. Paul is said to be S. Agnes. Constantine the Great appears to have built the church at Rome, now called S. Agnese fuori le Mura, at the request of his daughter Constantia, only a few years after the saint's death. At all events, it is of such antiquity that in 625 it required to be repaired. It was built on the spot where her remains were deposited, and are still preserved in a rich shrine, the gift of Paul V. "Every year the Abbot of St. Peter's ad Vincula blesses in it, at high mass, two lambs, which are then carried to the Pope, who also blesses them. After this, they are sent to the nuns of St. Lawrence in Panisperna, or sometimes to the capuchinesses, who make of them wool palliums, which his Holiness blesses and sends to archbishops as an emblem of meekness and spotless purity."

S. Cecilia, the patroness of music, was buried by Pope Urban in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, where her sarcophagus is still shown; the house in which she had lived being, according to her dying wish, converted into a church. When Pascal I. was engaged in repairing this church, the saint appeared to him, and told him of the place where her remains would be discovered. They were of course removed to her church, and remained there undisturbed till the 16th century, when the sarcophagus was once more opened before Cardinal Baronius and other distinguished persons, and her body found in the position represented in her statue by Stefano Maderno. The cypress coffin after this was enclosed in a silver shrine—which was carried off, of course, by the French when they occupied Rome.

Her remains were left behind, and can be seen by those who care to see them, in the third week in Lent.

Few places in the East are better known than the Convent of S. Catharine in the peninsula of Mount Sinai. One cannot help regretting that there should not be more foundation in fact for the legends which have given us so many exquisite pictures of her "marriage," and such portraits as that by Raffaele, in our own National Gallery. After her martyrdom at Alexandria, angels carried her—as represented in Müller's well-known picture—to the top of the mountain which bears her name, whence she was removed to her present resting-place. Sir J. Maundeville says that in the Church of S. Catharine "are many lamps burning, for they have enough oil of olives both to burn in their lamps and to eat also; which plenty they have by God's miracle: for the ravens, crows, and coughts, and other fowls of that country, assemble there once every year, and fly thither as in pilgrimage: and each brings a branch of bays or olive in its beak, instead of offering, and leaves it there, of which the monks make great plenty of oil; and this is a great marvel. And since fowls that have no natural knowledge or reason go thither to seek that glorious virgin, well more ought men to seek her and worship her. . . . Beside the high altar, raised on three steps, is the chest of alabaster containing the bones of S. Catharine, and the prelate of the monks shows the relics to the pilgrims, and rubs the bones with an instrument of silver, whereupon there issues a little oil, as though it were a kind of sweating, which is neither like oil nor balm, but is very sweet of smell; and of that they give a little to the pilgrims, for there issues but a small quantity of the liquor. They next show the head of S. Catharine, and the cloth that she was wrapped in, which is still all bloody. And in that same cloth, so wrapped, the angels bore her body to Mount Sinai, and there they buried her with it." Her relics now consist only of her skull and hand, set in gold and richly ornamented with jewels.

S. Agatha, the Sicilian martyr, was buried at Catania, to the great comfort and protection, as it seems, of its inhabitants. "There," says Willibald, "is Etna; in case of an eruption of which the inhabitants of Catania take the veil of S. Agatha and hold it up towards the fire, which immediately ceases."

Everybody who knows anything of Naples knows that its great treasure is the blood of St. Januarius, contained in two phials, which are kept in a chapel dedicated to him, and which liquefies twice a year, on each occasion for eight days. St. Januarius, according to his "authentic history," was decapitated at Pozzuoli, in 305, when lions had refused to devour him in the amphitheatre. His body was removed in the time of Constantine to Naples, and the two phials given at the same time to Bishop Severus. Nothing more is heard of them till the eleventh century. Meanwhile, the saint's body had been removed to Benevento; but, after sundry translations, it was brought back to Naples in 1497, and deposited in the cathedral. The blood is said to liquefy whenever the saint's head

is brought near it. This marvel, however, is not unique. In the chapel of St. Pantaleone, at Ravello, is a phial of that saint's blood, which liquefies on the anniversary of his martyrdom. A very curious account of the Neapolitan miracle is to be seen in the diary of the Earl of Perth (1696), published by the Camden Society. "The Roman lady who had gathered it from off the ground in a sponge, had, in squeezing of it into the glass, lett a bit of straw fall in too, which one sees in the blood to this very day." "Among many miraculous deliverances," says Butler, "which the city of Naples ascribes to the intercession of this great saint, none is looked upon as more remarkable than its preservation from the fiery eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. Its protection from this dreadful volcano was most remarkable in 685, 1681, and 1707. In this last, whilst Cardinal Francis Pignatelli, with the clergy and people, devoutly followed the shrine of St. Januarius in procession to a chapel at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, the fiery eruption ceased; the mist, which before was so thick that no one could see another at the distance of three yards, was scattered, and at night the stars appeared in the sky."

The saint, however, seems to require stirring up now and then, as upon the occasion when he was publicly whipped in the streets of Naples for his negligence. And Professor Phillips, in his new and excellent work on Vesuvius, suggests an account of the virtue of the saint's interference differing somewhat from that which the Romish biographer has so trustingly supplied.

Mention has already been made of the "manna of St. Andrew." A rival liquid is to be found at Bari, where a tomb, said to be that of St. Nicholas—who even when a baby scrupulously observed the fasts of Wednesdays and Fridays, and afterwards became Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and whose remains were stolen by some merchants of Bari, about 1087—distils what is called the "manna of St. Nicholas"—an effectual cure for more diseases than Parr's life pills can pretend to. An ancient palace, now the Priory, was given by Robert Guiscard for the reception of the relics, and received very substantial benefactions both from Robert himself and his son Roger, whose coronation chair is still shown there.

The legend of the Canaanitish giant, St. Christopher, must be true; for are there not two of his molars, mighty as those of an ass, preserved carefully among the relics at Valencia and Santiago?

I must not omit to mention one or two of the men who are answerable for an institution which has been, at times, of infinite service to mankind, and without which religion and learning would have died out altogether; whereas, at other periods, it has been equally productive of disaster—I mean monasteries. The founder of the order of hermits was St. Paul of Thebes, who, in a persecution under the Emperor Decius, retired into a desert, being then twenty-two years old. A spring supplied him with drink, and a palm-tree with food. When forty-three years afterwards the palm-tree died, a raven brought him daily half a loaf of bread, except on the occasion of the only visit he ever received,—from St. Anthony, the

founder of Monachism,—when the raven very considerably brought a double portion. When he died, at the age of 113, two lions dug his grave. His remains were carried off to Constantinople by the Emperor Michael Comnenus; and afterwards, in 1340, to Venice; and lastly, to Buda, by Louis I. of Hungary.

The body of St. Anthony was, in 561, carried off to Alexandria. When the Saracens conquered Egypt in 635 it was removed to Constantinople; but in 1070 given to Joselin, a nobleman of Vienne, in Dauphiné, who gave it to his native town.

The connection of the saint with the disease which goes by his name will be best explained by the following account from *Butler's Lives of the Saints*:—"In 1089 a pestilential erysipelas distemper, called the sacred fire, swept off great numbers in most provinces of France; public prayers and processions were ordered against the scourge. At length it pleased God to grant many miraculous cures of this dreadful distemper to those who implored His mercy through the intercession of St. Antony, especially before his relics; the church in which they were deposited was resorted to by great numbers of pilgrims, and his patronage was implored over the whole kingdom against this disease."

One of the strangest roads by which any man ever attempted to reach heaven was that of St. Simeon Stylites, who for seven and thirty years lived on the top of a pillar. During the first four years it was six cubits high, for the next three it was twelve, then for ten years it was twenty-two, and for the last twenty it was forty cubits high. He was buried at Antioch.

Few names are more famous than that of St. Francis d'Assisi. The small Gothic chapel and cell in which he lived and prayed are now enclosed in the magnificent church of La Madonna degli Angeli. The crucifix in the church of St. Damian outside Assisi spoke three times to him,—“Francis, go and repair my house, which thou seest falling.” The story of his receiving the stigmata two years before he died is so well known, it need only be alluded to. Some of the blood from his side is kept in the cathedral at Recanati. He was the founder of the Franciscans, or Friars Minor, the second order of mendicant friars that found their way into England, and the most powerful. St. Francis himself sent nine friars to England in 1219, their first convent being at Canterbury, their second at Northampton. One very important one was near Newgate, built by Margaret, the second wife of Edward I., in 1306. Whittington gave it its great library in 1429. At its dissolution, it was changed by Edward VI. into a school, and is now Christ's Hospital.

Another of our large schools—the Charter-house—gets its name from the Carthusians, for whom Sir Walter Manny founded a monastery in 1371. It was dissolved in the time of Henry VIII., and its Prior, John Houghton, put to death for denying the king's supremacy. Henry gave it to Sir Thomas Audley. After passing into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, whose attainer, in 1572, caused it to revert to the crown, it was purchased

in 1611 for 18,000*l.* by Thomas Sutton, who founded the present institution. So strict are the Carthusian rules that though persons may pass into this order from any others, a Carthusian can never become a member of any other whatever. Yet Voltaire admitted that it was the only ancient one which had never wanted reform.

One of the most famous of the Franciscans was Bonaventura, the Seraphic doctor. His body was carried to the new church of the Franciscans at Lyons, where Charles VIII. placed it in a magnificent shrine. In 1562 the Calvinists plundered it, but the head and other portions were recovered and restored. Charles of Orleans, who had been captured at Agincourt, falling ill of a fever, "set himself to implore the patronage of S. Bonaventura, and a perfect recovery was the recompence of his devotion. In gratitude, as soon as he was set at liberty, he went to Lyons to offer up his thanksgivings and prayers at the tomb of the saint, on which he bestowed magnificent presents."

Still earlier in England, and almost as powerful, were the Dominicans, or Black Friars. One of the greatest ornaments of that order was St. Thomas Aquinas—the subtle doctor—as he is generally called, though when he was at college he was considered so stupid as to go by the sobriquet of the great Sicilian ox. An orange-tree is still pointed out at Fondi which he planted, and the pulpit from which he preached at Pisa. He was at one time professor in a university that existed then near Naples, Charles of Anjou fixing his salary at the sum of an ounce of gold a month, rather different from the payment of professors now-a-days. On his death his body was given to the Dominicans by Pope Urban V., to be carried either to Paris or Toulouse, as Italy had already the body of St. Dominic at Bologna. It was carried to Toulouse—150,000 persons, with Louis the Duke of Anjou at their head, coming to meet it—and there, in the Dominican church, with the exception of some portions at Salerno, Paris, and Naples, it exists still.

To no order of monks is literature under such deep obligations as to that of the Benedictines. The works issued under the supervision of the brethren of St. Maur will always remain as a most honourable testimony to their wonderful diligence and great learning. Near Subiaco the cave is still pointed out to which St. Benedict retired when only fourteen years old. A huge rock, which hangs over the monastery, looks, as it is said to be, suspended miraculously. In the garden below roses bloom marvellously, the descendants of those Benedict tended with his own hand. There is, however, another legend about them, which is that they were originally the thorns on which Benedict used to roll himself in his penitential exercises, but changed into roses by St. Francis when he visited the spot in 1223. On one occasion, at least, Benedict's influence was very powerful for good. Totila, King of the Goths, had been committing horrible atrocities in Italy: hearing of Benedict's fame, he dressed up one of his officers as king and sent him to the saint, who discovered the imposture long before the man reached him. Totila afterwards went in

person, when Benedict rated him well for his cruelties, and, what is more to the purpose, with a good deal of success.

I must not pass by without any mention the names of Ignatius Loyola—the founder of the most powerful order of monks that has ever existed, and the most feared, the Jesuits—who reposes in an urn of gilt bronze in the gorgeous church of the Jesuits at Rome, or his almost equally famous scholar, St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies. The room in which Loyola was born is considered almost as sacred as the house of Loretto, and the spot is still pointed out at Monserrat where he watched before the Virgin the night before founding his order.

Quite as famous in Spain, at least, is the name of S. Teresa, the foundress of the Barefooted Carmelites, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies in the Peninsular War. So anxious was she for the honour of martyrdom that she started off, when only seven years old, with her brother in search of it among the Moors; but their uncle met with them, and brought them back. She was buried at Avila, where she died in 1532, “10,000 martyrs assisting at her bedside, and the Saviour coming down in person to convey His bride to heaven. See, for details, Ribadeneyra.”

One more Spanish saint must have a word, St. Vincent, who gives his name to the promontory, and to a noble title in our own country. His “bones” were discovered in Valencia, and carried to the Abbey of Castres in Languedoc, where they were burnt by the Huguenots. His “body,” however, was carried off from the promontory by Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, in 1139, to Lisbon. His stole is the palladium of Zaragossa. Whilst Childebert had been besieging that city in 542, he was astonished to see constant processions taking place. On finding that it was the stole of St. Vincent which was being thus carried about, and that the inhabitants ascribed their success to its presence, he raised the siege, on condition of the relic becoming his own, which accordingly was carried to Paris, and given to the Church of St. Vincent, now called St. Germain des Prés. Perhaps, after all, it was only an imitation; for the stole was again brought out when the French attacked Zaragossa, in 1707; but on this occasion its powers had gone, and the town fell into the hands of the enemy.

Before coming to England we must stop for a moment at Rheims, to tell the story of its sacred oil. Rheims gets its name from St. Remy, the apostle of the Franks, who was buried there. When he was about to baptize Clovis, the first King of France, after his victory over the German Franks at Cologne, a dove brought from heaven the oil that was used at the ceremony. This *sainte ampoule* was used ever afterwards at the coronation of the Kings of France. On one occasion, however, its use had to be dispensed with. When Henry the Huguenot made his peace with the Romish Church, in 1593, and his coronation had been determined on, a somewhat unexpected difficulty presented itself. In 1588 the League had decreed that no person should be recognized as king who had not been anointed with the holy oil of Rheims. Rheims, however, had not recog-

nized Henry, and the oil accordingly was not forthcoming. But if the oil could not be had, something better could. A hundred and twelve years before the baptism of Clovis St. Martin of Tours had fallen downstairs, and received very serious injuries. "Physicians were in vain;" but an angel appeared with a supply of balsam, which effected an instant cure; and this was accordingly used at Henry's coronation. In 1793 the *sainte ampoule* was smashed, when the mob destroyed the bodies of three Carolingian kings and twenty-five archbishops that had been buried at Rheims. Some portion of the oil, however, must have escaped, as it reappeared at the coronation of Charles X.

A piece of the old blue cloak of this same St. Martin formed the royal banner of France till the earldom of Vexin, a fief of the Abbey of St. Denis, became united with the crown, when its place was taken by the red silk oriflamme, which disappeared in the time of Louis XI.

One name ever to be remembered in England is that of Pope Gregory the Great. Everybody, I presume, knows the somewhat mild pun he was guilty of when he met with the little English boys for sale in the market-place at Rome. Very soon after, he started off on a missionary expedition to Britain, but was brought back again. However, he did not give up his good intentions altogether, and in process of time Augustine and his companions were despatched on their errand of love, and found a welcome from Ethelbert, King of Kent.

At Canterbury is the old chair of grey Purbeck marble, which tradition says was the coronation chair of the Pagan kings of Kent; but given by the King to the great missionary. It is still used at the enthronization of an Archbishop. Its date, however, does not seem to be earlier than the thirteenth century.

Augustine gave his name to what was, not long ago, a magnificent ruin, but is now happily restored as the Missionary College at Canterbury. The Pope did not forget to supply his friends with a library. It has long been dispersed, but some volumes which belonged to it are still traceable: a copy of the Gospels, for instance, is in the Bodleian at Oxford, and another in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

There is, I fear, no escape from the conclusion that the patron saint of "Merrie England" was an exceedingly disreputable character. The scene of his combat was, according to one legend, at Selene in Libya; according to another, near Beirout. At Damascus, De la Brocquiere tells us, "I saw the stone from which St. George mounted his horse when he went to combat the dragon. It is two feet square; and they say that when formerly the Saracens attempted to carry it away, in spite of all the strength they employed they could not succeed." His "dragon" was orthodox Christianity, which, as an Arian, he laboured hard to destroy. Long before the Norman Conquest he was a favourite saint in England, but Cœur de Lion is answerable for his present estimation. The church at Lydda dedicated to him is said to have been built by the Lion-hearted King. The Church of St. Giorgio in Velabro, on the door

of which Rienzi posted up his famous notice, contains the head of the saint and the banner of red silk he used to carry about with him.

St. Patrick, though the Apostle of Ireland, was not the first introducer of Christianity into that island. Palladius, the Apostle of Scotland, whose shrine at Fordun was carried off in the Reformation, preceded St. Patrick by some years, and remained in the country till driven out by the King of Leinster. But two other names are also mentioned: St. Kieran, whose chair is still shown at the Cathedral of Kilkenny, and St. Declan, who landed at Ardmore in Waterford. Being unprovided with the means of performing divine service, a stone some four or five tons weight floated from Rome, on which were vestments, a bell for his tower, which, together with the church, was built in one night, and a lighted candle for the mass. The stone is still to be seen on the shore, resting on two other stones, and held so sacred that at low water pilgrims crawl round it several times on bare knees, and then creep under it. As many as 12,000 or 15,000 persons are to be seen there at the Saint's festival. The clay from his grave, of which the supply is never exhausted, is mixed with medicines and held infallible.

St. Patrick himself is said to have been born at Tours, and to have been carried as a slave to Ireland whilst very young. He managed to escape, but could not return as a missionary till he was 60 years old; passing an equal number of years in the country, during which he founded 365 churches, ordained as many bishops, and 3,000 priests. He was buried at Downpatrick, where his grave, on which nothing but grass and the shamrock can grow, is held most sacred. About a mile and a half off is the Struel well. St. Patrick and St. Bridget one day were walking together, when St. Bridget, feeling thirsty, expressed his doubts whether his companion could do what Moses did in the wilderness, provide a miraculous supply of water. On that St. Patrick struck St. Bridget on the foot, the blood that issued was changed into water, and the stream has been running ever since. St. Patrick had a wonderful cow, the bones and one of the horns of which were discovered at Ardmore. On one occasion its calf was stolen, and the cow made the large double trench from Cashel to Ardmore whilst going in search of it. The saint's staff was carried from Armagh to Christ Church Cathedral at Dublin, and burned in 1508. It was at that church that Lambert Simnel was crowned as Edward VI., the crown used on the occasion being borrowed from the statue of the Virgin in a neighbouring church. There is a very ancient bell in existence which may, without any great stretch of imagination, be supposed to have been the identical bell of St. Patrick, which Colgan tells us, when tolled as a preservative against evil spirits and magicians, was heard from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from the Hill of Howth to the western shores of Connemara. No wonder, with such implements at hand, the saint banished all reptiles from Ireland. Irish soil was considered a sure preservative against vermin of all sorts, and the mound on which Cockermonth Castle in Cumberland is built was

brought from Ireland under that impression. The bell itself is uncouth enough, being "composed of two pieces of hammered iron, connected by brass solder and by twelve rivets." But the cover is magnificent, set with jewels, and apparently of the eleventh century, and evidently at that period considered a very precious relic.

If England confesses her obligations to Italy for St. Augustine, Germany must admit her debt to England for her apostle, St. Boniface. Boniface, or Winfrid, as his name was at first, was born at Crediton. It was through Gregory II. that he was induced to make Germany the scene of his labours. Among his royal friends were King Ina, and Carloman, eldest son of Charles Martel, who was induced by him to become a monk. It was, however, no such uncommon proceeding in those days; for that same year, Frisigitha, Queen of the West Saxons, took the veil, and no less than eight Northumberland kings had anticipated the example of the Emperor Charles V. It was Boniface who crowned Pepin, the first of the Carolingian kings, who was so kind as to allow the six "*rois fainéans*" of the Merovingian stock that existed in his time, to show themselves to their loving subjects once a year. Boniface was murdered by Pagans when seventy-five years old, and his body was placed in the Cathedral of Fulda, but now consists only of a fragment of his skull. In the sacristy is his ivory crozier and the dagger by which he was murdered. In the *Acta Sanctorum* is a long history of an "incredible number of miracles which have been wrought by God at the relics and through the intercession of St. Boniface."

"*Audi alteram partem*" is advice which is all the less attended to because it often happens to be unpleasantly appropriate. One amusing instance we have had lately in the controversy between Archbishop Manning and *The Times*, about Thomas à Becket. That these two potentates should disagree is what everybody of course was prepared for; but it is not often, except in politics, that we meet with such a refreshing illustration of the old story of the gold and silver shield. Some people, I suspect, would call one version "pure cant," and the other "Kant pure," and be malicious enough perhaps to add that it was difficult to say which was the more objectionable. No doubt there are parts of Becket's life which will not bear examination. No doubt Henry was beyond measure astonished at the Tartar he had caught in the new Archbishop of Canterbury, and had more meaning than he would afterwards confess to when he uttered his unfortunate wish to be rid of the turbulent priest that was such a plague to him. But if Becket pushed his spiritual claims upon the Crown and nation to an unjustifiable degree, it was after all only a just retaliation for the monstrous injustice the Crown had not scrupled to inflict upon the Church. Anyhow, Henry was penitent enough when he heard of the Archbishop's death, and in Butler's elegant language, "not only wept, but howled and cried out in the excess of his grief." A magnificent shrine was built to contain his relics, a perfect blaze of gold and jewels, the most valuable being a diamond given by Louis VII. of France. Stow

gives us a description of it:—"It was built about a man's height, all of stone; then upwards of plain timber, within which was an iron chest, containing the bones of Thomas Becket, as also the skull, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of the skull laid in the same wound. The timber work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked and embossed, garnished with brooches, images, angels, chains, precious stones, and great oriental pearls: the spoils of which shrine, in gold and jewels of an inestimable value, filled two great chests, one of which six or eight men could do no more than convey out of the church. All which was taken to the King's use; and the bones of St. Thomas, by command of Lord Cromwell, were there burnt to ashes in September, 1538." Henry begged the diamond, and wore it as a ring: and even Mary did not object to have it afterwards in her collar. The hair shirt which was discovered on Becket's body after death is at Douay. The stone stained with his blood was cut out and sent to Rome, where a church has been built to his memory. Part of Le Bret's sword, by which he was killed, was given by Cardinal Guala de Bicchieri, the Papal legate in England in the reigns of John and Henry III., to the cathedral at Vercelli, where it still remains. His mitre, long preserved at Sens, together with some of his vestments, was in 1862 in the possession of Cardinal Wiseman, who sent it to the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington. Sens was the place to which Becket fled in 1184. At Vezelay he pronounced his famous excommunication of Henry and all his abettors, which so enraged the King that he threatened to put down all the Benedictine abbeys in England if that order gave any further protection to the Archbishop.

At Avranches is pointed out a column at which Henry is said to have kneeled when he made atonements for Becket's murder, and received absolution from the Papal legates. Becket's shrine was at one time wonderfully popular. "Whilst no man brought his gift to the altar of his Saviour, in Canterbury Cathedral, throughout a whole year, offerings were made at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in the same place, and during the same period, to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds." No wonder, however, he was such a favourite, when no less than 263 miracles are ascribed to him; though how many of them were of the character of one that figures in a quaint sermon of Latimer's I am not prepared to say. A gentlewoman of London was met by one of her neighbours in the street, and asked, "Mistress, whither go ye?" "Marry," said she, "I am going to St. Thomas of Acres, to the sermon: I could not sleep all this last night, and I am going now thither; I never failed of a good nap there." In one of the miracles King Henry figures. He had resolved to do penance at Canterbury for his share in Becket's death. Barefoot, and in a woollen shirt and short cloak, he walked from St. Dunstan's Church to the Cathedral, kissed the spot where the archbishop had fallen, and submitted to be scourged by the monks and ecclesiastical dignitaries who were present on the occasion. "Next morning, as he

was hearing mass before the tomb, the King of Scotland, his most cruel enemy, was taken prisoner by a small number of men."

Cœur de Lion, on returning from Palestine, walked from Sandwich to the shrine, to give thanks for his deliverance; King John paid it a visit after his coronation; and probably none of our kings, from the second Henry to the eighth, failed to make the famous pilgrimage. The legend about the "bad end" to which the murderers came, and the inscription over their supposed tomb at Jerusalem—"Here lie the wretches who martyred blessed Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury"—are altogether apocryphal: Bret died quietly in his own bed; Tracy became Grand Justiciary of Normandy; Fitzurse went to Ireland, where he founded the family of the Mc Mahons, of Wexford; whilst Hugh de Morville, lord of Burgh-by-Sands, in Cumberland, was made Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent. His sword, long preserved at Kirk Oswald, was afterwards placed in the hand of a statue, which Thomas Carlisle, "organist and sculptor," executed for Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of Brayton Hall.

The two days set apart for Becket in the English calendar—December 29 is the day of his martyrdom, and July 7 of the translation of his remains from the crypt—were removed therefrom by the "Defender of the Faith," Henry VIII.

The mention of abuses naturally leads to that of the Reformation. To go, however, into any account of the numerous relics of that most interesting and important period would far exceed the limits I have proposed to myself. Accordingly I shall stop here. I had intended to give some examples of the prices which relics have fetched at various times; but I will content myself with an extract from a would-be "humourous poem," called *Chalceographimania*. "I cannot refrain from recording the Methodistical mania which never was more powerfully evinced by the most bigotted catholics, than became manifest a short time back at the sale of Huntington's effects at Hermes Hill, Pentonville, where among other precious relics of this saint among the rangers, producing extraordinary sums, an old arm-chair must particularly stand recorded, which, although not intrinsically worth fifty shillings, was knocked down to a devotee for sixty pounds, whilst Saunders the auctioneer was commissioned to go as far as one hundred, had the competitorship continued. In addition to this chair mania, I have recently been informed that the spectacles of Huntington and every other article produced similar exorbitant sums, whilst it is asserted that a waggon of the prophet's was purchased by a farmer, who was one of his most zealous followers, for no less a sum than one thousand two hundred pounds."

Angling.

THE angling season for both salmon and trout has commenced. The Acts of Parliament lately passed For the Better Preservation of Inland Fisheries, have curtailed the "close season," and have added to the "open season" a part of the month of February, a part of the month of September, and the whole of October, during which latter period some good sport may be had both in rivers and lakes. The demolition of the far too numerous fixed engines which had overspread the tidal portions of rivers, has been the means of opening them up, and removing many serious and fatal obstructions, which presented themselves to the fish on their return from the sea. These engines in general extended from high-water mark down to the low-water mark, and in some instances, and these perhaps not a few, protruded beyond the low-water mark into the channel of the river, often amounting to an impediment to the navigation. From the latter the fish had no chance of escape. Salmon, when returning homeward and running up stream, pursue their course with the rising tide, gradually approaching closer to the land, on the look-out for the fresh-water streams, which serve as their guide to the spawning-beds. Before the introduction of the late enactments, during the portion of the year allotted to fishing with fixed engines, the supply of parent fish depended chiefly upon the observance of the "weekly close-time,"—the only period during which they could with certainty pursue their onward course without fear of interruption. The weekly close-time commences on Saturday evening and terminates on the following Monday morning (when fishing with the fixed engine is strictly prohibited under a heavy penalty), and at present cannot, where weirs or such like obstructions exist, be too closely observed. Conservators, water-bailiffs, and all persons interested in the preservation of inland fisheries should endeavour to secure the largest possible stock of "spawners," as on their protection and due preservation must entirely depend our future supply of fish. But for the prompt and timely interference of the legislature, with regard to the fisheries, by the removal of all illegal weirs, salmon would have ultimately disappeared from our waters. However, with proper care and active supervision, enforcing the salutary and absolutely necessary provisions of these late enactments on behalf of the finny race, we may year after year expect to see beneficial results arising, salmon once more abundant, the angler fully compensated for former disappointments, and the "fox-hunting of fishing," to use Colonel Hankey's very appropriate phrase, restored to its old excellence and glory.

During the spring months, the early or spring salmon-fishing, as it is

termed, is in its prime. About the middle of May it has declined, as we approach the peal or grilse season, when the second or summer run of fish takes place. The peal or grilse, though less in size and weight than the spring fish, are by no means less vigorous, and in most rivers present themselves in a formidable array, and afford excellent sport. The heavy spring fish may hold out for a harder and more protracted contest with the angler, but the wiry and active peal does not less test piscatorial skill and judgment, by the lively and ever rapid movements with which it seeks to out-general and defeat the attack made on its liberty by the rod and line. The best time for the spring salmon-fishing is during the warmer hours of the day. It is quite time enough to commence angling about ten o'clock in the forenoon and close about four in the afternoon. As the days become longer and the evenings milder, fish will take well up to sunset. In the peal season the very earliest and latest hours prove the most successful; and in summer and autumn mornings the angler may be seen at his work as early as four o'clock, from which time he continues to ply his art until nine or ten in the forenoon, when he retires until the later afternoon hours invite him again to try his skill. It not unfrequently happens that a fish, which had risen falsely and refused to take the fly in the early part of the day, has been captured in the evening. It is not advisable to continue to fish over a salmon that has refused to take upon being presented with a change of flies; far better to let him rest for a little, and having marked the spot where he rose, try him again when the sun has declined. Another plan which has been suggested in the case of a false-rising fish, is to cross to the opposite bank, and bring the fly over him from the contrary direction. However, the real "tug of war" takes place during the afternoon fishing, more particularly if a salmon should happen to be hooked about dusk: success will then altogether depend upon the coolness and steadiness of the angler.

In Scotland the natives never think of angling for salmon when the days are bright and the water clear and low. The hours they select are from eleven o'clock, or midnight, to daybreak, when they are almost certain to be compensated by a good bag filled with the heaviest fish from the pools. Unless the night happens to be comparatively a bright one, it is both difficult and perplexing work to secure and safely land the prey. The angler receives no previous intimation of the enemy's intention to make an attack. Slowly, silently, but deadly is his advance: there is no splash or tumble, no break of the water as in the day, his work is altogether carried on beneath the surface: a hard tug at the wheel, accompanied with a rapid revolution of its axle alone, announces that the battle has begun; but the angler has one satisfaction, he knows that his prey has been well and firmly hooked—as all fish are that take deeply—therefore he may press upon him the more confidently: yet this will be far from compensating for the disadvantage of not being able to watch and anticipate his movements as in the broad daylight. The click-wheel has been recommended for night-fishing, for the alarm which it gives, and

because the click prevents the line from running out more freely than it should, thereby serving to obviate a "slack" being given to the fish. Besides, if the angler should become inattentive to his work, or permit his thoughts to stray away to distant fields of contemplation, he becomes instantly aroused to a sense of duty, and to the perils of his situation. The best description of salmon-flies for night-angling is the following: a black or dark blue fur body, closely overlaid with broad silver tinsel, and a white jib, and wings from the feather of a goose or swanquill; a bright gray body has merit, or one composed of equal parts of gray donkey's-hair and fox-cub fur of an ashy hue, well mixed together with brownish wings from the tail-feather of the golden-pheasant.

June and July are the best months for night-angling, and there is then much better hope of success, on account of the twilight, which continues throughout the night. When the water is low and the days bright, the fish conceal themselves in the deeps during the daytime, but at nightfall they move up to the shallows and heads of streams in quest of food. A great deal depends upon the sort of night which has been selected; if there should be the least dew falling not a fish will stir or look at a fly. Such is the drowsy and deterrent effect produced on them by the dew-fall. There must also be a good brisk wind, with a blue, overcast, and cloudy sky. On such a night as this there is a certainty of good sport and the capture of the heaviest fish. In trout-fishing, after sunset, the "feed," as it is termed by anglers, is also regulated by the dew-fall. Some nights it lasts for a considerable time; but the moment the dew begins to fall, the hitherto active and busy trout, which were splashing and tumbling about in all directions throughout the stream, become, as if by magic, silent, and for the remainder of the night not another move is heard. Mr. Dunbar, in writing about the river Spey, remarks that "many gentlemen angle all day when the river is low and the weather bright and sunshiny without taking a single fish. After they return home is the time the natives go to work. I recollect a notorious poaching character showing me on one morning no fewer than eight salmon, two of which would weigh upwards of twenty pounds apiece, which he told me he had caught with the fly after eleven o'clock the night before." It is to be apprehended that however fair, as regards sport, the inducements held out by night-angling for salmon may be, that few save the poachers know much of its results practically, or can testify much in its favour. The "gentler brothers of the angle" much prefer at the midnight hour being buried in the depths of balmy slumber, to wandering along the banks of a romantic stream, with its beauties faintly shadowed forth in the dim gray twilight of a soft summer's night.

Among the many artificial trolls which have been so ingeniously invented for salmon and trout-angling, the silk "phantom-minnow" stands deservedly high in estimation, and if used in spring, when salmon take a troll, will be found as effective as any of the ordinary natural baits, and will save much of the disagreeableness arising from baiting the hook

with the salmon-fry, trout-fry, or loach, and moreover obviate the payment of the penalty attached to the capture and possession of salmon and trout fry. The "phantom-minnow," wherever it has been used, has proved to be a most decided success in trout-fishing, and during spring and autumn may be thoroughly relied on, and, particularly in large lakes where there is a heavy run of fish, its killing qualities cannot be over-estimated. On no other troll, natural or artificial, may a good day's angling be more surely staked in the commencement and end of the season. Of the "phantom-minnow" there are two kinds—the one light-coloured, and the other somewhat deeper in shade. The angler should be always provided with both kinds; and if fishing from a boat, where trolling with two rods can be conveniently carried on, by letting each of them rest against a pin fixed for the purpose in the after-part of the boat, he should alternately change the minnows from the light to the deep water. Sometimes the dark one answers well close to the shore, and, vice versa, the light one is preferred by the fish.

As regards trolling in salmon-courses, it is desirable to avoid it as much as possible, as it has the effect of rendering the fish indifferent to the fly. In some rivers it is considered unsportsman-like to exhibit a troll, and in general good fly-fishers much prefer not making use of it. But where fish prove sulky or have been wounded by the fly-hook, it may perhaps be advantageously called into requisition. The shrimp has been much employed of late years as a bait for salmon, and should be mounted with swivels, and the bait-line leaded; but a similar objection to it holds good, and wherever it has been used there has been an end to the fly. In some rivers its use has been interdicted, and in general it should be dispensed with. In fact, it would be no loss to the angling fraternity if it should become the object of legislative prohibition, and find a place in the same category as the otter. Run the otter over a trout-lake a few times, and you destroy the fly-fishing of it for a considerable period—even, perhaps, for the remainder of the season, and similarly does the shrimp damage the salmon-course. They may do well for the greedy, selfish, and unscientific, but they should never find a place among the paraphernalia of the true and genuine sportsman.

Salmon will not rise to the fly when the water is above its average height, nor when it is too deeply coloured. At the clearing of a flood, the angler may look forward to a good bag of both salmon and trout. In spring, when frosty nights are succeeded by soft and mild days, salmon take freely. When the wind has changed from a favourable point, as from south or west to north or east, fishing is most uncertain, until the wind has been fixed for some time. The most propitious days for salmon-angling are those with rattling showers and light well-defined clouds, which impart a healthy tinge to the water. Hazy days, or those accompanied with a "Scotch mist," are favourable. Salmon also take readily at the tail of a hail-shower. The changes of new and full moon are supposed to exercise a lethargic influence over fish. However, doctors

differ on this point. With a low-barometer fishing is invariably bad. And though "old Izaak" says that "he who waits for the wind will never sow," yet doubtless there are signs and indications in the weather, which the angler should deem worthy of his attentive observation, and he who acts wisely will carefully note them.

The best length of rod for ordinary salmon-angling is about seventeen feet, which will be found on trial as effective, and more convenient than one of greater length. A fault common to novices in salmon-fishing, and sometimes unwittingly indulged in by "veterans" in the art, is the practice of striking a fish too hastily, after he has risen to the fly. At least a couple of seconds should be permitted to elapse before striking the fish, so that he may have had time to have fairly turned away from the angler. The salmon, in descending with the fly to his place of rest, gives a sort of "roll," which causes a break in the water. When the disturbance so caused has closed over him, then is the time to strike him. This should be done with the point of the rod lowered slantwise towards the water. In striking high, the fly is apt to be dragged out of his mouth. But though this delinquency may be accounted for and excused on the plea of nervousness, there is an offence which is totally unpardonable: that of giving a "slack" to a fish after he has been hooked. This is the gravest crime that an angler can be guilty of. The O'Gorman, after giving particular instructions for its avoidance, says, "If all these should fail to keep you from this crime, may you lose your flies and fish in rocks and weeds, and your hat and gloves in the water; may the rain find its way into your sleeve; may you forget your cigar-case and dram-bottle; and, finally, when you wash your face after coming in, may your shirt-sleeves drop into the basin you are using." Many a good fish has been lost by this imprudence after considerable play and when almost tired out. Though it is, of course, sheer madness to dream of stopping a fish on the run, yet the line should never be permitted to pass so freely from the wheel, that it may not be fairly taut during the entire time that he is thus furiously rushing along. He should be compelled to carry out the line with him as he goes, and the angler should never anticipate his speed by helping him freely to it. When he has reached the end of his chase, he should be instantly brought again under the bow of the rod and fairly "buted," and no time should be given him for reflection, otherwise he will soon find his way round stumps and rocks. By a side-motion, or inclination of the rod, a fish may be turned aside, and led the contrary way to that in which he is heading, if it be done with care and dexterity. This is a rule that should be indelibly imprinted on the angler's mind, "that an over-slack line is worse than an over-tight one." When a fish comes to the surface, splashing and tumbling and springing out of the water, acting the part of an acrobat, he should be held tightly, to prevent him throwing himself across the line, which he will decidedly accomplish if he is indulged with the least "slack."

A wide difference of opinion seems to be prevalent among the "brothers of the craft" as to the mode in which a salmon-river should be

fished. Some are in favour of commencing at the head of each course and fishing onwards and downwards to its tail; others assert that the contrary plan is far better, to begin at the foot and fish backwards and upwards towards the top, and so to proceed from pool to pool, passing on to the head of the river, alleging as a reason that if a fish should be hooked near the middle or tail of the pool, he will not disturb the fish in the upper part, but will confine his play to the lower part of it. The object of the fish on entering a river is to continue his ascent, and not to descend towards the sea from whence he came, unless insurmountable obstacles should compel him. He loses his advantage as soon as he turns down stream, for the water acts injuriously on his gills: therefore, instinctively, he will, at all hazards, endeavour to run right ahead, and, by playing up stream, be certain to cause a commotion among the fish which are lying at the top of the pool. A salmon, after being hooked, will, in nine cases out of ten, run across and against the current, rather than go downwards and along with it. If the angler should prefer fishing upwards and backwards, he will place himself at a disadvantage. The reflection of his body, and the movements of his rod, will be seen by each fish in the pool long before he has had an opportunity of bringing his fly over them, thereby tending to scare and render the fish timid and wary. In fishing from the head of the stream, onwards and downwards, the first object that will attract the undisturbed fish will be the fly, and that long before the angler has come near where he lies in the stream. The natural course of the river itself is onwards and downwards, and all objects upon and beneath its surface are carried along in the same direction. It may be held, therefore, that the angler should not pursue a course contrary to that which the analogy of nature suggests, nor, at his own personal inconvenience, become retrograde in his movements.

Salmon-flies differ much from trout-flies, and particularly in having no corresponding counterpart in nature. They are, for the most part, but creations of the angler's fancy, and are tied more or less gaudy according to the streams that they are intended for, as salmon are fond of whatever is attractive and showy. Salmon will sometimes take the trout-fly in rivers where they have been for some time from the sea, and where they congregate in large numbers, but more by accident than as a fixed rule. The O'Gorman, an Irish gentleman who was much celebrated as an angler, makes a very valuable remark in his work on angling. He says, that "when the natural trout-flies begin to appear on the rivers, your salmon-flies should be as nearly of their colour in the body as possible. On this suggestion," he continues, "I have since acted, and have had the greatest success, particularly after rising a fish with a gaudy fly, and then throwing over him one as nearly as possible of the colour of the trout-fly on the water. But I have invariably, in the first instance, if the river was dark or turbid, fished with gaudy flies, and have had anglers laughing at me till I had a fish hooked to their great astonishment." In fine, a good angler must be provided with flies of all kinds and sizes. Some-

times nothing will be looked at but gaudy flies, at another none but very plain ones. As the season advances, there must be a corresponding change in the size and dressing of the salmon-fly; both must be sensibly decreased. Though the various works on angling furnish lists of general salmon-flies, which will be suitable to any and every water, yet each river has its own peculiar class of flies, varying more or less in colour, gaudiness, and size. One who is unacquainted with the proper flies for a river which he may fish for the first time, will find it prudent to try the general flies in the first instance, and now and again substitute for them other patterns which he found to be "killers" elsewhere. In this he must be guided by the state and appearance of the water which he fishes. As a dictum on this point, Ephemera, in his *Handbook of the Salmon*, says:—"I solicit attention to this great rule—that large gaudy flies suit only deep and somewhat turbid waters, and that small sombre-hued flies are fittest for low and clear water. Flies of medium size and mediocre brilliancy of colours are appropriate for water moderately deep and moderately limpid." The Shannon flies are large and gaudy, the Tweed patterns plain and dark, and the Welsh flies still plainer. The Blackwater, and the Fergus, which is a tributary of the Shannon, require flies holding a medium between the gay-coloured Shannon flies, with their golden-pheasant crests and toppings, and the dull sad Scotch or Welsh fly. If these rules, propounded by The O'Gorman and Ephemera, be blended together, they will furnish good and sound advice to the salmon-angler, and, if followed up, furnish him with good serviceable and killing flies. Let him, for instance, procure a set of flies adapted to salmon-fishing in general. Let him also have the gaudy patterns, and particularly let him be well stocked with the trout-patterned salmon-flies, such as March browns, hare's-ear, and hare's-ear and yellow, clarrets, blacks, olives, greens, and browns, tied large, on salmon-hooks, in the body resembling the trout-fly, and having a moderately gaudy jib, and wings slightly accommodated to the salmon pattern. With such an assortment he may rely on success. Too much force cannot be given to The O'Gorman's advice. Wherever it has been adopted, it has proved practically and eminently successful. It appears to be a grave mistake on the part of salmon-fly tiers not to remember that salmon and trout feed on the same insects, and that the salmon becomes accustomed to the appearance of the natural fly after he has been for some time resident in the fresh water, and that, therefore, they should select for some of their patterns at least, the happy "golden mean" between the salmon and trout fly. It is pretty certain that if they do, they will produce a very killing class of salmon-fly.

There are two descriptions of trout-flies to which we may briefly call attention. They are Irish patterns, and are known as the Dromore and Inchiquin flies. They have been found excellent on both rivers and lakes for trout, and are also first-rate droppers for peal. In Ireland, on the continent of Europe, in Scotland, and America, they have been tried, and have proved themselves to be the right sort. As they happen not to be very gene-

rally known, and are rather difficult to tie well, we append the following directions for tying them :—"The general size is that of the peal, or small salmon-fly," but they are also tied some sizes less for light river-fishing. "Bite your link, and tie up to nearly opposite the beard of the hook ; put on silver or yellow tinsel for a tail ; if silver, let your mohair tail be green and rough, but not too large ; then put on three fibres of brown mallard as a jib ; next add a deep red hackle, proportioned to the size of the fly, after which your yellow tinsel ; then break your fur to the consistence and quantity you require, taking care to twist it well on the silk, and put it on carefully and rather thinly towards the tail part, but a little fuller towards the head. Leave a portion of the shank bare for the wing and head ; then clip away the superfluous fur that may impair the lie of the hackle, which then put on—each turn before every row of tinsel, and two turns at the finish. Next take as much peacock-breast feather as you may deem sufficient for the body of the wing, and tie it fast ; after which take a sufficient quantity of the brown mallard-feather to form each side-wing, which you must take care to keep distinct from each other, fasten well and clip properly ; take some black ostrich-feather or break some blue mohair for the head, which twist well on the silk, and put on, taking care not to have it too full : then take a pin, separate, and double down the mallard-feathers from the peacock-breast feather, and knot twice between them." The colours used for this fly are cinnamons, clarets, browns of all kinds, olives and the various hare's-ear shades and mixtures. Widgeon-feather may be substituted for the brown mallard. The body may also consist of more than one colour, as gray or hare's-ear plain next the tail, and brown on the upper half of the body, or one half of the body may be cinnamon, and the remainder claret, fiery brown, or olive. The Inchiquin pattern is similar, consisting of the same style of body, but lighter in form, and the smaller sizes untinselled, with yellow or green silk tails, and having for wing plain rail's-wing feather for the centre, and strips of green peacock for the side feathers. These are very pretty patterns, and form a handsome bunch of flies,—the deep brown mallard or widgeon backing and land-rail wing contrasting most favourably with the rich green peacock-breast feather. As to their killing qualities, they need but a trial to establish their excellence in this respect.

The acquisition of the art of fly-tying is essentially requisite to constitute the complete and accomplished angler, and no one, however well provided he may be with stores of flies procured from the shops, or from local professional fly-tiers, is equal to the many and constant demands which will be made upon him, in his piscatorial excursions, for dainty tit-bits for both salmon and trout. To become a first-class fly-tier, the angler must become a student of nature, and in the case of trout-fishing he must carefully and accurately imitate the natural flies. No matter what may be affirmed to the contrary, a neat and precisely shaped fly, with a body of the proper hue and appropriate wings, will prove successful, when the clumsier and less exact imitations must prove a

failure. Trout are exceedingly sharp-sighted, and will at once detect the least difference between the real and the counterfeit fly. A change of a hackle from light to dark, or the reverse, will not pass unnoticed, and will destroy the killing properties of the fly.

It is this art of fly-tying, and consequent imitation of the natural flies and insects, that invests angling with the air of a science and takes from it the character of a mere practical acquisition, consisting only in a dexterous use of the rod and line. Each month has got its own peculiar brood of flies and insects, some of them continuing their existence for days and weeks, some of them changing their colours in proportion to their span of life, and others springing into being in the morning, and, after basking for a few short hours in a bright and genial sunshine, disappearing again for a season. To the casual observer, these tiny creatures that flutter along the bank, that dap up and down on the surface, and flit on rapid wing across the crystal stream, seem to present no appreciable variety. In his estimation they are all alike, and without any distinction. But such is not the fact. The angler who has made them his study in subserviency to his fly-tying art, will immediately discern and estimate their relative properties, and, opening up the book of nature, he will readily discriminate between them and detect the points in which they essentially differ. Among them he beholds some having their bodies graduated in all the finely tinted shades of green, from the light pea-green to the deepest emerald. He sees browns innumerable; olives, clarets, fiery browns, cinnamons, yellows, blacks, and blues; grays light and dark; some with particoloured backs and legs; some spangled with gold, and others curiously tipped with silver; some with dark sepulchral-looking wings, and others o'erhung with a clear transparent and gauze-like tapestry. To become thoroughly and practically acquainted with this but small portion of nature's handiwork, is the aim of the fly-tier, and his business it is to carefully imitate those various and numerous natural flies and insects. For this purpose he must provide himself with a vast stock of materials. He must become a borrower from the animal kingdom, and both beasts and birds must lend him their aid. The torrid and the frigid zones, the depths of the forest, and the homesteads alike must cater to his wants; and where he fails to obtain all that he requires from these, he must call to his assistance the art of man, and, by the dyer's skill and knowledge, procure minutely precise shades of colour, to enable him to approach as nearly as he may the productions wrought by nature's own delicate and curiously fine finger.

Out of School in the Middle Ages.

THROUGH the whole of the five or six centuries known as the Middle Ages, every high-road in Europe was alive with youths hastening to the schools. They crossed and recrossed mountain, forest, and narrow sea by *tens of thousands*; and they crowded the several seats of learning—Oxford, Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, and Prague, as thick as bees. Indeed, it is said that they generally outnumbered all the other residents of these cities—30,000 being actually set down as attending the schools of Oxford; 50,000, 70,000, and even 100,000, those of Paris; while a notion of the numbers who selected Prague as *alma mater* may be formed from the tale told of the multitude that accompanied the celebrated professor John Hoffman, when expelled from that university by the influence of Huss—a host which several writers estimate as high as 40,000.* Nor were these the only universities in existence. There were others of all but equal note at Orleans, Montpellier, Padua, and Leipsic; and twenty-four more, some of them of great celebrity, were erected between 1403 and 1499. Humbler establishments, too, existed in plenty. Every cathedral had its school, and so had every monastery. Several of these were academies of large pretence, which exacted a certain amount of preparatory knowledge from those who sought admission—Pope Adrian IV., for instance, having been rejected in his boyhood by the monks who conducted the school of St. Alban's, because his acquirements did not come up to their standard. The parson of the parish, also, seldom objected to increase his generally scanty stipend by playing the part of pedagogue. And, finally, many a wandering scholar was glad to exchange instruction against board and lodging in hamlet and homestead which lay beyond the reach of regular institutions. All this shows that the numbers under education during the Middle Ages were much larger than we are disposed to think: they were larger, indeed, than in any age from the Reformation down to thirty years ago; for, with so much good, that great event wrought one large evil, sweeping away from many quarters the educational organization that had been growing up for centuries, without substituting anything in its stead.

When conquest had ceased, and society began to reorganize, and when, therefore, learning began to be appreciated, any teacher who put himself forward was sure to obtain a following that speedily multiplied to

* Wood and Balæus vouch for Oxford and Paris. With respect to the event at Prague, Dubravius puts the number expelled or seceding at 24,000; Lauda, a contemporary, estimates it at 36,000; and Lupatius at 44,000.

thousands, if he happened to be a man of ability. Of course, in such a case he would find it necessary to fix his school in some place adapted to supply the material wants of his pupils. And as there were few situations which those periodical invaders, dearth and plague, did not render untenable for any length of time, the early history of learning is full of instances of teachers and their disciples migrating from place to place in search of food and lodging. Nor were these the only considerations that dictated the choice of locality. The fame of a good teacher was sure to spread, even into other countries; it was, therefore, indispensable that he should settle in some well-known and easily accessible spot: and thus in a short time we find the principal cities of the West fairly stocked with teachers. Rulers and citizens, too, soon found their advantage in these schools, and did their utmost to perpetuate them. With that view they extended peculiar privileges, at first to the preceptors, but eventually to the whole body of the students, and, in some cases, to their servants. And these privileges grew and flourished, until, by the thirteenth century, we find them including exemption from taxes of all kinds, from arrest, seizure of goods, and the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals even in cases of atrocious crime. Nobody was allowed to promulgate a sentence of excommunication or interdict against a university without special licence from the Pope; and the Emperor Frederick I., whose example was generally followed, published a rescript (1158) which directed that students should pass freely throughout the empire, and forbade their arrest for debt or crime on their way to or from school. Even so late as the reign of Charles V. these privileges were still considered of sufficient moment to merit the attention of the diplomatist, and obtain a place in important treaties. We find a portion of the 83rd article of the Treaty of Madrid, concluded 1526, devoted to the claims urged by the University of Burgos for "*les maux et dommages excessifs qu'ils ont soustenus et soufferts durant ces guerres, contre la forme des privilèges qu'ils disent avoir des prédécesseurs dudit Roy Chrestien*;" and the 42nd article of the same treaty stipulates that to "the lord of Chaux, Messire Charles de Poupet, chamberlain and first butler to the Emperor, should be restored the ransom which he had been compelled to pay for his children, who being scholars of the University of Paris, and therefore privileged and assured by law that they could not be made prisoners, were not fair prey (*de juste prise*); that the said ransom should be restored by those who had exacted it, or by their heirs; and that in this matter the very Christian King was to cause ample and speedy justice to be done, according to the privileges of the said University of Paris." Nor were these privileges withdrawn until long after the Reformation. Those claimed by the University of Paris remained in full force until 1592. Then, for the first time, the Provost of that city dispensed with the oath which had been exacted at their installation from every one of his predecessors for three centuries and a half, to observe himself, and protect with all his power, the immunities of the learned brotherhood. And those privileges were even more widely extended

among ourselves. For ages they obstructed the course of English justice under the name of Benefit of Clergy :—an institution which enabled every one who could read to perpetrate at least one capital crime without risk during the course of his life ; and which, among other nice results, tempted the British nobility of the “ first year of Edward VI.” to satirise themselves through all time by securing impunity to their order without the drudgery of wading through hornbook and primer, for such gentlemanlike offences as highway robbery, horse-stealing, house-breaking, and robbing churches.*

Of course the heads of the various universities would have found much difficulty in maintaining order among these multitudes, even under circumstances exceptionally favourable ; but circumstances during the Middle Ages were precisely the reverse. For a long time the universities were little more than guilds of teachers, organized chiefly with a view to shut out incompetent interlopers from a very lucrative profession. Their degrees were just so many certificates showing that those who possessed them were free of the craft. And their rectors and other officials had little power, except as centres of resistance to assaults on their overgrown privileges. The republic of letters, indeed, as represented by the university, was a very loose federation. The various classes seldom worked well together ; while beyond the precincts of the lecture-hall, every one—tutor and pupil—did pretty much as he felt inclined. Nor could it well have been otherwise. There were few buildings specially adapted to collegiate purposes until towards the close of the era, and these few were designed for the use of poor scholars. The classes, therefore, were conducted, for the most part, in rooms hired by the professors at their own risk : a custom which could not tend greatly to strengthen central authority. These rooms, also, were too often situated in the very worst quarters. Writing on the subject in the thirteenth century, Cardinal de Vitry remarks—and these remarks had better remain in the “ decent obscurity” of the language he uses—that “ in una autem et eadem domo scholæ erant superius, prostibula inferius. In parte superiori magistri legebant ; in inferiori meretrices officia turpitudinis exercebant. Ex una parte meretrices inter se et cum cenonibus (lenonibus) litigabant ; ex alia parte disputantes et contentiose agentes clerici proclamabant.” Nor was the private life of the student much adapted to correct the impressions thus received. It was the custom for several students to club together and engage what was called a hall. They then elected a head or regent—usually a student more advanced than themselves—and took it in turn to provide the food and prepare the meals. Thus they lived, and those who were that way given read under the direction of the regent. At one time there were as many as 300 of these halls at Oxford. And Chaucer gives us a glimpse of their economy and of the character of the inmates in the tale of the *Miller of Trompington*. Such a system was evidently not very

* *Vide* BLACKSTONE, book iv. chapter xxviii.

conducive to morality. Young fellows thus given up to their own devices, and hedged round with immunities, were not likely to prove models of behaviour. And there were several things besides to render them rough, riotous, and profligate. In the first place, a large fraction were scholars indeed in name, but vagabonds in reality, who, as Wood, Fuller, and others testify, found the academic gown a very convenient covering for their misdeeds, and who managed to exempt themselves from all jurisdiction by pleading scholarship in the face of the civil magistrate, and denying it before the clerical one; and Wood estimates these martinets, as they were called, at fully a third of those who frequented the University of Oxford. In the second place, the example of the pastor and master was, in the great majority of cases, far from edifying; indeed, from the days of Abelard down to those of Ravaillac, it must be confessed that the pedagogue of the Middle Ages, whether he dogmatized in a palace, or held forth in the merest hedge-school, bore a very indifferent reputation. Politian, the boast of Florence and the tutor of the princely Medici, was the most learned man of his time, and, if gossips do not err, probably the most abandoned. And his deeply-learned and roystering, and, therefore, very-worthy successor in the school of Florence, Crinitus, had his skull cracked with a bottle by one of his pupils while conducting an orgy after the manner of Trimalcion. Another of these learned and much esteemed professors, Bartholomew Socinus, was accustomed to supplement his scholastic exertions by practical lessons in the noble art of gaming—to which he was as devoted as Marshal Blucher himself. And a third, Eobanus, who had a peculiar capacity for swilling that would have done him honour in the eyes of Porson, once challenged a notorious bibber to a drinking tourney, and laid his antagonist dead on the spot. Indeed, so noted were preceptors for their ability in this way that, to have pushed the bottle theologically, was the mediæval equivalent for that elegant expression, "drunk as a fiddler." Nor are we libelling the profession by any means. Indeed, were we to take its members at their word; were we to rely implicitly on such letters as passed between Poggio Bracciolano and his bitter enemy, Philelphus, or between Abelard and his comical correspondent, Foulkes, or on such precious scraps of autobiography as Cardan has left us; were we to paint these professors as they paint one another and themselves, we should be compelled to set them down, one and all, as arrant scamps. Nor would the alternative be much to their credit. For in proportion as we acquit them of depravity, we must condemn them of sinning against truth. And if anybody feels inclined to stand up for the general moral worth of the mediæval instructors, we beg to present him with the dilemma.

Gown and town never harmonized particularly well together in the olden time. The turbulence and the privileges of the students on the one side, and the exactions and impositions of the citizens in matters of food and rent on the other, were always fruitful of dissension. Indeed, nothing but sheer gain rendered the presence of a large school tolerable to the

civilian; and nothing but absolute necessity reconciled the student to the presence of the trader. And whenever opportunity served, both the one and the other exerted himself to pay off old scores by aid of pike and quarter-staff. In 1209, for instance, an Oxford scholar having accidentally killed a woman belonging to the town, while engaged with some of his fellows in athletic sports, the townspeople rose in a body, attacked the hall to which the offender belonged, and not being able to capture him, seized three of his companions and hanged them at once. Redress being refused—in some degree because it happened to be rather exorbitant as put in the demand of the university,—the whole of the students left the place, and retired, some to Reading, others to Cambridge. At their solicitations the Pope laid an interdict on the town, and denounced the pains and penalties of excommunication against any teacher who should presume to pursue his calling therein before the citizens had made ample reparation. And that they found themselves compelled to do much sooner than they had calculated on. They might possibly have borne the privation of religious rites a little longer, though perhaps not quite so stoically as the wicked people of Frankfort, who impudently declared, after an interdict of twenty-nine years' duration, that neither man nor matron among them felt a whit the worse. But, conjoined with loss of trade, the interdict was not to be contended with by the men of Oxford. Accordingly, the students speedily found themselves back in their old haunts, with their privileges greatly amplified. But even this affair was as nothing to that which occurred at Cambridge in 1260. There, it appears that the students were divided into two hostile factions, called "north" and "south;" thus reproducing in the colleges the current animosity of the period; for then and long after, as many a furious battle attested, there was little love lost between the "north countrie" and the "south." A representative of each of these parties happening to quarrel, came to blows, and their fellows of both sides joining in, a tremendous riot ensued. Utterly unable to make head against it of themselves, the Cambridge doctors called upon the citizens for aid. But the latter only interfered to become principals in the fray, and for many days Cambridge presented the aspect of a city taken by storm—fire, robbery, and violence revelling on all sides. Nor was order restored until a body of troops marched in. Having by this means quelled the disturbance, the authorities proceeded to distribute a very one-sided sort of justice; for while the students sat secure under cover of their privileges, the citizens, having no such shelter, suffered severely, no less than sixteen of them being consigned to the gallows. Wat Tyler's year also was signalized by unusual troubles at Cambridge. The citizens attacking the university, forced the masters to sign a renunciation of their immunities; and then burnt the college archives and broke the seals in the market-place. But the gownsmen had ample revenge, for the townsmen had to contribute liberally to the numerous scaffolds that were raised at the close of that rebellion. These, however, were only a few of the more prominent broils. Minor matter of the sort

was of ceaseless recurrence, being rendered particularly rife at Cambridge by the numerous tournaments which were held in that vicinity. Nor was the Continent any better off. There, as well as in England, dissension and riot resulted wherever town came in contact with gown. A memorable instance of this occurred at Orleans in 1236, where the citizens set upon the clerks, slew some, and flung a few more into the Loire; and in return were assailed by the noble relatives of some of their victims and massacred by wholesale. Scenes not very dissimilar were now and then enacted at the Italian universities, particularly that of Bologna; where the professors, at one period, not only forbade the students to intermarry with the citizens, but actually attempted to render degrees a matter of entail in their own families.

It was in Paris, however, that the turbulence and the privileges of the students were manifested to the greatest advantage. In 1229 a drunken student quarrelled with the keeper of a cabaret because the latter refused to serve him with more wine. The people of the quarter siding with the wine-seller, the student and one or two of his pot companions received a sound thracking and took themselves off. But it was only for that day. Early on the morrow they reappeared, with a following that would have delighted the heart of a Celt bent on annihilating an opposition lecturer. First assailing the wine-shops, they broke them open in all directions, drank the liquors, smashed the barrels, paraded the vintners and flogged them with circumstances of grotesque ignominy, and took unwarrantable liberties with their womankind. Had the students limited themselves to these mild achievements, it is probable that authority—lay and clerical—would have looked quietly on. But riotous learning on this occasion behaved in no respect better than riotous ignorance could have done. Having used up all the wine-sellers, as well as their wares, they proceeded to lavish their attentions on the citizens indiscriminately, and by midday all Paris was one vast Donnybrook—as that delectable spot used to be forty years ago. This was during the regency of Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, and to her court in hot haste hied a deputation of the Parisians, every man of them “with his crown comfortably cracked.” “Wiping their bloody noses,” as the annalist writes with a commendable attention to detail, they told their story, and her Majesty became exceeding wroth thereat. Calling out her Guards, and ordering them to the scene of strife, she very heedlessly commissioned them to punish the rioters when they caught them. The gallant routiers marched imposingly towards town, but reflecting that some thousands of reckless students were ugly customers to deal with in the narrow streets, they diligently inquired which way the rioters were to be met with, and took the opposite. This led them to a field where a number of the more exemplary scholars were quietly exercising. At sight of cap and gown the valour of the routiers took fire at once. They formed and charged, killing several of the astonished youths outright, wounding a great many and robbing all they laid hands on with the greatest dexterity. This gave another turn to the affair.

The losses and broken bones of the citizens were no longer of account in anybody's eyes. Nothing was thought of henceforth but the broken privileges of the learned, nothing heard but their loud demands for justice. Had anybody but the Queen been the offender, assuredly he or she would have had sufficient cause for sorrowful repentance. And it cost even her Majesty a good deal of anxiety and annoyance, and much humiliation, before the university condescended to forget it. What a mere subject might expect for trenching on the immunities of the learned was exemplified in the case of the Count of Savois, a powerful favourite at the court of Charles VI. This worthy had the misfortune to countenance his vassals in an affray with some of the students during a religious procession, and the lackeys had the audacity, not merely to chastise their opponents, but to follow them into a church where they had taken refuge, and beat them there. This was a serious offence, and so the Count found it. In spite of the powerful influence exerted in his favour he was heavily fined, saw his town-house—a magnificent building—razed to the ground, and was further compelled to seek out and arrest, at his own charge, such of the actual offenders as had fled. And even then he escaped very much better than the unfortunate magistrates who were now and then provoked by some extraordinary atrocity to treat the *protégés* of the university like any other felons. In 1304 Messire Pierre Barbier, a scholar, was committed to prison, condemned and executed for murder, as if he, the said Pierre Barbier, had been a vile unlettered scoundrel. But, as was needful, this indiscriminative magistrate was soon rendered sensible of his error. All study was instantly suspended, and the clergy of Paris were summoned, under pain of excommunication, to assemble in the Church of St. Bartholomew. The ecclesiastics, however, did not require to be threatened into a step like this. They gathered, nothing loth—archpriests, canons, and curates,—and fraternising with doctors and students, raised crosses and banners innumerable, and proceeded in formidable procession to that Jericho, the house of the Provost. Having encompassed it in all directions, they commenced a simultaneous howl to the following effect: "Reparation! reparation! cursed Sathan! Dishonourer of Holy Mother Church! Wounder of her rights! Reparation, or down with you to the pit with Dathan and Abiram." And this moderate request they accompanied by volleys of stones that made sad havoc of the Provost's doors and windows. But as the "cursed Sathan" did not exactly know how to improvise the required reparation at a moment's notice, he was then and there execmunicated according to the severest form of that terrible sentence. Nor was this all. Having exhausted its breath and all the paving-stones within reach, the procession re-formed and made its way to the palace. And high was the tone that it took in the presence of the perplexed monarch. For though Philip le Bel was accustomed to carry things with a very high hand in most cases, he met his match for once in the university. At first nothing would satisfy that learned body but the

instant suspension of the Provost from the very highest of his own numerous gibbets. Nor was it without much respectful expostulation and humble entreaties that the monarch managed to save the life of his magistrate. But that grace was only accorded on condition that the offender should be degraded from his office, beg pardon on his knees of the university, remove the clerk from the gibbet, kiss him on the mouth, found two chaplaincies for the benefit of his—the clerk's—soul, and then make pilgrimage in his shirt to Avignon in order to obtain absolution. And precisely similar was the fate of Messire Guillaume de Tignouville, Provost in 1408, who, as the annalist puts it, "thinking, forsooth, that his knowledge of the civil law gave him a right to disregard the sacred canons," actually dared to hang two students on the common gallows in the face of open day, and in the presence of a mob that howled with exultation—"It seems, then, that both scholars and regulars will be punished for the future just the same as other people." These students, Messire Olivier François and Messire Jean de St. Leger, the one a Breton and the other a Norman, had waylaid, robbed, and murdered a party of merchants. That, however, was no concern of the Provost's, and though the latter and his friends made a stubborn fight of it from Christmas to Easter, he had finally to submit to precisely the same terms as his predecessor, the kissing on the mouth included. And in this way was authority taught to distinguish between education and ignorance in the pleasant days of old.

It was only once in a hundred years, or thereabout, that justice ventured with well-grounded fear and trembling to meddle with the student. But the student was always fiercely at war with justice. It was deposed in 1560 by the attorney who kept the town registers at Valence, that he could not remember a single morning for eight years past, whereon the records were not filled with notices of outrages perpetrated the night preceding by the scholars. "Whoever stirred abroad after dark," said he, "was sure to be robbed and beaten, if not murdered." And besides this, houses in the outskirts, and sometimes in the centre of the town, were broken open nightly, and every possible crime perpetrated on the inmates. And it was the same in most other towns that boasted of school or college. Indeed, it was rather more with a view to the doings of the students than to those of the regular thieves—that the mystery plays were ordered to be closed, in all cases, by four o'clock in winter. This was not pleasant; but in addition the student was accustomed to diversify his legal and illegal pursuits with outrageous practical jokes. He carried quills containing unpleasant insects to church, and blew them upon the congregation. He fastened the devout together by means of fish-hooks. He scattered adhesive burrs, and "itching powder," on the passengers. He greased the pavement in front of the churches, and he delighted to attach ridiculous appendages to the frocks of the friars. But his especial pleasure consisted in tormenting the watch, ornamenting them according to his fancy, and fixing them in ridiculous positions when he happened to find

them asleep, and inveigling them into unpleasant predicaments when he chanced to encounter them awake. Sometimes he took it in his head to transfer the burden of the next gibbet to the sign of an obnoxious trader ; and occasionally he ventured to suspend the trader himself from the said gibbet. He was always at feud with apprentice, lackey, and soldier, and no gathering ever took place without a drawn battle between these inveterate belligerents. He was particularly conspicuous as the exponent of current feeling, and in this character he was dreaded above all things by unsuccessful generals, rapacious mistresses, and unpopular magistrates and ministers. These people he was always ready to lampoon, caricature, and burn in effigy ; and equally forward, when occasion served, to hiss, hoot, and stone.

Next to his excessive privileges and equally excessive turbulence, the mediæval student was notorious for his propensity to wandering. But for this he had some excuse. Every university had its own peculiar subject of excellence ;—Paris being renowned for theology, Montpellier for medicine, the Italian schools for law, and the Spanish for the natural sciences. Consequently, before an education could be completed, it was necessary to make the tour of Western Europe, and nearly every student did so. Indeed, there is scarcely a name celebrated in literature or statecraft during the middle ages that may not be traced from one end of Christendom to the other in search of knowledge. Becket, for instance, studied at Oxford, Paris, and Bologna ; Dante at Padua, Bologna, Paris, and Oxford ; Wolsey's successor Cromwell, and Popes Sylvester II. and Pius II. extended their learned travel still further ; and not a few of the early scholars, like Guarinus the Veronese, and the learned John of Basingstoke, archdeacon of Leicester, sailed to Athens or Constantinople to learn Greek ; or like the monk Adelard pushed their way through a thousand difficulties to the East to make acquaintance with that, in those days, much-desired tongue, Arabic, in its purity.

A source almost as prolific of learned rambling as the desire of knowledge, was the wish to exhibit that knowledge when acquired. A man of many tongues, or much science, was as ostentatious of his wares as the vainest beauty, and even more industrious in seeking opportunities for display. It became fashionable for well-read men to wander about from one celebrated college to another propounding elaborate subtilties, extraordinary paradoxes, and singular conceits, and challenging discussion upon all. This custom developed that brilliant class of men represented in Italy by Picus of Mirandola, and in Britain by the Admirable Crichton and Mark Alexander Boyd. Its best specimen, however, was—one whose traits to a great extent have been borrowed to adorn the others—Ferdinand de Cordova, who flashed out in full radiance at Paris in 1445. This youth—he was then but nineteen—was a model of manly beauty and a prodigy of learning. He spoke all the known tongues, was a consummate jurist, a profound theologian, and a skilful physician. He was deeply learned in the mathematics, and, as far as astrology went, the bosom friend and confidant

of the stars. He knew by heart the works of the most celebrated schoolmen in addition to those of Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna and Aristotle. And he could handle all this learning with unrivalled dexterity. Nor was he less formidable in helm and shield than under cap and gown, for he was a perfect swordsman, and he rode like a centaur. And he was just as superexcellent in the milder accomplishments. He sang, he danced, he painted, he composed, and he played admirably on all possible musical instruments. As for his achievements, they were just as extraordinary. He vanquished all the disputants, overturned all the tilters, and won all the beauties. He dazzled, indeed, until his contemporaries, unable to account for him otherwise, pronounced him with one voice—the devil incarnate. And his end was as mysterious as his capacity. For just when his genius flashed the brightest—whiff, it went out; but where, how, or when nobody could tell.

The theses in which these argumentative itinerants delighted were only too ridiculous. But for all that they sufficed to set those pugnacious generations very seriously by the ears. More than once have the learned throughout Europe taken sides on some worthless quibble and fought it out in the school-room with foot and fist, as well as with the tongue. The weaker party, of course, always went to the wall; and often a good deal further. For on these occasions it was the custom to expel professors by the dozen, and scholars by the thousand. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, we find the University of Paris busy discussing whether *ego amat* was not as good a phrase as *ego amo*; and endeavouring to settle the true pronunciation of the letter Q by “the strong arm of the law.” And these subjects of dispute were sound sense itself in comparison with many others. Irish students were particularly renowned for their perverse ingenuity in fabricating dilemmas, and their annoying industry in fixing honest people between them. In the eighth century we find them tormenting all Christendom with this piece of logic:—“You must either affirm or deny that the three persons of the Trinity are three substances. If you affirm it you are undoubtedly a Tritheist, and worship three gods. And if you deny it, this denial implies that there are not three distinct persons, and you fall into Sabellianism. And so, my worthy friend, whichever way you take it, you are a heretic, and safe for condign punishment.” This was neat, and gave the clerical authorities much trouble in its time. And no sooner was it forgotten than some other subtle Irishman was sure to propound something as mischievously two-edged; until the Green Island’s chiefest boast in those days, Erigena, originated that puzzling controversy about “universals” which gave ample employment to all the doctors, before the Reformation called them up from quibble and quiddity to the discussion of matters of solid interest.

Of course the toils of learned travel fell with comparative lightness on men of means; but still they had their difficulties. If they took earnestly to study, their chances were that they devoted themselves to that department of all others most obnoxious to their friends; occupying themselves

with the *belles lettres* instead of law; or plunging over head and ears into theology instead of devoting themselves to Avicenna and Galen. Such was the case with Petrarch among others. His father burnt his poetic manuscripts and shifted him from one university to another in the hope of changing his inclination. And the dutiful son made every effort to second these measures, actually learning the whole body of the civil law by rote, in the hope of reconciling himself to its intricacies. But all in vain, for he could not but be a poet. And very similar were the troubles of Boccaccio, whose sire tried first to mould him into a merchant, and then into a lawyer, with just as little effect. Thomas Aquinas, too, suffered much on account of his unconquerable predilection for dry logic and theology. These subjects he adopted greatly to the annoyance of his noble relatives, who did every thing they could to restore him to a proper frame of mind. Finding milder measures unavailing, they confined him for two years in the family stronghold, treating him during that time to many rebukes, a good deal of bread and water, and occasional flagellations, and finally employing a very pretty lady to make love to him. But Thomas,—as firm against this queer device as against persecution,—got rid of the temptress by the aid of the saints and a firebrand turned into a cudgel, and thenceforth, hopeless of his conversion into a man of the world, his mother connived at his escape by the window, and allowed him to follow his bent. But youths of rank had other and more serious impediments to dread when they engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. Wars frequently obstructed the roads, and bands of robbers always infested them, so that the unfortunate student who had anything to lose often found himself waylaid and tied to a tree, like the celebrated Anselm in the neighbourhood of Bec. But he had not always the luck of that worthy in escaping before the wolves or the weather interfered to put an end to his rambles.

The vast proportion of these literary wanderers, however, were the children of the people—cadets of the loom and the plough—lads who begged their way through the Trivium and Quadrivium, climbing often to the highest dignities, and becoming, according to the turn of their genius, renowned lawyers, skilful diplomatists, leading ministers, and even popes. But in the meantime their novitiate wound through hardships and privations in plenty of the kind which Cervantes, who seems to write from experience, enumerates by the mouth of Don Quixote :—" Among the hardships of the scholar we may, in the first place, name poverty. He endures misery in all shapes, in hunger and in cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in a combination of all. Still, however, he gets something to eat, either from the rich man's leavings, or from the sops of the convent—that last miserable resource of the poor scholar. Nor is he without some neighbour's fireside or chimney-corner to keep him at least from extreme cold. And at night he *generally* sleeps under cover. I will not enlarge upon other inconveniences to which he is exposed, such as scarcity of linen, want of shoes, threadbare coats, and the surfeits he is

liable to when good fortune sets a plentiful table in his way." And that Cervantes does not exaggerate, the following sample of poor-scholar life as it was towards the close of the middle ages will sufficiently attest.

Thomas Platter was a native of St. Gall, and a contemporary of Luther, Zwingle, and the Reformers generally. Up to his ninth year he was employed as a goatherd among his native rocks. But his mother, a poor hard-working widow, like so many other mothers of the same period, was possessed with an ardent desire that one of her sons should become a priest; for in those days it was universally held that the angel's salutation, "Blessed art thou among women," applied quite as much to every mother who had a son in orders as to the Virgin herself. Fixing on Thomas, as most likely to bring her under the influence of the blessing, Dame Platter sent him for instruction to a neighbouring curate. Here, however, the boy learnt nothing but a little music, which his master taught him chiefly with an eye to his own benefit,—for the moment young Platter could get through an anthem correctly, his tutor packed him out to sing for eggs before the doors. In no other respect did this model teacher trouble himself concerning his disciple, except to pull him about by the ears or the hair, whichever came first to hand, when he happened to be out of temper. Justly conceiving that this kind of training was not exactly adapted to advance her son towards the priesthood, Dame Platter determined that Thomas should become a poor scholar; and a cousin of his, one Paul Summermatter, a sturdy varlet of nineteen or twenty, who had been for years engaged in the honourable profession, happening just then to pay a flying visit to St. Gall, he was easily induced to take charge of little Thomas, and initiate him into all the mysteries of the craft, receiving a gold florin as fee.

In those days, says Platter, it was customary for youths who desired to learn, and especially to prepare themselves for the priesthood, to wander about, sometimes alone, but more frequently in groups. Being mostly very poor, they made shift to support themselves on the road and at school by begging. The bigger ones were called *Bacchants*, and the smaller, *Sharpshooters*. It was the duty of the *bacchant* to instruct the *sharpshooter* in the elementary branches; and the latter, in return, was bound to wait upon his senior, accompany him in his wanderings, beg for him, and when mendicacy happened to be at a discount, *sharpshoot*, that is, in plain English, steal without scruple. The *bacchant's* share of the contract was only too frequently neglected; but woe was certain to befall the *sharpshooter* who failed in his. Consequently, while the *drudges* went about half-famished, begging and stealing, and thus graduating in all the smaller vices, the *bacchants* prepared for taking honours in the great ones by leading a jolly life, drinking, gaming, rioting, and robbing, too, whithersoever they went. An admirable method, truly, of training the spiritual pastors and masters of Christendom, and sufficiently explanatory of many curious mediæval phenomena.

Platter and his cousin joined a group of poor scholars at Constance,

and set out for Breslau. There were nine of them in all, six bacchants and three sharpshooters. Their route lay through Augsburg, Ratisbon, Prague, and thence as nearly as possible along the track adopted by the Crown Prince of Prussia in the recent campaign. The little ones begged through the towns and villages as they passed along, and the big ones usually made themselves comfortable with the result in the alehouses. Platter being small, very simple, and a genuine Switzer—at once a rarity in Eastern Germany, and a curiosity, on account of the martial fame of his countrymen—made an universally successful fag, gleaning plentifully where most others failed. But this was not much to his own advantage; for his cousin always took possession of his gettings, thrashed him soundly when he ventured to help himself, and kept him incessantly on the "quest." Besides, whenever he happened to grow weary during his earlier marches, Paul walked behind, and made him skip along by applying a stout switch smartly to his bare legs.

Approaching Silesia, the fags were given to understand by the bacchants that poor scholars were licensed to steal geese, ducks, and provisions generally all through that province. And Platter, at least, devoutly believed, rejoicing greatly thereat, and longing for the hour when he should tread this highly favoured soil, and exercise thereon all the rights and privileges in matters thievish that pertained to his order. Accordingly, a fat goose happening to cross his path at the first Silesian village they reached, Master Thomas knocked it down with a pebble, and elapped it coolly under his coat, paying small regard to the owner, who happened to be looking on. Greatly to his astonishment, however, an alarm was raised, and a number of peasants, armed with halberis, came rushing out to reclaim the booty and punish the plunderers. The fags dropped the goose, took to their heels, and managed to escape. When they came to talk the matter over, they unanimously attributed the failure to the fact that Thomas had neglected to bless himself on setting out that morning. They made no further attempt, however, to assert their peculiar rights, at least so openly.

Some marches from Breslau the bacchants quarrelled and separated, probably on account of the gettings of the fags, which, as Platter tells us, diminished to such an extent that they were nearly starved, the people being so obdurate that they had for the most part to lie out in the fields, and so watchful that the cleverest of the group could do little or nothing in the way of "conveyance," as practised by poor scholars. At Breslau, however, things mended; and, as a result, the fags nearly choked themselves by eating too much,—Master Thomas, in particular, suffering severely from overfeeding.

They found several thousand poor scholars at Breslau, among whom a very characteristic organization had grown up in the course of time. The town was divided into seven parishes, each of which contained its school; and it was the rule that the pupils of one parish should never beg in another. Whoever attempted the trick was sure to be recognized as an interloper,

and some such fate befell him as awaits the dog of Constantinople when he strays into a strange district. Cries of "At him, boys! at him!" (*Ad idem! ad idem!*) roused the fags of that particular quarter in a twinkling; and unless the intruder happened to be particularly fleet of foot, he was always kicked and cuffed to his heart's content before he managed to get home. Sometimes his comrades ran to the rescue, and if, as frequently happened, the bacchants took part in the fray that ensued, it was sure to grow to formidable dimensions. Many bacchants, says Platter, had grown grey at Breslau, having been maintained there by their fags twenty, thirty, and some of them even forty years! As usual, our authority was a very successful beggar; pliant and amiable, he made himself a general favourite with the householders, often bringing home as many as six loads of provisions of an evening. On one occasion a gentleman offered to adopt him, but his cousin would not hear of it, and Platter had been so accustomed to be controlled by this vagabond, that he dared not choose for himself. However, as he remarks, he never left that house empty-handed.

In winter the fags lay upon the floor of the school-room and the bacchants in small chambers, of which there were several hundreds attached to the school. But in summer the juniors gathered grass and slept in the neighbouring churchyard. When it rained they ran into school; and when it thundered they sang Sacred music all night, for which the people usually rewarded them by an extra dole of alms. As for study, the fags generally did little, Thomas himself none at all, and not the slightest attention was paid to their morals. The elders, indeed, were not so utterly neglected, being instructed by nine professors, who all taught at the same hour and in the same room, much as follows:—The teacher first read the lesson—a passage from some Latin author—and the students wrote it down, pointed it, and then construed it; so that each of them had several large books of notes to carry home with him at the close of the session. Some pious people had endowed a hospital exclusively for the poor scholars, and little Platter was several times an inmate during the short time he passed at Breslau. But so long as he remained therein he preferred to be on the floor rather than on the beds.

In a few months such numbers of poor scholars thronged into the town that even Platter found it difficult to eke out a subsistence; and so his bacchant and himself, in company with six others, migrated to Dresden, suffering greatly from hunger on the way. In the neighbourhood of Neumark, happening to encamp by a well a short distance from the wall, their fire attracted the attention of the watch, who discharged a culverin at them, but fortunately hit no one. This, however, did not spoil their supper. They had stolen two geese and plenty of turnips, begged salt and one or two other things, and got a pot somehow. So removing out of sight behind a coppice, they cooked their plunder and had a glorious feast. Then, lying down under the trees, they slept soundly, until roused towards morning by an odd noise. Going to ascertain the cause, they

found a stream crossed by a weir and crowded with fish. Setting to work, they took a shirtful in a few minutes, and then resumed their march; and the day finished even better than it began: for a clown, whose mother had a strong desire to see a Switzer before she died, and who was thoroughly gratified in that respect by a good view of Platter, treated them that evening to beer and food without stint.

At Munich, which was their next goal, Platter scraped acquaintance with a soap-boiler, named Hans Schräll. This man had once been a Master of Arts at Vienna, but had abandoned letters out of pure disgust at the doings of the clerical body. In his company our sharpshooter spent some of his time, travelling about with him to buy ashes, and "making more soap than Latin by a very great deal."

After five years of wandering, Paul Summermatter and Platter returned to St. Gall. Being young, the latter had learnt a little of every dialect then current in Germany, and he took due care to display his accomplishments. "Bless us," said his relatives, "our Tommy speaks so profoundly that we can't make out one half he says." "But for all that," he adds, "I did not yet know how to read."

In a few days the pair set out again: this time for Ulm, taking with them a very little boy, named Hildebrand Klabbermatter. This youth received a piece of cloth for a coat as a parting gift from one of his relatives, and it was expected that they would soon beg money enough to pay for the making. And so they did; for, says Platter, "through practice I understood the whole art of begging to a nicety. I could sound the good nature of carl and housewife at a glance; knew when to whine and where to laugh, in what quarter to sing, and with whom to be saucy; and could instantly discover what was coming—a staff, a groschen, or a parcel of broken meat—from the pursing up of the mouth." But the coat was not very speedily made. That indeed would have been to have killed a goose which laid them a good many nice eggs, and the poor scholars were not so stupid.

As usual, Platter had to surrender all he received, not daring to eat a morsel without leave. But little Hildebrand, being something of a glutton, devoured the food nearly as fast as he got it. The little he brought home exciting the suspicions of the elder ones, they watched him, and caught him in the fact. That night there was a solemn gathering of the bacchantes and sharpshooters belonging to the party. Hildebrand's crime was discussed with due gravity, and sentence pronounced, and executed at once. Throwing the offender on a bed, the bacchantes covered his mouth with a pillow to stifle his cries, and beat him without mercy. From that time forth there was no more gorging in secret among the fags. They preferred, as Platter declares, to drive the dogs in the street from their bones. A moving picture Thomas paints of the miseries he suffered at Ulm—hungry, frost-bitten, singing with woful heart under the windows far on into the night, afraid to return empty-handed, and not quite sure of escaping punishment, however fortunate; and he dwells gratefully on the occasional

kindnesses which he experienced, especially from a certain pious widow ; how she used to chafe his hands and wrap his benumbed feet in furs, and minister in other ways to his pressing wants.

From Ulm they tramped to Munich. Here, too, the piece of cloth brought them in an ample harvest. But on returning again to Ulm, as they did a year later, and still parading the stuff with the usual cry, people began to suspect them. "What, the coat not made yet!" said one. "Get along, you are playing us tricks," said another. "I believe that coat will be worn out before there is a needle put in it," said a third. And he was not far wrong ; for what with trailing it about in all weathers, and squabbling with rival beggars, by this time the cloth had quite lost its gloss, and got several rents besides. "What became of it in the end, I know not," says Platter ; "but this I do know, it never made its appearance as a coat."

Another flying visit was paid to St. Gall, and then the party set off again to Munich. On their arrival the bacchants, as usual, betook them to a tavern, leaving the fags to shift for themselves ; and the latter, as nobody could be induced to give them shelter, resolved to pass the night on some corn-sacks which they had noticed in the market-place. But on this occasion they found better quarters than they expected. Some women who happened to be employed in the salt-house hard by, took pity on them, gave them their supper, and made them comfortable for the night. One of them, a widow, desired to keep Platter altogether, and he, nothing loth, remained, not showing again among the poor scholars for several weeks. But his bacchant could not afford this, so in great wrath he sought out Master Thomas and soon discovered his retreat. Platter was terribly frightened, but by the advice of the widow pleaded sickness, and so escaped for that time. On returning to school, however, Paul gave him a pretty broad hint of what he might expect if he persisted in taking such liberties, declaring that some day he would trample him under his feet. Thomas knew very well that bacchants were in the habit of keeping promises like this, and then for the first time it occurred to him to run away. He went back, indeed, to the widow for a day or two longer ; but on Sunday, getting up early in the morning and telling her that he wanted to go to school to wash his shirt, he hastened out of the city. But afraid to return to Switzerland, as Paul would be sure to pursue him in that direction, he crossed the Iser, and, placing the hill on the other side of that river between him and the city, sat down and—wept bitterly.

In the midst of his tears, and before he had decided what to do, a boor came up with his waggon, and Platter rode on with him for ten or a dozen miles. Then alighting, he made his way on foot to Seilzburg. The roads were covered with hoar frost, and the runaway had neither cap nor shoes ; his coat, too, nearly worn out and far too small, sheltered him but poorly from the blast. He was accustomed, however, to that kind of thing, and trudged bravely along. Failing to beg a passage down the

Danube to Vienna, he thought of returning to Switzerland; but the direct road thither lay through Munich, and that he dared not take. So he went on to Freissing, where there was a school. After passing a short time in this place some of the fags warned him that "the big bacchant from Munich was looking for him armed with a halbert." In his terror Platter started off directly for Ulm, and took shelter for a season with his pious widow, who received him gladly. But in eight months more his cousin, who by some means had traced him out, followed again in pursuit. Night was falling when Platter heard of Paul's arrival, but he took at once to the road, and made for Constance at the top of his speed. "He lost a good benefice in me," said Platter, speaking of his cousin. "I had supported him well in idleness for a good many years; no wonder, then, that he looked so sharply after me." However, they never met again. What became of Paul is not recorded. He may have sobered down and taken orders like so many more of those wild fellows whom Platter speaks of seeing absorbed into the priesthood without a single qualification for the office. He may have become an average curate, as such reverend gentlemen were in those days; or he may have preferred to play bacchant to the last, picking up fresh drudges, and clinging to them as the Old Man of the Sea clung to Sinbad, rambling from university to university, and realizing on the road such coarse pictures—especially night-pieces—as Fielding and Smollett delighted to paint.

As Platter crossed the bridge at Constance, and saw the Swiss boys in their white jackets, he declares he thought himself in heaven. But not choosing to remain in such a thoroughfare as Constance, he went on to Zurich; where he found some bacchantes from St. Gall, and to them he offered his services as fag. One would have thought that he ought to have had enough of sharpshooting by this time; but it must be remembered that if he still wished to become a scholar—and, in spite of all his troubles and small success hitherto, that Platter did most earnestly—he had no other alternative. While at Zurich he received a message from Paul, who, wearying of the chase, had remained at Munich, promising to forgive him if he went back. But to this, of course, Platter paid no attention; and as his new masters proved in no respect better than the old one, he quitted their service, and travelled to Strasburg in company with one Anthony Benetz, a lad of his own age. At Strasburg they found a multitude of poor scholars, but not one good school, so they went on towards Schlestadt. A gentleman upon the way told them that this was a poor place and overrun with poor scholars, a piece of information which drew tears from Platter's companion. "But," said Platter, "I bade him cheer up—telling him that if there was but *one* poor scholar who could make shift to live at Schlestadt, I would certainly be able to provide for us *two*. It was here that Platter began to study for the first time—being then eighteen—sitting with the little ones "like a great clucking hen among the chickens,"—as he expresses it. But this did not last long. Such was the influx of poor scholars, that by Whitsuntide he could no longer provide food

enough for both, and they took again to the road—on this occasion towards Solothurn; where there was that poor scholar's paradise—a good school and plenty of food to be had for the asking. Here he found that too much time was lost in church for study to be pursued with advantage, and leaving Solothurn he turned his face homeward. "What devil has blown you here?" said his mother when the wanderer returned. "You a priest! No such luck, mine! You waste your time strolling about instead of learning, and I shall never be the joyful mother of a priest!" This was not very encouraging, and so Platter remained at home no longer than he could help. Before he set out again, however, he had learnt to write by the aid of a neighbouring priest—but not, it is to be presumed, the gentleman who had taught him to sing for eggs. Going off to Zurich, he met at last with a teacher to his taste—the celebrated Myconius, and his wanderings as a poor scholar ceased. Myconius drilled him into a thorough Latinist, and by hard and persevering study he made himself a good Grecian and a deep Orientalist. Becoming then a teacher himself, he rose slowly but surely in fame, closing his career at an advanced age, in great honour, at the head of the College of Basil.*

All poor scholars, however, did not rely so completely on pure charity as the bacchants appear to have done. Many recommended themselves to hospitality by their social talents. In several quarters the flute or the rebeck as certainly betokened the student as the inkhorn or the book. And those who were not musical made amends for the deficiency by cultivating their powers of narration. Nor were these always mere temporary devices. Very frequently the poor scholar made a profession of them in after life, and elected to be a minstrel or a raconteur in preference to a priest. Nor was the raconteur's by any means a poor line of business; that is, if he could gratify his audience with the latest novelty, and especially with the newest essay or poem of some current celebrity. These were the men of whom Petrarch writes—"Gifted with memory and industry, but unable to compose themselves, they recite the verses of others at the table of the great, and receive gifts in return. They are chiefly solicitous to please their hearers by novelty. Often they beset me with entreaties for my unfinished poems, and often I refuse. But sometimes moved by the poverty or worth of my applicants I yield to their desires. The loss is small to me, though the gain to them is great. Many have visited me poor and naked, who, having obtained their request, have returned to thank me loaded with presents and dressed in silks." And it was to these men that the great writers of the middle ages owed that wide and rapid diffusion of their renown, which rivals what the press can do for the writers of the present day.

Other poor scholars again preferred to draw a subsistence from the superstition of the period. Sir Matthew Hale's device to pay a bill was

* In the end the law had to interfere between the Bacchant and the Sharpshooter. John George of Saxony, for instance, issued an edict in 1661 forbidding the elder students to rob or ill-treat the younger under severe penalties.

a very common one with them. Many a scamp replenished his purse and his wallet by extemporizing gibberish over a field of young corn or a promising litter of pigs; or by posting up nonsense on the door of barn or cow-house; or by penning a text on a piece of parchment to be worn round the neck by way of charm. And this last expedient, by the way, was far from being confined to the poor scholars. It was much in vogue with the monks, who drove a roaring trade in these amulets, to the great destruction of valuable manuscripts, which they made away with thus by piecemeal. The scholar, too, who could draw a horoscope or calculate a nativity, was always sure of good quarters. Such a character makes a prominent figure in many popular mediæval stories; *—predicting a felon's doom for some unfortunate baby, and living to pronounce it in the character of judge, and to reverse it too—for some accident usually occurs to make the culprit known to him as the subject of his astrological calculations, and therefore, as a fit and proper object for his mercy. Often too, in times of high excitement, these vagabonds ventured boldly into the domain of the wizard. But in these cases, not being thoroughly versed in the vague obscurity and oracular reserve of word and deed affected by the genuine adept, they generally came to grief, as in the following instance, which occurred at Dijon during the madness of Charles VI. : Two scholars, named Poinson and Briquet, announcing that they had discovered the cause of the King's malady, and the means of restoring him to health, established themselves in a thick wood near the gate,—a spot very favourable to their operations. Having levied heavy contributions on the people, who, considering the object, scarcely dared refuse, they caused twelve pillars to be made, as many chains, and a massive circle, all of iron. They next set up the pillars in the wood, fixed the chains, and raised the circle to the top. This took up a good many weeks, but the wizards at least did not object, nor, as they lived in the midst of unusual plenty, had they any just cause. When the preliminaries were at last completed, a day was fixed for the incantation, and the whole city, and the country too, thronged thither to behold. As soon as the crowd had mustered, the wizards declared that it was now indispensable to pick out twelve men, who were to allow themselves to be chained to the pillars during the ceremony. One of these, indeed, it was admitted, was to be carried off by the demon, but—as the wizards rather cunningly put it—no loyal Frenchman could object to run the risk. A good many faces looked blank enough at this, but before any one could make up his mind to run away, a dozen names belonging to citizens of good repute, and all wedged in among the foremost ranks of the spectators, were read out, with the bailli at their head. And in a very few minutes every one of them, bailli and all, was coaxed into the circle, partly by dint of hearty elbowing, but chiefly because the crowd hinted pretty broadly that they had no alternative. The wizards chained them to the pillars, and then began to

* As the collection called "The Seven Corse Masters."

gibber and dance,—a game they kept up until everybody was tired, themselves included, but without producing any particular result. Much to the disappointment of the outsiders, nobody was whisked away, nor did even one solitary imp condescend to put in an appearance. At last it became too evident that the whole thing was a farce, and great was the indignation. The mob groaned, hooted, howled, and cast rubbish,—a great deal of which, but of course purely by accident, fell upon the respected person of the bailli, who swore pretty audibly to be amply avenged on the two impostors the very moment he got loose. The twelve good men and true reviled the wizards, and the wizards reviled the twelve good men and true, declaring that the latter had wilfully and of malice aforethought spoil the incantation by secretly making the sign of the cross within the circle. Of course the wizards were arrested—one of them after a very smart chase—and led at once to the stake. But scarcely had the flames that consumed them expired, when a most destructive tempest burst over the district—it was then harvest-time—and this was universally attributed to the malicious spirits of the executed sorcerers.

The glimpses which history affords of mediæval manners—of the doings and the influence of such representative men as John Ball, Wolsey, Bishop Acunha, and Cardinal Fregosi, form an all-sufficient comment upon this kind of clerical training. Seeing them at their studies, we are not astonished to find clergymen figuring as they do in the tales of Boccaccio and the extravagances of Rabelais. In countless instances the pastors were, as these writers represent them, the agents of demoralization; men who seemed to know but one text, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and who only sought to illustrate it. As for the chaplains, they displayed much more of the pander and buffoon than of the herald of grace. And they recommended themselves to the favour of their patrons rather by the contrivance of amusement than the construction of homilies. Take the Abbé Delebaigne as an example. This reverend gentleman, as Bouchet tells us, prepared a peculiar musical instrument for the delectation of Louis XI. He had a hamper made with a number of narrow compartments, thrust a live pig into each, and placed a cylinder, stuck with points and turned by a handle, across. He then covered the internal arrangements carefully from view, and had the machine carried into the royal presence. Pulling a very solemn face, he turned the handle, and the porkers squeaked like a hundred-and-fifty pairs of bagpipes, to the intense delight of the monarch—who then and there rewarded the deviser of this, the first hurdy-gurdy on record, with half-a-dozen fat livings.

Martial.

"You see, sir, he may not be a judge of what is an epigram, but clearly he is a judge of what is not an epigram." This was said by Dr. Johnson of a gentleman who had endeavoured to dissuade Elphinstone from publishing his translation of Martial; and it pretty accurately expresses the degree of knowledge on the subject which is possessed by the world in general. There are certain compositions which, however much they may resemble an epigram in form, we pronounce at once not to be epigrams. But when required to define how much point, how much brevity, how much wit, is necessary to justify the title, we find ourselves entirely at a loss. Many of Martial's pieces terminate with some short moral sentiment in nowise akin to wit. Others seem to differ in no respect from the shorter poems of Propertius and Tibullus; and to deserve the name of elegies just as much as of epigrams. Very few of them are rounded off with that kind of versified *bon mot* which is essential to the modern idea of this species of composition. Sometimes, indeed, he presents us with specimens of the kind, unrivalled for elegance and felicity; and, for all we know, these may be the few good epigrams which the poet himself was thinking of in the well-known classification of his works which he himself has given us. But, on the whole, he is remarkable rather for graceful fancy, combined with brilliant execution, than for what we are now accustomed to call wit. His writings, too, are largely pervaded by that peculiar Pagan pathos which abounds so in the Odes of Horace, and is so susceptible of poetic treatment. These qualities united make him a very charming writer; while, as far as style is concerned, we affirm without hesitation that he who has not read Martial has yet to learn of what the Latin language is capable.

For this last reason especially we are glad to see him at length promoted to that place in our educational system, from which he has been so long excluded—partly, we suppose, on account of the difficulties of the text, partly because of the gross language and odious allusions with which the most sparkling and beautiful collection of *vers de société*, which the world can boast of, is unhappily disfigured. The ingenuity and research of modern scholars have done much to remedy the first; while a judiciously expurgated edition was all that was necessary to counteract the bad effects of the second. An expurgated edition was published in 1689 for the use of Westminster School, which has always been a great cultivator of the epigram. But the notes are meagre and unsatisfactory. In Lemaire's edition the notes are tolerably copious, but the collection has not been winnowed. It has been reserved for Messrs. Paley and Stone,* as far as we

* *Select Epigrams from Martial, with English Notes.* Whittaker & Co.: London.

know, to combine both qualifications of a really good school edition—one as select as the Westminster, and even better annotated than Lemaire. Difficulties and impurities have been removed together. And at length we have Martial before us in the guise of a modern gentleman, polite, observant, and facetious; full of anecdote, of repartee, of shrewd or jocund innuendo; but at the same time perfectly decorous, and perfectly intelligible. A complete picture of Roman manners is exhibited in his pages; and with the aid of the *Gallus** we can realise to ourselves the life that Martial led almost as well as if he now had chambers in the Temple, and published his books in Piccadilly.

Martial, it appears, lived in lodgings in a good quarter of the town, though it cannot be identified with precision. His apartments were on the third floor, called the *cœnaculum*, and looked out upon the laurel shrubberies which grew about the Porticus Vipsana. He had, too, his Sabine farm near the town of Nomentum; but as he calls it *rus minimum*, and tells us that a gnat would starve upon it, that a cucumber could not lie straight upon it, and that he stored his harvest in a snail-shell, we are to conclude that it did not make much addition to his income. Poor as it was, however, it was still a country-house—an aristocratic appurtenance which highly incensed his brother poets, more especially when he added to it the still graver offence of setting up his own carriage out of the profits of his pen. These, however, were not large enough to save him from constant embarrassments, nor from being obliged to put up with many inconveniences and indignities, which, it is evident, galled him most severely, and drew from his pen several of his bitterest epigrams. Without being plunged into the same abject poverty which, rather more than a hundred years ago, was the lot of so many English men of letters, the Roman author of the period drank to the dregs the same cup of mortifications. To rise from his bed before it was light on a freezing morning in December; to tramp through the snow and ice to his patron's house, there to stand shivering amid a crowd of parasites and cutthroats, till the great man condescended to appear: to return again at night for the paltry coin wherewith a Roman noble rewarded the devotion of his clients: to dine with the patron, and be jeered at by the very slaves in waiting, as they handed round the coarse fish, the rotten fruit, and the rough thick wines of Spain deemed good enough for the second table, exhibiting all the while an ostentatious anxiety about the safety of the spoons and tankards: to be insulted by petty gifts and complimentary presents so trivial as to be only complimentary to a man without sense or self-respect: this and much more was the lot of authors who were reputable and even popular writers in their own country. That it should have been the lot of one whose works were read all over Europe; who was the friend of Lucan, Pliny, and Quintilian: and who was in the receipt of an income sufficient to

* Published 1838. A kind of Roman novel intended to illustrate the private life of the Romans.

enable him to live in all other respects like a gentleman, is indeed wonderful. Imagine the Poet Laureate going off at seven o'clock in the morning to cringe in the ante-room of a duke, and returning in the afternoon to receive half-a-crown from the hall-porter!

It is these curious contrasts which make Roman life so interesting a study, and, to some extent, so difficult of comprehension. We have here to picture to ourselves a famous author in a high position, whose ordinary associates are the most distinguished men of the day, whose company is courted by the fashionable world, no less than by scholars and statesmen, yet at the same time expected to exhibit a servility which would have shocked even Shadwell, and to be grateful for charities which Otway or Savage would have spurned. When Martial went to sup with Lucan in that magnificent villa which Juvenal refers to,—we have always thought with some little bitterness,—we wonder if the guests joked him about his occupations of the morning, or asked him how many quadrantes he had lately got out of Marcus, or how the magpie tasted the last time he dined with Ponticus. We must presume they did; since the epigrammatist himself did not shrink from publishing his grievances to the world, and from exposing the very patrons to whom he was indebted for these favours. And here again we are encountered by another difficulty. How did the patrons themselves relish being ridiculed in this way? If Marcus and Ponticus are feigned names, nevertheless the poet struck at a system, the supporters of which would have felt bound to resent the affront, though none of them were mentioned by name. One would have thought that the impudent, ungrateful dog who repaid his sportula* with lampoons, would soon have been a marked man at every vestibule in Rome; and that he would very shortly have had no patron to complain of. The explanation probably is that these gentlemen were not all alike; that the more liberal and highly cultivated among them treated such clients as Martial with proper consideration and respect; that their exaction of attendance was less rigorous, their dole much larger, and that the invidious distinctions of the dinner-table were in their houses less offensive. Men of this kind would rather be amused at a satire which was levelled exclusively at more mean and vulgar entertainers. And as Martial's fortunes improved, there is reason to believe that he was able to emancipate himself from the service of all but the better class of patrons. Indeed, it seems incredible that the poet could ever have shown his face again at a man's levée, or been invited to his table, after having once publicly denounced him as a snob, a glutton, and a miser.

Martial complains greatly of the obstacles thrown in the way of steady work by these half-compulsory levées; from which we gather that the morning was his time for writing when he had it to himself. He would probably get up about six o'clock in summer, and an hour later in the winter. The labours of the toilet would be postponed to the hour of the bath, and breakfast with the Romans was nothing more than a crust of bread and a

* The half-crown aforesaid.

bunch of grapes eaten standing. He would therefore have between five and six clear hours to dispose of before noon, at which time business was over for the day. If he had no *salutatio* or levée that was absolutely unavoidable that morning, we may imagine him sitting down to thank Parthenius for a new toga, or Rufus for a gold cup; or perhaps to write a congratulatory poem on some recent public event, concluding, we may be sure, with an exquisite compliment to the deity who ruled Rome, hidden carefully till the last couplet, then leaping forth like an arrow from the bow. Towards ten o'clock, however, it is not improbable that he may have to go out on business, from ten to twelve being the usual hours at Rome for all miscellaneous occupations. He is incessantly worried, he tells us, with engagements of various kinds; and among others we find a very suspicious mention of "having to fix his seal to some important document," which, as Martial had no property, may, perhaps, have been something analogous to those oblong pieces of paper with which literary gentlemen of all ages seem to have been peculiarly familiar. We have reason indeed to know that our poet was not wholly ignorant of such transactions, as we find him reproaching a usurer named Phœbus with putting him off from day to day on pretence of making inquiries and so forth—a system not wholly without parallel in modern times—and bidding him say "no" at once and have done with it. This business of importance transacted, he might perhaps look into his bookseller's in the Argiletum, which was not very far from the tabernæ, the chief resort of the money-dealers, and hear what Tryphon or Atrectus had to say about the sale of his last volume. He would then return home to his lunch or prandium, consisting of fish, eggs, and the cold meat remaining over from yesterday's dinner. After this he would take a short nap. Then came a game of ball or other gymnastic exercise, corresponding to our canter in the Park; then the bath, where he would meet by appointment the friend who was coming home to dine with him; and then, great event of all, the cœna. This routine of events is, however, liable to interruption. Great men will either detain him in the street or drop in at his lodgings, and he cannot tell them they are troublesome. Actors and dancers claim a share of his time, and he is unwilling to be rude to them. Then he has recitations to attend, sometimes of unconscionable length.

Auditur toto sæpe poeta die.

The lawyers, rhetoricians, and grammarians were all addicted to this practice, and you could not neglect their invitations without giving mortal offence. So that Martial says it was often past four o'clock before he got to the baths, generally tired to death; while after that he still had to fetch his sportula before going to dinner.

If he dined at home, with one or two friends quietly, he would not feel bound to offer them anything very sumptuous. Saltfish and eggs; sausages with thick sauce; beans and bacon; and a dessert composed of grapes, pears, chesnuts, and olives; were washed down with wine of which the poet says that his guests must make it good by drinking it—a

common Roman phrase, though the meaning of it is a little obscure. It probably was equivalent to our own proverb, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. "I shan't praise my own wine," Martial seems to say; "I leave you to find out its merits, and prove them by the quantity you drink." Others have suggested that Martial means his guests to bring contentment with them, which is the best relish for all viands. A third interpretation is more Bacchanalian, namely, that the host is exhorting his company to drink till the wine, at all events, seems good, *i.e.* till they have lost the power of discrimination. At this little dinner—*cœnula*—ladies might be present; and Martial speaks of one Claudia as the great attraction of his table on a particular occasion. When the company was larger, a more delicate entertainment was provided. Dinner over—and it could not last much later than six or seven o'clock—the guests would take their departure, and the poet might go to work again for a few hours, if he chose; unless it was to be followed by a *comissatio*, or night revel, which generally wound up the dinner-parties of the rich and gay. Or Martial, who decidedly came within the definition of a fast man, might either make his way down to the Suburra, or entertain some denizen of that quarter in his own abode. He describes himself in one poem as about to dine alone, in the expectation that "*Teletusa*" will visit him that evening. He was, moreover, in great request as a diner-out, and, on the whole, we should think that very few of his verses were written by the midnight oil. He expressly tells us that he likes to drink deep into the night, and is not very fond of rising too early in the morning.

Such was the life of a literary man at Rome during the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. Martial was born at Bilbilis, the modern Calatajud, in the year A.D. 89, and he died at the same place A.D. 104. Of these sixty-five years thirty-four had been passed at Rome, and he was nearly sixty when he returned to his native country. Whether he had been married during his residence at Rome seems uncertain; but on coming back to Bilbilis he was fortunate enough to secure the hand of Marcella, a Spanish lady, still young and handsome, who brought him a snug fortune, on which he ended his days in comfort. He didn't much enjoy the society of Bilbilis after that of Rome; but his wife, he says, compensates for all.

Tu desiderium domine mihi mitius urbis
Esse jubes: Romam tu mihi sola facis.*

A compliment turned with his usual neatness, and perhaps more than his usual sincerity.

Before examining the position of Martial in Roman literature and in general literature, it will be better to notice at once the two charges which have been brought against his character. Fulsome adulation of a wicked and debauched prince is the first; excessive grossness is the second. Let us take the last of these first. Licentious writing may be judged of from

* Regretful visions disappear at home,
Thy love, Marcella, makes perpetual Rome.

two distinct points of view. We may consider it either in its relation to the author, or in its relation to the public. Sometimes that which indicates great laxity in the writer is comparatively harmless to the reader, as *Tom Jones*. Sometimes that which is dangerously exciting to the imagination, proceeds from the pen of one who is comparatively pure in conduct, as *Clarissa Harlowe*. The first shocks our taste; but it is the second which saps our morals. The first kind of grossness consists simply in calling a spade a spade. Everybody knows quite well what the habits of the Romans were. Martial simply deals with them as one of the acknowledged facts of life which it was mere prudery to ignore. The second kind of grossness is that which lies in the thought and not in the language, and which, if we accept Burke's dictum, ought to be no grossness at all. But its effects are all the worse for that very reason. The insinuations and suggestions of Ovid in his *Art of Love* are of this latter sort, and calculated to kindle passions and corrupt innocence in a tenfold greater degree than anything to be found in Martial. Which, then, was the worse man of the two? We have no hesitation in deciding that the former was the more prurient if the latter was the more coarse; that if Martial is the more repulsive, it is precisely on that account that Ovid is the more seductive. Martial does not dress up vice in attractive colours, or represent the pursuit of a woman's virtue as one of the most exciting and interesting kinds of sport in which a man can be engaged. He simply does not shrink from reality. He took society as he found it, and did not quarrel with its vices; but he did not lay himself out to make profligacy poetical, or to purchase popularity by stimulating licentious impulses. If he could say a witty thing on an indecent subject, its indecency did not restrain him. But that's about the worst that can be said. If he found it necessary to the humour of the moment to introduce Philænis or Galla, he introduced them; but they are subordinates, not principals. The nature of the vices to which he so frequently refers is an entirely distinct question. They were characteristic of the age, and prove nothing against the individual. We are only entitled to judge of Martial's misdemeanours exactly as posterity may judge of any modern writer who shall allude to the vices of the present day with a freedom offensive to our grandchildren. There are those who do so already, with a freedom offensive to ourselves.

Martial's flattery of Domitian does not seem to us more exaggerated than Virgil's flattery of Augustus. A great part of such flattery is purely formal and conventional. It had become the fashion at Rome to affect to believe that the Emperors after death were enrolled among the gods, and this political fiction naturally tinged the language in which their subjects paid court to them. But is there anything so much more extravagant in this than in the attributes which are solemnly ascribed to Christian Princes? At least it is but a question of degree. And, if the character of the individual be allowed to have anything to do with it, Domitian, we must remember, had his good points. If he was cruel,

tyrannical, and immoral, he nevertheless was the author of several social and administrative reforms of great value. But it was rather to the office and position of the Emperor, the visible head of the world, the vicegerent of the Gods on earth, than to the private character of the man that this adoration was paid. There was something infinitely grand and affecting to the imagination in that superb idea of universal empire embodied in a single person possessed of absolute power, and recognizing no authority between himself and Jove. We moderns can but feebly appreciate the hold of this idea upon the popular mind; and more especially on the provincial mind, which had neither the Roman memories of the Republic, nor any very distinct national traditions of its own to counteract the influence. These considerations should never be absent from our minds in appraising the degree of self-abasement to which a writer must necessarily have sunk, before he could address his sovereign in the language of Martial. And we should especially remember, at the same time, and looking at the question from another point of view, that the very hyperbole by which these effusions are distinguished is inconsistent with that element of hypocrisy which is essential to all real adulation. When the poet says that Domitian is greater than Hercules, or that his return to Rome at midnight, will turn night into day, nobody is deceived by such compliments. When the virtues attributed to a mortal man are something superhuman and impossible, all that such flattery can be taken to mean is, that the author desires to be very civil to the object of it, and that he adopts for that purpose the current phraseology of the period. A compliment almost ceases to be false as soon as it becomes monstrous.

Pliny says of Martial that he had plenty of gall in his composition; and no doubt his retaliation upon those who had ill treated him was often bitter enough. But for all that, he is a satirist of the school of Horace and Addison rather than of Juvenal and Swift. "A dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops, or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes," is just what Martial would have ridiculed had hoops been worn or snuff been taken in his day. These, and what may be called the minor immoralities—all illiberal views of life; all petty affectations and hypocrisies; all pretenders, impostors, and bores either in literature or in the intercourse of society, are the objects of his satire, as well as absurdities and extravagances of dress or demeanour. He is incapable of the high moral indignation and the dreadful irony which Mr. Thackeray occasionally exhibited; but in reading Martial one is irresistibly reminded of *Vanity Fair* and the *Book of Snobs*. Major Ponto, the would-be aristocrat; Desborough Wiggle, the would be lady-killer; Crump, the college toady; Jawkins, the political bore; Pitt Crawley, old Osborne, Mr. Wagg, and Mr. Wenham, represent exactly the class of follies and meannesses on which Martial made incessant war; a class of follies a little graver on the whole than those which Addison best appreciated, and much less grave than those which roused the wrath of Juvenal; but precisely those

on which Thackeray shows to most advantage; and which before his time, perhaps, had met with no adequate exponent in English literature.

Martial then, as far as his satire was concerned, must have been to the society of Rome very much what Addison, first, and Thackeray afterwards, were to the society of England. But there was another side to his character upon which he is seen in a wholly different,—we hope it will convey no wrong impression, if we add, a much more amiable light. He had the sensibility, the love of beauty, and the delicate fancy of a true poet. And his poems which are not satires, seem to us to show that, with leisure and opportunity, he might have rivalled Ovid, and menaced even the supremacy of Catullus. But he lived from hand to mouth, a hurried, rakish, anxious life, like that of Theodore Hook or Oliver Goldsmith; and whether he possessed the inclination, supposing him to have had the leisure, to compose any longer poems is more than doubtful. He says indeed, once, that if Rome will find a Mæcenas he will find an Ænead. But he seems to prefer vindicating the superiority of his own poetry over both tragic and epic. He says it is all very well to call his epigrams playthings; but that he is the real trifler who describes the feast of Thyestes or the flight of Dædalus. His own pages smack of human life, and mirror the manners and the foibles of a real world. Let men sneer if they like, says his Muse to him, at your little oaten pipe, as long as it is able to drown the roar of their trumpets.

The sweetness, the brightness, the tenderness, and the exquisite melody of the tunes which he played on that instrument raise him in our opinion above either Tibullus or Propertius. He had not certainly quite the soft plaintiveness of the former, who coos to us like the dove from “immemorial elms;” nor the deep thought and powerful style of the latter. But he equals them in the beauty of his sentiments, and excels them in the play of his fancy, in the vividness of his descriptions, and in the wonderful grace and finish of his almost perfect versification. Among English poets he reminds us chiefly of Herrick. But as in all the lyrists of that age there is a certain family likeness, so in Suckling, in Lovelace, and later on, in Andrew Marvel, we find examples of the peculiar turn of thought which distinguished their Roman predecessor. The “why so pale and wan, fond lover,” of Suckling, is exactly in the vein of Martial. But one may open Herrick at random, sure of lighting upon something that, but for knowing to the contrary, you might almost take for a translation of him. Such are the “Bracelet,” and “The Willow Garland;” but where the resemblance is so general it is, perhaps, a mistake to particularize.

It will be seen, therefore, that Martial covers a tolerably large space of ground in the literary field. It now only remains to give a few specimens of his beauties, both as an epigrammatist proper and a simple elegiac poet.

In the former character Martial only occasionally comes up to the modern idea of an epigram. But when he does, both his wit and his work

are of the very finest temper. As good an example of poetic fancy and epigrammatic point united as we are able to select is the epigram on the return of Domitian to Rome from his expedition to the north. The poet chides the morning star for lingering when all Rome is awaiting the return of Cæsar.

Phosphore, redde diem : quid gaudia nostra moraris ?
 Cæsare venturo, Phosphore, redde diem.
 Roma rogat. Placidi numquid te pigra Bootæ
 Plaustra vehunt, lento quod nimis axe venis ?
 Quid cupidum Titana tenes ? Jam Xanthus, et Æthon
 Frena volunt : vigilat Memnonis alma parens.
 Tarda tamen nitidæ non cedunt sidera luci,
 Et cupit Ausonium Luna videre ducem.
 Jam, Cæsar, vel nocte veni : stent astra licebit,
 Non deerit populo, te veniente dies.

The high poetic beauty of the imagery here employed, as well as the consummate elegance of the composition, and chiselled roundness of the style, can escape no scholar. But besides these merits, the little piece before us is the very perfection of an epigram. Mark how everything leads up to the concluding idea, and yet how unexpectedly it comes upon us; perfectly logical, and yet a complete surprise. The following imperfect paraphrase may, perhaps, help some of our readers to catch the drift of the original :—

Bright Phosphor, bring the morning,
 Why still our joy delay ?
 Lo Cæsar home returning !
 Sweet Phosphor bring the day.

Thou surely hast not tarried
 With dull Bootes's car,
 Whom coursers might have carried
 Unyoked from Leda's star ?

Still frets impatient Titan
 Whose steeds demand the rein,
 And still to see thee brighten
 Aurora wakes in vain.

Still, still each starry cluster
 Usurps the heavenly dome,
 The moon prolongs her lustre
 To see the Lord of Rome.

Stand fixed, each constellation ;
 Thou moon, prolong thy ray ;
 Great Cæsar's restoration
 Shall turn our night to day.

Messrs. Paley and Stone call attention to some of Milton's lines in the "Ode to the Nativity" which are almost a paraphrase of Martial.

A charming little piece of the same kind, addressed to the river Rhine, on the return of Trajan, is as follows :—

Nympharum pater, amniumque Rhene,
Quicumque Odrusias bibunt pruinas,
Sic semper liquidis fruaris undis,
Nec te barbara contumeliosi
Calcatur rota conterat bubulci :
Sic et cornibus aureis receptis,
Et Romanus eas utrâque ripa :
Trajanum populis suis et urbi,
Tibris te dominus rogat, remittas.

Tiber is the monarch of rivers, and he orders the Rhine, his subject, to send back Trajan to Rome. What a pretty fancy! how pat to the purpose! And how artfully the point is veiled till the last moment, when the key-note is struck, and the whole meaning of the poem breaks upon us, like a fairy bursting from a flower! Who thinks of the Tiber till his name is mentioned? Then we feel at once that he has been murmuring through the poem all the time. This little poem, too, is conceived quite in the spirit of Milton's,—

May thy brimming waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.

Other very pointed epigrams are iii. 48, ii. 5, iii. 60, iii. 38, vii. 97, iv. 67, and *Lib. Spect.* 3; the point of the latter being something like Tennyson's

Norman and Saxon and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.

Among epigrams conspicuous for tenderness and depth of feeling, though less elaborately pointed, may be mentioned iv. 13, on the marriage of Pudens and Claudia; vii. 96, on the death of an infant; and iv. 73, on Vestinus. We subjoin a few lines from the second for the benefit of our classical readers, seeing that they defy translation :—

Quid species, quid lingua mihi, quid profuit ætas?
Da lacrymas tumulo, qui legis ista, meo.
Sic ad Lethæas, nisi Nestore serius, umbras
Non eat, optabis quem superesse tibi.

The "Vestinus" is a very beautiful epigram, and we are not sure that we should not pronounce it in some respects to be Martial's masterpiece.

A good specimen of the moral epigram, with reflections upon life in general, is vi. 70, upon an old man named Cotta, sixty-two years old,

who has never had a day's illness in his life. This gives Martial occasion to say that life, after all, ought only to be reckoned up by its healthy days. If all our hours of sickness be subtracted, how long shall we be found to have lived in comparison with Cotta?

Infantes sumus, et senes videmur.
Non est vivere, sed valere, vita est.

How admirably put, and susceptible of how wide an application!

Those who wish to see the extraordinary fertility of Martial's fancy, and his equally wonderful command of language, should read in particular three epigrams in the eighth book—28, 33, and 51—and the 18th of the eleventh book. One Paullus has made the poet a present of a drinking vessel formed out of a leaf from his Prætorian crown, which was made of gold beaten out into the shape of bay or laurel leaves. This tiny goblet Martial likens contemptuously to all the lightest and most trivial things he can imagine. It would be shaken by the flight of a distant gnat, or the very smallest butterfly. A lily, when drooping in the sun, would hold more. It is thinner than the spider's web, and lighter than the thread of the silkworm. Fabulla spreads the chalk upon her face in a thicker layer; and the oilskin cap in which ladies shroud their hair is tougher. Soap-suds are more substantial; the cuticle of an unhatched chicken is less fragile: than this trumpety bit of metal which the donor so pompously calls a phiala.* The astonishing ease with which all these comparisons are hit off in a series of the most polished couplets, a single line being allotted to each of them, is at least as remarkable as the succession of images itself, and justifies our remark that until a man has read Martial he is ignorant of the full powers of the Latin language. The same may be said of xi. 18, where the poet ridicules the dimensions of his Sabine farm in the most exquisite hendecasyllabics. It is laid waste, he says, by a mouse, as much dreaded by the farmer as if it were the Calydonian boar. A single swallow's nest absorbs his whole straw-rick. His sacred grove is a herb-bed, and his wine-vat is a nutshell. So he concludes with the following to the donor:—

Errasti, Lupe, literâ sed unâ :
Nam quo tempore prædium dedisti,
Mallem tu mihi prandium dedisses.†

The descriptions of natural scenery which we find in Martial testify not only to the same happy gift of language, but to an appreciation of the beauties of nature, and of all the sights and sounds and occupations of rural life, which shows that dissipation had not impaired his freshness of feeling. The description of his friend Faustinus's villa is perhaps the

* A saucer-shaped goblet, like a champagne-glass.

† Your gift had been better
By the change of one letter ;
When you gave me a rood
I wanted food.

best known of Martial's writings, and has been closely imitated in the *Gallus*. It contains a most animated picture of a real Roman farm, such as were attached to the country-houses of the wealthy, corresponding perhaps to the "home farm," the appendage of an English manor-house. The well-stored granaries; the poultry-yard, swarming with every variety of fowl that was capable of domestication; the pigeons, the pigs, and the lambs; the tenants coming up from the village with their dutiful presents of honey and eggs and cheese, a fat capon, or a tender kid; the bailiff and the overseer going out fishing together, or snaring field-fares, or netting deer; the slaves working cheerfully in the garden; and the children huddling over the fire; are all noted with a loving eye, and sketched in with a master's hand. But perhaps the most beautifully descriptive passage in all Martial is the poem on the villa of Julius Martial, situated on the Janiculum, iv. 64:—

Lati collibus imminent recessus :
Et planus modico tumore vertex
Cælo perfruitur sereneior :
Et curvas nebula tegente valles
Solutæ luce nitet peculiari.

Here we have the original of Goldsmith's—

As some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Towers from the rest, and midway leaves the storm,
Though clouds and vapours round its base be spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The poet goes on to say how that from this height you look down upon the whole city, with all its neighbouring suburban retreats; can see the carriages rolling along the Flaminian, without hearing the rumble of the wheels, and the barges gliding on the river, without hearing the curses of the boatmen. We feel that in these days it behoves us to be sparing of our Latin, or we could have wished to give the poet's description of his own garden at Bilbilis, which he got with Marcella, after his return to Spain, and an almost equally well-written tribute to the beauties of his native land to be found in a letter addressed to his countryman Licinianus, i. 49, beginning, "*Vir Celtiberis non tacende gentibus.*" It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that neither paraphrase nor translation can do even the shadow of justice to Martial's workmanship, nor convey more than a very feeble impression of his sentiments and ideas. The *uit* of an epigram is proverbially incapable of translation, depending, as it does, upon peculiar arrangements of words which cannot be transferred to another language without losing all their flavour.

That Martial combined with the keenest relish for that literary and polite society of which Rome was the centre a genuine taste for the pleasures of the country is to be gathered indirectly from innumerable allusions in his poetry. But in one or two pieces he has proclaimed in so many words his own idea of a happy life, and that is a rural life, dignified by the sense of independence, enlivened by field sports, and

passed in the society of friends in your own station of life, from whom you want nothing, and who want nothing from you. Who, he asks, would hang about the palaces of patrons who had a small estate of his own, and could live plentifully on the produce of his own land? What delight greater than to empty out your game-bag before the kitchen fire, after a long day's sport, or to land a lively fish with a single horse-hair; and then to sup off your broken-legged table on bacon and roasted eggs? In the 47th of Book X. he repeats this opinion in favour of a country life, laying special stress on the *res non parva labore sed relicta*. And it is quite impossible to suppose that all this was affectation. How much or how little he lived on his own farm at Nomentum we have little means of ascertaining. It furnished his table with vegetables, poultry, and wine, as we learn from Ep. x. 48, where he describes a rather better kind of dinner which he is giving to a party of six. But the language in which he speaks of it elsewhere is manifestly incompatible with its having afforded him any facilities for field sports. Whether, on the other hand, he ever partook of this amusement on the estates of his wealthier friends, does not appear from his writings; and, on the whole, it is more probable that he carried these tastes with him from his native hills, where game of many kinds must have abounded before the woods had disappeared. The mountain range on which Bilbilis is supposed to have once stood is bleak and bare enough; but many other Spanish mountains which are now equally naked are known to have once been forest; and as Martial mentions by name certain woods in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, as famous covers for the stag, the hare, and the boar, we must suppose that the crags of Bilbilis have shared the common fate. Martial always looked back with great affection on the scenes of his youth which, happier in this respect than another poet with whom he has much in common, he lived to revisit; there to end his life among the objects which he loved best, and to find in the society of a devoted woman, in his books and his garden, his fountains, his fishponds, and his dove-cote, ample solace for the coolness with which he seems to have been received by the petty town which he immortalized.

Finally, we see in Martial not only a great Roman wit, and critic of the men and manners of his own time, but a graceful and tender poet who appeals to all time; not only the brilliant man about town, but also the simple country gentleman, sportsman, and naturalist. This remarkable combination is, to say the least of it, extremely rare, while in this case it lends the charm of variety to an author's pages whose perpetual brilliancy might otherwise become monotonous. It alone constitutes a claim upon the attention of the literary world which has never yet been duly recognised. We trust, however, that this wrong is about to be repaired; and it is in the hope of contributing, in however slight a degree, to this desirable result, that the present article has been written.

Modern Venetian Glass and Enamel Mosaics.

At the extreme end of the Piazza of St. Mark there is observable a shop crowded with objects as varied and as exquisite in form as the clouds at sunset over the lagoons, as bright and tender, and harmonious in colour as the necks and breasts of St. Mark's own doves. If you have a weakness for old Venetian glass, and have sought for specimens in amateur collections and old curiosity-shops throughout Europe, here your attention is at once arrested, and you are inclined to feel that you need seek no further. If, on the contrary, you have taken pride in the flashing, sparkling, angular antics of cut-glass, you will scarcely believe that the forms before you, and the forms to which you are accustomed, are of identical material, and that the difference results alone from the greater or less perception of the beautiful by the eye, and the swifter or slower obedience to its rule, of the hand of man. Entering, you will be surprised in either case to learn that those glowing, chastened, drooping chandeliers with their festoons and garlands, each leaf and tendril copied from Nature,—those lily-shaped vases and crocus bowls, ice-frosted flagons, opal beakers, filigree decanters, and flame-spiralled glasses,—those emerald, purple, or ruby-tinted chalices, those agate or chalcedonic urns and silver-sprayed mirrors,—are all the handiwork of the modern glass-blowers of Murano, whose eye for colour and delicacy of touch—once the lost secrets of the past—prove them worthy as well as lineal descendants of the Barovieri and Miotti, the Segusi, Barbini, and the legion of artists whose genius won world-wide fame for themselves, and wealth and honour for the *Serenissima*.

But for the commerce and industry of Venice in the past we should not gaze to-day on her marble-encrusted palaces and star-studded churches, and unless that commerce and industry be revived, we must not only lay aside all hope for her art life in the future, but must resign ourselves to see her priceless art-treasures of the past fade, and slowly but surely perish. It is admitted by all that no city of the Peninsula has suffered and lost, for the sake of unity and independence, more than Venice. In 1847 she had regained a fair portion of her ancient prosperity. With 1848 her disasters recommenced. To a direct outlay of fifty millions of francs during the siege of 1849—which, for a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, was an enormous sum—must be added the indirect burdens of stagnant commerce, trebled taxation, exiled sons, the resolve of her exasperated victors to exalt Trieste at her expense, and, finally, her separation from Lombardy by a custom-house line in 1859. In 1866 Italy welcomed with genuine cordiality this favourite sister, but the

condition of the family finances prevented her from tendering much pecuniary assistance. Blunders, fortunately not irreparable, in commercial treaties; the futile attempt to compete with Trieste on unequal terms; and the delusion, common to all who have been for any time subject to despotic rule, that the Government ought forthwith to make and mend everything, without much effort in that respect on the part of the people;—these and minor mishaps have retarded the progress which in two years might reasonably have been expected. Still some advance is visible. Schools are open and fairly attended; working-men's associations, co-operative societies, and a popular library founded; a technical institute or high commercial school established; water streets are being drained, the canal leading from the port of Malamoco to the Arsenal is being deepened to receive vessels of the largest size, while a regular line of steamers in correspondence with the Indian mail is established between Venice, Brindisi and Alexandria. Projects for docks and bonded warehouses, for a direct water entrance to St. Mark's Place, and for establishing direct commercial relations with foreign countries, are on foot; and Parliament has just voted eleven millions for repairing and enlarging the Arsenal.

Meanwhile, foremost among accomplished facts, stand the manufactures of glass and of enamel mosaics: the rapid strides made during two years leaving no doubt that, if present efforts continue, and the commonest luck attend them, Venice will once more reign supreme in the magic regions from which she herself believed her children to be for ever banished.

The "art of glass," as it is called to the present day, was, according to the most accredited historians, brought to the desert islands by the fugitives who first drove the piles and laid the foundations of the sea-girt city; and when it is remembered that the Romans were the first to learn that art from the Phenicians, and that the glass factories of Rome, up to the fall of the Empire, outrivalled those of Syria and Egypt, there is no reason to doubt that the inhabitants of the most flourishing cities of the Roman Empire, when abandoning them to the inroads of the barbarians, carried with them, in their imaginations and at the tips of their fingers, this useful art, dependent merely on fancy, dexterity, and the simplest materials.

The first distinct record, however, is in 1090. From that date to 1291 the glass factories and furnaces increased so rapidly in Venice that—either because they exposed the city to frequent fires, or because of the peculiar colour-brightening atmosphere of Murano—the *Maggior Consiglio* ordered them all to be removed to that island, then considered a suburb of the city. In the Correr Museum is preserved the *Mariegola dei fioleri de Muran*, whence we glean the laws that regulated, the privileges granted, and the penalties that menaced this race of artists, dear as their own power to the republican aristocrats. They were divided into four classes: 1st, the glass-blowers; 2ndly, the mirror and window-glass makers; 3rdly, the bead-makers; 4thly, the workers in rods and enamels. Each class was governed by a body of nine members; five owners of factories, and four head artists, or *maestri*, chosen by the workmen, and subject to

the political vigilance of the Council of Ten. Two individuals, chosen by this body, had the right of entry to all the workshops day and night, to see that all went on regularly. The workshops opened on the 1st October and closed on 31st July. The owners of factories and the foremen were required to contribute an annual sum for the maintenance of unfortunate manufacturers or unemployed foremen, for the aged and infirm; and every owner to give a ducat, and every foreman a day's wages, for the support of the schools. In order to attain to the rank of foreman, or *maestro*, an apprentice, or *garzone*, was required to execute a given work, and submit it to the judgment of the *comparto*, or body of nine. If the work was approved, he became a *maestro*; if rejected, he remained in the *garzonado*. When the foremen were too numerous no further trials were permitted; when the apprentices exceeded the necessary number foremen were forbidden to take fresh pupils.

Terrible were the punishments inflicted on any Muranese who taught his art to any but a native of the island. If he fled with his secret to a foreign land, he was peremptorily summoned to return; if he failed to obey the summons, his nearest relatives were imprisoned. If he still remained callous to his duty to the Republic, an emissary was commissioned to put him to death. It is difficult to ascertain when the first enamels were made in Venice; but it is certain that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries Byzantine artists taught the Venetians to perfect them; and such apt pupils did they prove, that "those who passed off enamels for precious stones were fined one thousand ducats, and condemned to two years' imprisonment in the pozzi."

The privileges conferred were no less important. The citizens of Murano were entitled to fill the first offices of the Republic. All the glass-workers might carry a *Vasina di coltelli*, i. e. two knives in a sheath. Neither the *Bargello* nor the *Sbirri*, nor even their chief, *Missier grande*, could land on the island; native magistrates alone could arrest a citizen, and send him to the supreme tribunals. The Muranese had the right of entering the first *peota*, or magnificently decorated barque, which accompanied the Doge on Ascension-day to wed the Adriatic, after which ceremony they might coin their own gold and silver *oselle*. But the most precious privilege was conferred on the daughters of the manufacturers and of the foremen, who were allowed to wed with Venetian patricians, their children inheriting the father's rank, which privilege, considering the jealousy and exclusiveness of the aristocrats, gives one a fair notion of the esteem in which the glass art was held.

In 1546 the *Libro d'oro* was instituted; only those born in Murano of fathers also born there were inscribed as citizens. The book or parchment still exists in the Museum of Murano: 173 families were first registered, then other 17, by order of the Supreme Tribunal. Of these, 87 existed at the fall of the Republic, and 54 are still extant.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the art of glass flourished and progressed, bringing an annual revenue of eight millions of

ducats to the *Serenissima*. In the eighteenth it was less flourishing, and with the fall of the Republic, like all else, decayed. The Austrians naturally encouraged the manufactures of Bohemia, Styria, and Carinthia, and, moreover, regarded the regulations and societies of the Muranese as dangerous political associations. Many of the *maestri* emigrated to other lands, bearing with them their magic art. With the exception of the bead manufacture, in which department Venice has ever held her own, the glass art was for a time utterly lost. The specimens of old Venetian blown glass were sought for as eagerly as pictures by her great masters, and purchased at fabulous prices; while, as a proof that the manufacture of enamels had almost ceased, it may be noted that Gregory XVI., born in Venice and educated at Murano, chose, as a gift to his birthplace, Roman enamels to be employed in the repairs of St. Mark. Not that the Muranese had forgotten the art, as, in 1811 and 1818, two exquisite tables in ornamental mosaic were wrought by Benedetto Barbara for Napoleon I. and Francisco I. of Austria; but monumental mosaic being then altogether neglected, the demand, and consequently the supply of enamels ceased. About 1836, Lorenzo Radi and Francisco Torcellan, both Muranese, set to work to discover the lost secrets of the materials of which these enamels were made, and the still more difficult art of fusion. In 1840 they received the gold medal from the Venetian Academy for their gold and silver enamels; and the collection now existing in the Murano Museum is considered by *connoisseurs* equal in all respects, and in the flesh-tints superior to those of the ancients. Fortunately for these persevering men, their efforts became known to Dr. Salviati, an enterprising art-loving lawyer, who warmly espoused the idea set on foot by the Abbate Zannetti, of restoring to Venice one at least of her ancient glories. To have recovered the methods of manufacturing the old enamels was but one step in the right direction; artists must be trained to use them in the restoration of the old, and in the manufacture of new mosaics. So Salviati opened a mosaic school, chose the best artists from the Venetian Academy, summoned a first-rate mosaicist from Rome, and formed a drawing-class for working-men. Perhaps the first specimen of their skill was exposed to the public on the walls of the "Venetian Enamel Mosaic Works," on the Grand Canal, where from a gold ground the figures of Titian and Tintoret stand out in exquisite relief, and bid fair to defy the moisture and cold of a climate that has destroyed all other attempts at exterior mural painting. In 1861 the Commission appointed by the Imperial Royal Academy to visit the establishment expressed, as the result of the examination, "the conviction so strong that it could not well be stronger of the excellence displayed in every department of the works." Salviati's first great commission was received from the Queen for the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor, where the soffits of the twelve side windows and the twenty-eight panels of the blank west window are occupied with the full-length figures of kings and historic personages in mosaic on gold ground; while the spaces between the ribs of the groined roof are covered with

angels, inscriptions, coats-of-arms, foliage, &c., covering 1,100 square feet. In St. Paul's the large picture of Isaiah and two angels was executed by Salvati's artists, who have also contributed much to the embellishment of the Albert Memorial, on the four pediments of which are allegorical figures on gold ground representing painting, architecture, sculpture, and poetry, and beneath the pediments, on spandrels, other figures illustrative of the arts symbolized by those above. The blue vault is studded with gold stars and coats-of-arms. These, together with the decorations of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, in the façade of the Wedgwood Memorial at Burslem, offer English amateurs fair opportunities of judging for themselves of the adaptation of enamel mosaic to interior and exterior mural decoration. When I last visited the studio on the Grand Canal, I found several of the mosaics of St. Mark's undergoing repairs on the floors and tables of the rooms.

In 1861, the administration of the Cathedral entered into a contract with Salvati to supply all the enamels required, and last year he contracted for all the repairs of the pavements and domes, to be executed in fourteen years, 20,000 francs to be paid annually for the mere labour. Already, twelve large figures in the cupola nearest the entry have been repaired, some literally manufactured. These mosaics are of the thirteenth century. When first examined from the pavement, they seemed intact; but, on closer inspection, it was found that, while the tesserae adhered closely to the cement, the cement had become almost entirely detached from the cupola, owing to the cracking of the walls, from subsidence of the foundations. Before displacing the figures, a tracing is taken, and an exact coloured sketch made by a first-rate artist. Then the figure is taken down and carried to the studio, and the same tesserae, freed from the cement, used in the reproduction, except the flesh-tints which have faded. The next undertaking is to be the Apocalypse, which is almost entirely ruined. This was the grand work of the mosaicists of the fifteenth century, from the cartoons of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. First-rate artists are now preparing the cartoons from antique sketches, preserved, it is said, in the archives of the Cathedral. The figures as yet replaced are such perfect reproductions that, looking upwards from the pavement, it is hardly possible for the finest judges to distinguish the modern from the ancient.

To those who have read Madame Sand's exquisite tale of *Les Maîtres Mosaïstes*, it will sound strange to hear of mosaics being manufactured in a studio; but to this possibility Salvati owes much of his present success. In olden days, the mosaic was executed on the spot, the tesserae being fixed one by one on the cement prepared; but Salvati has trained his men to reverse the cartoons, and put in the tesserae with the surface downwards—a coarse paper, on which is a rough sketch of the cartoon, covered with paste, serving to keep them together. When the subject is completed, it is carefully packed and sent to its destination, where a skilful artist fixes it on the wall or dome with a special cement, which

Salviati affirms to be identical with that employed by the ancients. In this manner, 6,400 square feet of mosaic have been manufactured during the last year. The workmanship differs according to the point of view from which the decoration is to be seen. The finest specimens cost 125 francs, the coarsest 40 francs, per square foot. This method does not apply to pictorial mosaic, which requires the utmost skill of a first-rate mosaicist, such as this establishment can boast in Podio, who executed the figure of Niccolò Pisano, from Leighton's cartoon, for the New Court of the Kensington Museum, and the Giorgione, Apelles, Benozzo Gozzoli, and William of Wykeham, which now adorn the walls. This artist improves at every fresh attempt. His portrait of Lincoln was a masterpiece. His Marco Polo, now in the show-room at the establishment, and the Columbus, surpass for delicate gradation of tints, richness and vividness of colour, flow of drapery, and grandeur of expression, all his former works. To this success Salviati has contributed not a little by his instruments for cutting the enamels into all conceivable geometrical figures, whereas, in past times, the tesserae were all cut in quadrangular shapes. Thanks to the sinews of war furnished by an English Company, the establishment on the Grand Canal is no longer dependent on the noble, persevering but erratic Radi for its enamels, but has furnaces of its own at Murano, which produce nearly all the required tints. When stock was taken on 31st December, 1868, it was found that the company possessed 70,000 kilograms of enamel, of 1,700 different colours and gradations. Some of the *paste* still baffle them, such, for instance, as the famous *avventurino*, which is only produced by Bigaglia and Zecchin in perfection. The ingredients, and even the proportions, are known to all, but do not, in different cases, produce the desired result. Only last month I saw a large block, just removed from the furnace, as dull and lifeless as mahogany. The chemists and workmen—who, by the way, shut out masters and proprietors when they are making an experiment—were bitterly disappointed, and declared that they had found out everything save the right heat to be secured at the moment that the gold crystallizes. These experiments are too costly to be often repeated; and in these departments, artistic enthusiasm is considerably tempered by the representative of the English shareholders, who has brought into the concern a measure of worldly wisdom, the only element formerly wanting to ensure success.

As soon as he had established his mosaic works on a sure foundation, Salviati turned his attention to the revival of Venetian blown glass, and in this department has exceeded the expectation of his most sanguine admirers. In the eighteenth century this art was so utterly lost that Giuseppe Briatie, in order to recover some of the secrets, worked as a porter in a glass factory in Bohemia, and on his return obtained from the Republic the exclusive right of manufacture, and a law prohibiting the introduction of any foreign glass into Venice. His manufactory existed until 1790, after which period, if we except a few successful attempts made by Domenico Bussolin, the author of a very interesting little pamphlet

entitled *Les célèbres Verreries de Venise et de Murano*, the art of glass seemed hopelessly lost. As late as June, 1866, Mr. Chaffers, in his paper on early Venetian glass, speaks of its chief beauties as things of the past. The methods of manipulating reticulated glass, he tells us, "are yet undiscovered, and all attempts at imitation have been hitherto unsuccessful." He speaks of the rich sapphire colour as lost, and gives an engraving of a cup, regarded as quite unique, for which Mr. Slade paid 6,000 francs. At the present moment you may set before Antonio Seguso, or Antonio and Giovanni Barovier, any specimen of old Venetian glass, and they will copy it with all its perfections, and, if you choose, its imperfections, and hand you a facsimile in colour, form and weight, made under your own eye. Both in 1866 and 1868 I spent hours in the work-room of Murano, fascinated, despite the blinding heat, by the fairy forms and rainbow hues evolved before my eyes; by the intense, grave, silent enthusiasm of the workmen, which extends itself even to the small children admitted to watch the proceedings; by the impossibility of quitting the scene of labour until the piece in hand could be secured from failure by completion. On my first visit the head workman was requested by Salviati to make me any article I might fancy; I chose a wine-glass with deep bowl, initial stem, and broad ruby-tinted foot. The man dipped his hollow iron rod into a pot of molten white glass, caught up a lump, rolled it on an iron slab, popped it into the furnace, blew through his rod, tossed it aloft, and a hollow ball appeared. His assistant handed him a rod of metal, in which a green serpent seemed coiled in a white cage: this he caught, and, quick as lightning, formed two initials, touching the bowl with the tip of the M, to which it adhered. Then his assistant offered more white glass, which was joined to the bottom of the M, spun round, opened with nippers, and so the foot was formed. Again into the furnace, and then the shears opened and hollowed the deep and slender bowl. Then the assistant handed a scrap of ruby molten glass, of which the master caught a hair as it were, wound it round the rim of the bowl, and of the foot. Once more into an upper oven, where it must remain till the morrow to cool, and then I drew a long breath of relief; for,—knowing that if the metal be too hot or too cold, if too much or too little be taken on the rod, the weight and colour will be faulty; that too quick or too slow an action on the part of the assistant, in presenting or withdrawing his rod, may spoil the whole,—one cannot watch such processes without intense excitement. This excitement the workmen share in their own silent fashion; and when any rare experiment is going on, all gather round the master in breathless anxiety, while no sound comes from the parted lips save in the form of a hint or caution. During my last visit the question was, how to remedy a defect in an exquisite antique ewer, of white and sapphire, lent by the Brescian Museum to be copied. The scroll handle, in the original, had a pinch, and the pinch was renewed in the copy. The workman said that it was necessarily produced by the assistant's shears in handing the scroll to be fixed. "Let him hold it higher," said one. "Then I shall

fix the handle awry." And such was the result. He tried again, and this time the proper curve was not attained. Once more, and by a dexterous movement he caught the scroll in the air, it seemed to me, and fixed it in its right place, producing the sapphire ewer exactly, minus only the defective pinch.

But these men by no means restrict their efforts to servile copies. Salviati used to allow them two hours for original attempts; and Zannetti, a sort of superintendent, now that the heat of the furnace is too much for his eyes, is most fertile in producing new designs. The immense lampadaro—one of five ordered by Prince Giovanelli, to adorn the ball-room of his palace—is a sort of co-operative design. It is of white glass: the candlesticks, ruby-tinted, seemingly hung by frail transparent links of purest glass; pinks and tulips, with their spiked upright leaves, blossom between the tiers; while—and this is the innovation—garlands of leaves and flowers, such as are now blossoming in the early spring, are hung beneath the bosses, which are generally ugly and forlorn. The hanging lampadaro is by far the largest ever blown, and is composed of innumerable different pieces: so that if any get broken, they can be at once replaced. Salviati imagined the garlands, Zannetti designed the chandelier, Barovier grew the field-flowers, and Seguso wrought the parts. Such is the perfection to which this master has attained that he will turn out any given number of pieces of precisely the same size, form, and weight. This perfect obedience of the hand to the eye is the *ne plus ultra* of the artist in glass. In the same room with their fathers are two young lads, who work together, one week as master, the next as assistant. I watched them as they stood at the furnace mouth: one sedate, stern, intent as his father; the other, the master of the week, bright-eyed, restless, but the deftest little imp imaginable. Beakers of nebulous opal, ewers, vases and urns spun from his fairy rod; but, as his father pointed out, he could make no two things alike, neither could he yet manage to marry the colours. This is one of the modern triumphs of Murano. For two side cornices of the Casino Borghese, Zannetti had designed two exquisite chandeliers. A broad raised foot of opal, avventurina and ruby, on which opaque white swans cluster, bears up the transparent tiers of candlesticks, each piece fitting into the piece above, so that the heavy iron rod in the centre is dispensed with. The difficulty experienced by Seguso in blowing his hollows of precisely the right size to receive the piece to be inserted was great, but he overcame it. Then, as though this were not sufficient, the foot did its utmost to plague him; the three *paste* declined to keep company; all would go peaceably into the annealing oven, but on the morrow the ruby had sprung, or the avventurino had cracked, or the opal itself gaped in despair at its refractory companions. Only after six trials did they all behave themselves, and the chandelier was sent to the casino on the appointed day. Another pretty device is the conjunction of opaque and transparent glass: for instance, dessert-plates with opaque white *lattice* centre, and sea-green, ruby, sapphire, or purple transparent borders.

These opaque centres lend themselves kindly to the miniature-painter's brush, and very exquisite are the glasses, bowls, plates and dishes ornamented with views of Venice, portraits of the Doges, and of children. Whether so much time and skill should be lavished on such a fragile body is a question for purchasers to decide. The price of these productions must necessarily be high, as it often happens, as with porcelain, that the surface cracks in the furnace after the painter's work is perfected, and when this is the case it may be urged, with Mr. Ruskin, that it is a sin to waste so much time and exquisite handiwork on such perishable material. This point conceded, it would still be matter for regret if the introduction of English capital were to involve the absolute sacrifice of beauty to utility. The wages of the glass artists are of course high, ranging from 2*l.* to 4*l.* per week. But then the masters are few and unique—having been educated gradually for this newly revived art—and the intense heat so seriously affects the eyesight that few can pass the age of forty at the furnace-mouth. The men might, of course, in lieu of devoting their time and labour to the production of such costly articles as we see in the show-room, turn out glasses and bottles by the thousand, and in such wise ensure the commercial prosperity of the concern. Still to turn the Murano studio into a mere glass and bottle manufactory would be to deny its origin, to say nothing of breaking the hearts of masters and men. Indeed in this, as in most cases, beauty and utility can be combined. When the present Marquis Guiori, owner of the magnificent porcelain-manufactory of the *Doccia*, a few miles from Florence, came of age, he found that from the time that his great-grandfather, the Marquis Carlo, founded the factory, in 1744, until the present time, immense sums of money had been sunk in the venture, and he was compelled to choose between three courses;—either to close the manufactory; to restrict his men to producing useful articles; or to make the pots and pans pay for the vases, urns, and other artistic ware, the completion of one of which will sometimes occupy an artist an entire month. He chose the last of the three, and while the produce and sale of his choicest porcelain is increased, he has brought the manufacture of common earthenware up, or rather down, to the wants of the poorest peasant who needs a pot in which to boil his beans. Why should not the Anglo-Italian Company imitate the ex-Syndic of Florence, and, side by side with their Murano studio, set up a common glass and bottle manufactory? That it is needed no one can deny: a common black bottle costs twopence—threepence—in Italy; and ten to one the neck flies in corking, so that most people buy common glassware of this kind of foreign manufacture. The company possesses large buildings and plenty of space at Murano, and could procure labour cheap, without interfering with their educated artists.*

* Since the above article has been in print, we learn, with great satisfaction, that Signor Montecchi, the present manager of the glass and mosaic works, has obtained

In one department the company has made great progress, and that is in the art of packing. In 1866, every article that came to Florence was smashed. I remember some friends of mine, who were enthusiastic about the revived "art of glass," and who awaited the arrival of their sundry purchases with almost childish impatience. When the cases arrived, no one could distinguish his special property; the entire contents were smashed. The present director of works has altered all this. I have just seen a case opened on its arrival, and there is not a piece broken: slender reticulated ewers, shell-shaped bowls, of filigree, ruby, and aventurin; opal vases, with scraps of coloured marble confined, and snakes twining round the base; glorious hanaps, with opaque flowers on their bossed stems; ruby raised stands, with wine-glasses of every form and hue; crocus-flower cups, all intact, thanks to the careful hands that swathed and folded them in the sweet-scented *alga marina* of the lagoons. A dépôt has just been opened in Florence; and Salviati himself, who still remains the artistic director of the Venetian works, has already established one in Paris. Hearty goodwill towards the Adriatic's Bride cannot be better expressed than in wishing her as much success in all her undertakings as has hitherto attended her "enamel mosaics and glass revival."

the consent of the shareholders to a plan of this description. He is about to try a new furnace, in which *torba* and other lignites can be consumed. If the experiment succeeds, the grand problem of fuel will be solved, as the combustible matter to be found in the lagoons will of course cost much less than the wood hitherto brought by boat from *terra firma*, and a common glass manufactory will be opened in Murano in 1870.

Fifty Brides :

AN OLD TALE RE-TOLD, BEING A MEDLEY FROM HOMERIC
AND OTHER SOURCES.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGER GUEST.

THE sun had set and the streets were dark in Argos. But in the palace of the King was a blaze of many lights and a brightness as of the noon-day ; for from gold and silver and bronze flashed back the splendour of myriad lamps. The doors of the palace were golden ; silvern were the door-posts ; and the threshold was bronzen ; and on either side of the entrance stood golden and silvern hounds, dumb guardians of the portal, wrought by the cunning hand of Hephaestus himself. From the threshold inwards stretched rows of seats whereon were laid embroidered cushions, the handiwork of maids and matrons ; and in recesses behind the seats were golden figures of youths, each set upon a silvern pedestal, and holding in either hand a lamp. At the further end of the hall folding-doors opened into a spacious garden, where green grass and russet apple and blue fig and red pomegranate and verdant olive and purple grape rejoiced the eye from season to season, and where twin fountains plashed and murmured soothing music to the ear. Such glory had been given to King Danaos by the gods who live for ever.

Outside the threshold stood a stranger wonder-stricken. His dress was travel-stained, but his mien was princely and his form was graceful beyond that of common men. In his hyacinthine curls, his falcen eye, his open brow, and stately air, was more than the majesty of mortal man : he looked Apollo's self in human shape. Such though he was he faltered a moment, struck by the wonder of the golden sheen ; then, with a muttered prayer to Aphrodite, he strode swiftly up the brilliant hall. The revel was hushed, and silence fell on all who ate and drank with Danaos ; all eyes were turned on the godlike man who burst upon them as a vision from heaven.

But he, looking neither to right nor left, paused not till he reached the sacred hearth, close by the throne whereon was seated the best beloved of Danaos' wives, Hyperoche, mother of Hypermnestra. There, as she sat beside the King, he bowed himself even to the ground, and kneeling, clasped her by the knees, and spake her name, and begged her grace :

"Hyperoche, Queen of queens," he said, "a humble suppliant bends before thee ; a stranger asks thine intercession with thy royal consort and

these noble guests ; grant me, I pray thee, present harbourage, and a safe return to mine own land."

Thus spake he : then he bowed himself towards the hearth and sat him down amid the ashes.

And for a while there was no voice, but silence reigned throughout the hall. For all were wonder-stricken at the stranger's mien, such grace had been given him by the immortal gods.

But at last rose up Pisidemos, the oldest of the grey-beards in Argos ; Pisidemos who was chiefest of all in eloquence and whom the gods had endowed with wisdom. He rose up, and bowing himself before King Danaos, said :

" O King, live for ever ! But deign, I pray thee, to listen to my words ; for to the hoary head there is respect in Argos. And well thou knowest it is not to thine honour to leave this noble stranger seated by the hearth. Raise him up presently, therefore, from the ashes, and seat him upon a silvern seat ; and bid the heralds fill the cups with wine, that we may pour a libation to Father Zeus, whose favour is vouchsafed to worthy suppliants ; and let an housewife set before the stranger good store of what is by her in the house, that he may eat, and drink, and bless us also."

Now, when the King heard these words, straightway he took the stranger by the hand and raised him up, and made him to sit upon a glittering seat, having deposed therefrom Laodamas, the bravest of his knights, who sat continually by the King, and whom the King delighted to honour.

And, when he bade, an handmaid brought quickly pure water in an ewer of gold upon a basin of silver to wash the stranger's hands ; and beside him she drew out a polished table, and an housewife spread thereon good store of royal fare. And the stranger did eat and drink and was satisfied. And when he had eaten and drunken they poured another libation to Zeus, the guardian of suppliants.

Then the King ordered, and they swept a space whereon the dancers might dance. And Demodocos, prince of bards, took down his harp from the peg whereon it hung continually, and sat him down in the centre of the space, and around him gathered a circle of youths in the pliant strength of early manhood, and as his fingers swept the chords, they trod a measure to the rhythm of the music : and the stranger marvelled at the twinklings of their feet.

Then, when the merry dance was done, Demodocos tuned his harp afresh, and sang of love and Aphrodite. And the heart of the stranger was glad within him, and he spake to Demodocos words of praise. " Great bard," said he, " I give thee thanks. Above all other bards, I commend thy song. Surely either Musa, daughter of Zeus, or Apollo's self taught thee thy craft, for never yet was mortal bard who sang so sweetly the deeds of love. Doubtless, thou thyself, too, in the shades of the olive-groves, hast often whispered to Argive maiden the tale thou canst rehearse

so well ; and the golden-haired goddess herself, I warrant, hath smilingly aided thy suit."

So spake he ; and the heart of the blameless bard was glad.

Then rose up Danaos before them all, and said, "Hearken to me, ye nobles of Argos, while I say what my mind prompteth. Go ye now to rest, each to his own home, and to-morrow we will feast this noble stranger, and offer sacrifice to the gods ; and, after that, we will further, if we may, whatsoever this noble stranger desireth—if, indeed, it be not rather an immortal who hath come down to us——"

"Not so, great King," broke in the stranger ; "but a mortal am I, and no immortal, either in substance or in appearance : nor liveth any mortal man more in need than I of mortal aid."

And all the guests shouted aloud, and were eager to aid the gentle stranger. Then they, having poured a libation to Hermes, gat them away each to his rest ; but the stranger was left in the royal hall. And Danaos and Hyperoche sat by him still, whilst the handmaidens were removing the remnants of the feast. And white-armed Hyperoche spake and said, "Sir stranger, I will ask thee three questions at once ; but answer or not as seemeth unto thee good : for the stranger may come, and get him gone, and yet reveal neither name nor race. Who art thou ? Whence comest thou ? Why so travel-stained ?"

Then answered the stranger and said, "From a distant land am I come, O Queen, and I boast myself the son of a sire who is not unknown to name and fame. And men say I bear my father's lineaments. I was led hither by Eros, the blind-eyed god ; and therefore am I so travel-stained, for Eros tarrieth not, and seeth not to pick his way. But, I pray thee, question me no more to-night. To-morrow thou shalt learn both my name and my business."

He ceased, and the King regarded him askance, and muttered to himself in his silvery beard.

But white-armed Hyperoche called to her damsels to make ready for the stranger a fleecy couch in the place where strangers slept.

And they, when they had fulfilled his commands, came near unto the stranger, and said, "Arise, sir stranger, and go to thy rest, for thy couch is ready in the strangers' place." And when he heard their words, he arose, for his eyes were heavy, and he longed for sleep. So he bowed himself before the King and the Queen, and lay down to rest in the strangers' place.

Then King Danaos sought his own chamber, apart, in a retired nook of the spacious palace. And his sleep went from him as he mused about the stranger ; but white-armed Hyperoche slumbered by his side.

CHAPTER II.

HYPERMNESTRA.

MEANWHILE, in her gaily-painted bower, slept peerless Hypermnestra, the pride of Argos. She was the best beloved of Danaos' daughters, and the Graces themselves had decked her with beauty. And she dreamed a dream, and this was the fashion of it. There appeared unto her her favourite sister, Amymone, who hovered above her head, and addressed to her these words: "Hypermnestra, sweet sister, why art thou so neglectful? The bridal hour is nigh, and yet thou leavest unwashen the beautiful robes our father gave us to wear upon our wedding-day. Two score and ten white robes he gave, a robe for each of his daughters; and he entrusted them all to thee, the darling of white-armed Hyperoche. Now, therefore, let us arise, and go down to the rippling river, and plunge them in the limpid stream, and whiten them to the whiteness of Aphrodite's skin. Wake, sister, wake. The marriage-morn is nigh, and we must be clad as brides at the altar of Hymenæos. Well thou knowest thou art our father's darling, and whatsoever thou sayest that will he do. Ask, therefore, and he will give us the royal cars, and the sure-footed mules, that we may drive to the rippling river wherein Argive maidens are wont to steep their garments. For we be a king's daughters, and pomp becometh the daughters of a king."

And when Eos drove forth her roseate car, proclaiming to men the dawn of day, immediately Hypermnestra awoke from her sleep, and her mind was perplexed with the vision of the night. And she hastened to don her deep-breasted robe, and she fastened her zone with its golden buckle, and she tripped straightway to Amymone's bower, and told to Amymone all the fashion of her dream. And the twain marvelled greatly; but Amymone said, "Methinks, sweet sister, it is a message from the gods. Now, therefore, do as thou art bid. Ask of the King, and he will lend us the cars, and let us drive to the river to wash our robes. And speak thou to our sisters, that they come with us, for they love thy voice, and will do thy bidding."

And Hypermnestra did so; and King Danaos easily allowed her request. He granted the cars and the sure-footed mules, and Hyperoche provided good store of meat, and wine she added in goat-skin bottles.

And the number of the cars was in all ten, each drawn by eight mules. In the first, Hypermnestra held the silken reins, and guided the sure-footed mules; and Amymone drove the second; and the rest were driven each by a daughter of the King, according as the sisters yielded rank. And beside the princesses in every car rode a bevy of maidens, who waited upon them and did their bidding.

And when they arrived at the rippling river, they stripped from them the robes they wore, and went down into the water like a group of Naiades.

There they laved their snow-white limbs, and washed the robes they had brought with them.

And many a river-god peered from his grot, and sighed for love of the mortal maidens. But when they had bathed to their heart's content, and washed their robes, they anointed themselves with the sweet olive-oil, and clad themselves afresh, and sat them down to eat, and to drink, and to make merry.

And their maidens laid out the robes to dry. And when they had eaten, and drunken, and were merry, they rose up to play. And the air was filled with the music of their laughter, and dazzling was the gleam of the many white arms as they tossed the ball one to another. And when they were weary of their sport, they sat down in a circle, and joined together in sweet converse. And Hypermnestra sat in the centre; and she lifted up her voice and said, "Listen to me, ye daughters of Danaos, for yesternight I had a strange vision; and to none have I told it save sister Amymone." Then she recounted unto them the wonder of her dream, and all the sisters were dumb with astonishment. Then Hypermnestra spake again, saying, "Listen to me, sweet sisters all; for I have a tale to tell of a sight I saw before the vision which came from the gods. Know, therefore, that yesternight, before I laid me down to sleep, as I gazed from the window of my latticed bower, lo! a stranger stood at the palace-gates, and his face was as the face of an immortal god. But as I looked and marvelled greatly, the goddess Aphrodite took the mist from my eyes, and straightway I knew him who he was. No god was he, but a mortal man, and men call him Lynceus, son of Ægyptos. Start not, sweet sisters, but hear me out; for, by the gods who live for ever, his coming bodeth no harm to us. For well I know Eros hath guided him hither. True it is our father thinketh ill of him, and fled from him and from his brethren; but well I remember how upon a day, in a cypress-grove at sunny Rhodos, he swore to me, by Aphrodite, that I should be his wedded wife. And round my wrist he clasped this bracelet, and, with lips to lips, and heart to heart, we pledged our mutual loves. And even then the voice of our father was heard calling aloud for Hypermnestra. So Lynceus departed to join his host. For well ye must remember how our father was flying from the face of our uncle, and how our uncle's sons, twoscore and ten in number, even as we are, were pursuing after him with horsemen and footmen; and how we took refuge in the grove of Poseidon. There Lynceus found me, for Aphrodite guided him, and covered him with a mist, so that our spies discerned him not. Nor do I verily believe that the sons of Ægyptos meant our father harm; only between our uncle and our father was ancient feud and enmity. So now you have my tale, and hither did I bring you that I might tell you the matter privily. For our maidens are busy with the meat and drink, and in drying and packing our snow-white robes. And mark my words (for the vision was from the gods), those robes will be our wedding garments. For Lynceus and his brethren shall we put them on." She ceased, and for a little space there was deep

silence. But at last Amymone answered, and said, "My sister, what words are these which have escaped thy lips? Hast thou forgotten, or regardest thou not the oath which we swear to our father Danaos? How he caused us to stand round the altar of Zeus the Avenger, each holding in her right hand a dagger, golden-hilted, poison-tipped, and swear by the gods who live for ever, 'so help us, Zeus, in our utmost need, as we shall carry these daggers, night and day, till Hermes give us welcome chance to sheathe them in the hearts of Ægyptos' sons?' Surely the memory of this abideth for ever." And, as she finished speaking, she drew from her robe, out of the fold where it lay concealed, a dagger, golden-hilted, poison-tipped, and flashed it in the light of the sun; and all her sisters, save one, murmured assent, and flashed their daggers in the light of the sun.

But Hypermnestra rose up hastily from the place where she sat, and tripped lightly down to the river's brink, and raised her right arm above her head, and flung her dagger afar into the stream. The golden hilt sparkled like fire, and, as it touched the rippling stream, a snow-white hand, as of Aphrodite, caught it, and drew it swiftly under, and a voice, like the voice of the laughing goddess, cried, "Love hath triumphed, love is king."

Then Hypermnestra returned to her sisters, and stood in their midst, and said unto them, "My tongue was sworn, my heart unsworn. But now let us be going; and ye, sweet sisters, to whom I have revealed my secret, show the love ye bear to me by telling the story in my father's ears; for well ye know I am our father's darling, and she who shall be the first to betray me shall fill my place."

But all her sisters wept bitterly. And Amymone sobbed and said, "Hypermnestra, dear sister, what is this that thou hast spoken? Surely passion hath perverted thy mind. We be no traitresses, but true maidens, and thy secret is safe in thy sisters' bosoms. Only I would that the gods might have pity on thee, and avert from thee a father's curse." And all the sisters sobbed and murmured assent.

And Hypermnestra fell on her knees before them, and said: "Pardon me, sisters, for I am sad, and all my soul is heavy with anguish. My heart is gall, how then shall my words be other than bitter? But sunset approaches, and we must be gone."

So they mounted sorrowfully upon the easily moving cars, and the sure-footed mules drew them swiftly to the city. And the sun had set, and the streets were dark as they halted at the royal palace; but from the stately hall streamed the light of lamps and the sound of revels.

And the sisters departed each to her own bower.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER GUEST DISCLOSES HIS NAME.

Now it was so that when Hypermnestra and her sisters had gone down to the river to wash their robes, that King Danaos spake to the assembled guests who ate at his table continually, and said: "Hearken to me, ye nobles of Argos, for our meal is done, and the bard hath sung his song. Let us, therefore, go forth a-field, and make trial of ourselves in manly sports, that the stranger may tell his friends at home how excellent are we above other men in buffets, and in wrestling, and in leaping, and in running, and in throwing the disc, and in bending the bow."

Thus spake he, and led the way, and the others willingly followed him to the lists. And behind them thronged a mighty crowd, to see the sports, and shout the victors' praise.

And when they had arrived at the spacious lists, in running Podarces was far the best; and in wrestling and bending the bow, Eurystheus; and in leaping, Ixalos; and in throwing the disc, Hecatebolos; and in buffets, Laodamas.

Then said Laodamas, thinking evil of the stranger for whom he had been displaced from the seat of honour, to Hecatebolos, and to Podarces, and to Ixalos, and to Eurystheus: "Go to, let us ask this stranger, whether he know aught of manly sports, and whether he will strive with us in throwing the disc, or in buffets, or in running, or in wrestling, or in leaping, or in bending the bow."

And Hecatebolos answered and said: "Thou hast spoken well, my brother: myself will ask him of his prowess."

So Hecatebolos drew near to the stranger, and bowed himself with mock humility, and said scornfully: "The harp and the love-song please thee well, sir stranger: but hast thou joy in manly sports? Thy face is fair, and thy locks are like the hyacinth; thou art straight of back and pliant of limb; yet methinks the dance becometh thee best,—thou seemest not cast in the athlete's mould."

And the other answered with knitted brows: "Friend, thou sayest not well, and thy speech is that of a foolish man: the fool alone is discourteous to strangers. Hast thou never learned that manliness and strength come not alone from coarseness and bulk? I had not thought to have joined the sports, for my soul is heavy with anxious care; but thy churl's speech hath cut me to the quick, and thou shalt see what this arm can do."

Thus he spake, and cumbered as he was with his cloak, he sprang up before the multitude, and seized a disc larger by far than those where-with the Argives were wont to contend. And thrice he poised it carefully, and then let it go from his sinewy hand. The missile buzzed as it cleft the air, and at the whiz thereof the people cowered. It alighted beyond

the dints of all who that day had competed in throwing the disc ; and Aphrodite marked where it fell. For the goddess stood by in the guise of a youth, and called to him from the place where she stood : " Thy dint, sir stranger, is not hard to determine : the very blind might discern it by the touch, so far is it beyond the rest."

And the stranger was gladdened at the sound of her voice. And when he had found a friend in the throng, his heart was lightened, and he cried aloud : " Let him who may attain such a cast, but methinks there is none who will cast beyond. And for the rest, whoever hath the stomach, let him come forward and hold his own, either in running, or in leaping, or in wrestling, or in bending the bow, or in buffets."

But all the athletes held their peace and abode in their places, for they were astounded at the stranger's prowess.

At last stepped forth Laodamas, equal in buffets to Polydeuces. And all the Argives shouted with joy when they saw their champion preparing for the buffet.

Then the stranger laid aside his cloak, and stripped off his tunic, and had the gauntlets bound upon his hands ; and the twain stood together, face to face, in the middle of the lists.

And Laodamas mocked the stranger, and said : " Thou art like unto those who softly lie on beds of down ; soft be the bosom of mother Earth."

And the stranger, eying him sternly, answered : " The vaunter cometh to an ill end, and the issue of contests is in the hands of the gods. Peradventure thou thyself mayest find that Earth is but a hard step-mother."

And when they had thus spoken, they took up their ground, and prepared themselves to lay on load.

Thrice did Laodamas aim a blow that had felled the lordliest bull of the herd, and thrice did Aphrodite interpose and turn it off into the empty air. But when for the fourth time he gathered up his strength and essayed to strike his antagonist to earth, she darted from her eye a dazzling love-shaft, and Laodamas was blinded, so that he could not see ; and quick as thought the stranger struck him. The lightning descends not more quickly on the oak than the stranger's fist shot out upon Laodamas ; and as the oak falls crashing to the earth, so fell Laodamas from the stranger's buffet. It struck him fairly behind the left ear, and toppled him over motionless on the ground. Awhile he lay, and his friends gathered round him and sought to rouse him from his death-like swoon ; but he opened not his eyes, for the space during which a sixth part of the sand drops through in an hour-glass. And when his life returned to him again, his comrades bare him to his own home.

Then the people shouted to crown the stranger and proclaim him victor in the sports of the day. So the stranger was led before King Danaos, who placed on his brows the wreath of laurel : and the heralds proclaimed the stranger victor. Then King Danaos addressed the stranger

and said : " Sir stranger, thy prowess hath filled me with wonder. Oh ! that the gods had given me a son like thee ! And now hearken to my words, for I have somewhat to say unto thee. Know that I have fifty daughters, the fairest of virgins ; and the fairest of all is Hypermnestra, daughter of Hyperoche. Her will I bestow upon thee in marriage before to-morrow's sun go down, if only thou art free to take her to wife, and if thy lineage bring no dishonour (and touching that my mind misgives me not, for I see nobility stamped upon thy face)."

And the stranger trembled and said : " Swear unto me by the gods that live for ever."

And the King swore unto him.

Then said the stranger : " Dread King, I gladly receive thy words, and may'st thou perform thy promise to me. For to that end did I come hither, that I might wed fair Hypermnestra. And for my lineage, thou knowest it well : not only noble, but royal is it. And I marvel that thou knowest me not ; for men trace in me my father's features."

Hereupon the King was greatly troubled, and the fashion of his countenance was changed, and he said grimly : " The irrevocable oath hath passed my lips, and as I have sworn, so will I do : say therefore whence thou comest and by what name thou art called of men."

And the stranger answered : " From the land of the Melampodes do I come, and men call me Lynceus, son of Ægyptos."

Then for a while the King was silent, whilst Lynceus knelt upon the earth before him. And after a space the King took him by the hand and said : " Rise, Lynceus, son of Ægyptos, no longer my nephew and enemy, but henceforward my son and friend. And tell me now, I pray thee, of thy brethren, how they fare ; for well I remember how my brother Ægyptos made prayer to me that I should give them my daughters, a daughter to each as the lots might appoint, that our families might be one and our kingdoms united. Tell me of them, I pray you, how they fare, and how their hearts be affected towards my daughters."

And Lynceus answered : " An easy task hast thou imposed, O King ; for my brethren crossed the seas with me, and lie concealed even now in the sacred grove of Zeus the Saviour ; so set were their hearts upon thy daughters. For it chanced upon a day ere thou fleddest before the face of my father, (believe me, O King, without a cause,) my brethren and I were chasing the deer. And in the chase we came upon a wood-covered hill, whence we looked down carelessly upon a limpid stream. And we saw a sight which a god would have purchased with his deathlessness. And at first we wist not what it was, and feared to have stumbled upon nymphs at play. But soon we knew them who they were ; for in the hair of each flashed the golden combs which in happy days Ægyptos gave them. And all my brethren gladly assented that I should wed fair Hypermnestra, and themselves would abide by the decision of the lots ; for choice indeed there was none to make, and each was worthy of the

embraces of a god. And we came not all together to thy palace; lest peradventure our number should cause distrust, and we well knew thou hast long distrusted us and thought evil of us—without a cause. Now, therefore, send to fetch my brethren; and to-morrow let there be a great marriage, and let enmity cease between our houses; for Ægyptos wisheth thee not evil but good."

He ceased, and Danaos caught him by the beard and drew him close and kissed his cheeks. But from the eyes of the King flashed a baleful light. Then the King commanded, and the heralds went and fetched away the brethren of Lynceus and brought them to the palace; and hand-maidens gave them water to wash, and changes of raiment and oil and perfume; and they sat down in the gleaming hall with King Danaos, and Queen Hyperoche, and Lynceus, and the nobles of Argos, and did eat and drink and were merry.

Now, when they had all eaten and drunken their fill, and the bard had made them glad with music, King Danaos rose up before them all, and said: "Hearken to me, ye nobles of Argos, for my heart is inditing of a good matter. Lo! here be fifty heroes, sons of my brother; and I have fifty daughters, fairest of virgins, and of these I have promised to Lynceus the fairest, Hypermnestra daughter of Hyperoche, and he is to wed her on the morrow. What hindereth us to have fifty brides and but one marriage? For the brethren of Lynceus love the sisters of Hypermnestra, and are willing to abide by the issue of the lots."

And the nobles raised a loud shout of assent that Lynceus should take Hypermnestra to wife, and that his brethren should abide by the issue of the lots.

And Hypermnestra and her sisters heard the shouting of the nobles, and the sisters wist not what it meant; but Hypermnestra laughed in her secret heart.

And when the King and his guests had poured a libation to Hermes, they arose, and departed each to his own place.

CHAPTER IV.

A MARRIAGE-PARTY AND ITS SEQUEL.

Now when Eos with rosy-tinted fingers had drawn aside the curtains of night, and given entrance to the early sun, King Danaos rose up in haste from his couch, and cast about him his robe; and his eyes glittered like two sparks. And he called one of the maidens who waited continually upon Hyperoche, and he charged the damsel to go straightway to the bowers of Hypermnestra and her sisters, and bid them assemble presently in the women's chamber, for that the King had somewhat to say unto them. And the damsel did so. And the sisters assembled as they were bidden, and the King entered and stood before them. He ordered from the

presence all the maidens who ministered to the princesses, and closed the doors upon them with the well-fitting fastenings: and he and his daughters only were left. Then he opened his mouth and said unto them: "My daughters, let us give thanks unto Hermes, the giver of all good gifts, for he hath delivered our enemies into our hands. Be mindful of your oath which ye swear to me, and of the daggers golden hilted, poison tipped which I gave unto you; for to-night ye shall sheathe them in the hearts of our enemies. And, now, listen to me. This day shall be your bridal-day, and ye shall wed the sons of Ægyptos. To Lynceus I have promised Hypermnestra, and the rest shall abide by the issue of the lots. Put ye on, therefore, your snow-white robes, having first bathed in water from the Lernean spring, and with chaplets deck your golden hair. And when the marriage-rites are over, and the feast is done, and the guests are well-drunken, the bridegrooms will totter heavy with wine (for that shall be a care to me) each to the bower where lies his bride. Then eat with them the quince, the emblem of fecundity, and wait until the nuptial-song without the door hath ceased. And when the song hath ceased and the footsteps of the departing singers are heard no more, and the drunken bridegrooms' sleep is heavy, then the hour of vengeance will have come: then rise, my daughters, and take your daggers golden-hilted, poison-tipped, and with a prayer for strength to Zeus the Avenger, avenge the wrongs of Danaos and his daughters. And be not deluded or weakened in purpose by wine-born love and vinous blandishments and honeyed words: for the sons of Ægyptos were deceitful ever; they love not you, but your inheritance. Is it not enough that they drove us from Libya and from Rhodos, but must they take Argos also from us? I know the naughtiness of their hearts, for they would marry my daughters, and make them bond-slaves, exalting concubines over their heads. Swear to me, therefore, my daughters, that this shall not be: renew the oath ye swear to Rhodos." And voices—fifty save one, replied: "We swear by the gods who live for ever." And King Danaos marked not how that the voices were fifty save one: and he strode exultant from the women's chamber.

As they were commanded, so did they, and the marriage-ceremonies were completed. Water was brought from the Lernean spring that both brides and bridegrooms might wash therein. And King Danaos offered a solemn sacrifice to Hera and Artemis and the Sisters Three. And to the Sisters the brides made an offering from their golden hair. Ivy and laurel adorned the palace, and, as the nuptial pomp went gaily through the streets, young men danced reels to the sound of lute and harp. A thousand torches sputtered and blazed, and matrons stood at their doors to gaze.

Then came the feast, the song, and deep carouse.

But first the brides went each to her bower ere Danaos called for larger cups.

And when the larger cups were brought, Aphrodite, in the form of a cup-bearer, whispered to Lynceus winged words: "Shun thou the wine-cup, for Hypermnestra is weeping as she waits for thee in her lonely bower. Beguile the King, that he note not when thou refrainest, else evil will reach thee even in Hypermnestra's arms."

And Lynceus was troubled, but he obeyed her voice, and beguiled the King; so that Danaos laughed in his secret heart when he saw all his sons-in-law, heavy with wine, go tottering towards the bridal bowers.

And when the nuptial song had been sung, the singers and the dancers went away to their rest, and throughout the palace all was silent—save a fearful cry.

A cry that shivered through the corridor, and passed along from bower to bower as a halloo leaps from crag to crag when hunters chase the mountain-goat. And it reached the ears of two listeners; one clasped his hands with joy, and said, "Great Zeus, I thank thee, for Danaos is avenged;" but one, pale-faced, dishevelled, white-lipped, and starting-eyed, awaked the slumbering form upon her couch, saying, "Lynceus, arise, and get thee gone! Fly from my arms, my newly-married spouse, for fear thou sink in everlasting sleep. Lo! danger comes whence thou dreamest not of it; fly from my cruel sire; fly from my wicked sisters. Woe is me, that I must tell a tale of husbands slain on the bridal night; slain by those whose father is mine own." And Lynceus awoke, and the words of Hypermnestra still rang in his ears as he whispered, "Sweet love, why weepest thou? And wherefore this ado?" And she answered him, wailing: "Tarry not, but get thee gone, whilst night and Aphrodite favour thee; for my father took an oath of my sisters, and would have taken an oath of me, that we should this night slay thy brethren and thyself. But thee I could not kill, save with excess of love: howbeit, a sound hath told me that my sisters have performed their oath. Now, therefore, tarry not; but take this twisted cord, and get thee gone down by the lattice." And Lynceus answered: "Nay, for in the morning thy father will come, and when he findeth me not, he will slay thee." And she said, "Not so; he dares not slay the daughter of Hyperoche; and of bonds or banishment I reck not at all. 'Tis exile enow to be parted from thee. And now go, as thou lovest me. Peradventure the gods will be gracious unto us and devise a means to unite us again. But and if we part for ever, forget me not when I am dead, but on my tombstone inscribe thy plaint."

And Lynceus arose and donned his garments and unsheathed his sword and knelt upon the ground, and swore by Styx and the infernal gods that he would linger not by night or day till he had avenged his brethren and released his bride. Then he kissed her as she wept upon his neck; and afterwards he went down by the cord from the lattice, and Aphrodite covered him with a mist, so that he was invisible to mortal eyes.

And when half a revolving year had passed, as King Danaos was

feasting upon a day in his hall with the nobles of Argos, a messenger was brought before him : and the man was dusty and blood bespattered and faint, so that he could not speak ; and the King commanded and the heralds poured out for the man a goblet of wine, and the King said, " Drink, messenger, a cheering draught, then tell thine errand of weal or woe."

And he, when he was strengthened by the wine, spake and said : " O King, as I stood on my watch I was ware of an armed man, and I shouted unto him in the Argive tongue : and answer made he none, only he drew his bow and shot forth an arrow, so that I was sore wounded. Then I turned and fled ; and, as I fled, I looked behind me, and lo ! the air was filled with a cloud of dust, as the dust that is raised by a host in motion. Now, therefore, O King, look to thyself ; for, as the gods live, thine enemies are upon thee."

And Danaos rose up and the nobles of Argos with him ; and they girded on their arms, and they blew the trumpets to sound the alarm, and they put themselves in battle array. But that same night Danaos, King of the Argives, and all his daughters, save one, were slain. And Lynceus and Hypermnestra reigned in Argos.

A Pilgrimage to Duste.

ESTREMADURA has a bad name among the provinces of Spain for dulness, dreariness, and poverty, in all things affecting the pleasure and comfort of the traveller. The towns are few and far between, poor and unattractive, the country monotonous and desolate, the people uninteresting, and the climate more African than is consistent with enjoyment. Objects of interest there are no doubt. There is Merida, rich in Roman remains above all the towns of Spain; there is Badajoz; there is Albuera, "glorious field of grief;" and there are the marvellous hams of Montanches. But, except to an individual happy in the possession of three very different forms of enthusiasm—equally keen as an antiquarian, a British patriot, and a gourmand—there is scarcely sufficient inducement for undertaking a journey into a region so remote and primitive. One corner, however, of Estremadura, though it shares the neglect with which the rest of the province is treated, deserves a better fate. If mountain and valley, wood and water, have any charms, there are not many tracts in Spain more charming than the strip of country between the Tagus and the lofty sierras that separate Estremadura from Old Castile and Leon; nor are there many towns in the Peninsula more venerable, picturesque, and thoroughly Spanish, than the fair old city of Plasencia, the capital of the district. Plasencia is one of those decayed old Spanish towns which at every turn somehow remind one of the reduced hidalgos we meet with in *Gil Blas*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and romances of that school: towns without any visible means of support, to all appearance living upon nothing, and incapable of justifying their existence on any economic principle, being neither producers nor consumers of anything, stooping to no trade and countenancing no manufacture, save only that of cigarettes, which branch of industry flourishes extensively and incessantly; towns by no means lively, but still preserving a kind of stately cheerfulness springing from a pride that rises superior to fortune, and evidently deriving much comfort from the possession of tall old houses with crumbling carved doorways and time-worn scutcheons. Such a town is Plasencia internally, and, for the rest, a web of narrow shady streets, with a bright, hot plaza in the middle, and a plentiful supply of cool, dim churches, each big enough to contain the entire population. Externally, it may compare, for picturesqueness of site, with Ronda, Toledo, or Cuenca, being one of those ancient fenced cities set on a hill that have never yielded to a weakness for suburbs or any form of extramural development, but keep themselves as jealously within their old walls and gates and towers as if the Moor were still in the land. Above the town, to the north and east, rise the rugged mass of the Sierra de Bejar, and the

granite peaks of the Sierra de Gredos, almost the rivals in height of the Pyrenees. At the break between the two ranges is the Puerto de Tornavacas, through which the rough bridle-path from Old Castile descends, following the course of the valley of the Jerte, one of the wildest and grandest in the whole Castilian chain. In the throat of this valley, on a rocky promontory almost encircled by the stream which sweeps round its base, and girdled by olive-clad hills, stands Plasencia, making good her claim to the name she bears—at least in the eye of the artist and lover of the picturesque.

But, fair as is the prospect of Plasencia and its surroundings, there is a fairer still, and one more inviting to the sentimental traveller, beyond the hills which bound the valley to the east. There lies the famous Vera de Plasencia, the true site of the Elysian Fields of the ancients, if certain Spanish topographers are to be trusted; but, at any rate, the elysium chosen by the Emperor Charles V. when

With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He sought the refuge of monastic rest.

The Vera is generally described as a valley; but more properly it is only one side or slope of a valley, as, indeed, the name implies, vera being nothing more than a contraction of *rivera* or *ribera*, the Spanish equivalent for the Italian *riviera*. It is, in fact, that portion of the southern slope of the Sierra de Gredos which descends to the river Tietar, one of the chief tributaries of the Tagus. Lying high above the torrid plains of Estremadura, sheltered on the north from the biting winds of Castile by mountains more than 10,000 feet in height, abounding in glens watered by snow-fed streams, enjoying at once mountain breezes and a southern aspect, it is no great wonder that the Vera of Plasencia should be a gem of verdure and fertility. Add to this, a seclusion from the rest of the world almost as perfect as that of an island in the Pacific, and it is easy to understand the attractions of the spot in the eyes of the Jeromite monks, who, early in the fifteenth century, built themselves cells and planted orchards on the bank of the Yuste, and thus laid the foundation of the monastery which was to make that little mountain stream a name in history.* It matters little whether it was from mere report of its charms that Charles was led to fix upon Yuste for his retreat, or whether, as one story has it, he was enamoured of its beauties when, hunting in the sierra above, he came suddenly on the view of the broad rich vale, and the peaceful convent buildings nestling in the chestnut woods at his feet. However he was led to make choice of it, few places can show so good a *prima facie* claim to being worthy of a pilgrimage as the spot which he chose who had two hemispheres to choose from, all the loveliest lands of Europe, and a newly-found paradise beyond the seas. The good city of Plasencia, however, does not appear to be generally of that opinion.

* It is scarcely necessary to observe that the common mode of writing the name "St. Juste," is altogether incorrect.

Lying, as it does, far removed from the beaten tracks, and rarely visited by strangers, it has not been awakened in the usual way to the pretensions of Yuste as a local lion and an object of interest, and to it Yuste is nothing more than a ruined convent in a very out-of-the-way nook among the neighbouring mountains. And it is better, far better, that it should be so. Few places are improved by the presence of the tourist and the things he brings in his train; and the last home of the Spanish Cæsar, "El Cesar," as the historians of the country love to call him, is certainly not one of them. If ever there was a spot where the garrulous laquais de place, with his dull routine, or the gabbling guide, with his set formula of lies, would be an impertinence and an irritation, that spot is Yuste. That sort of accompaniment may be endured along the corridors of a pompous palace, or by the damp side of a noisy waterfall, but it would be intolerable in the lonely mountain nest of the worn-out imperial eagle. Spanish guides, it is true, in the few places where there are established lions and guides, are the most inoffensive specimens of their order. That they know nothing is a matter of course; but they have the rare virtue of making no pretence of knowing anything. They not only abstain from volunteering information, but they are candid enough to confess entire ignorance on the very subjects a knowledge of which is the consideration for their hire. A traveller in Spain, for instance, will find, as a general rule, that he knows considerably more about the road he ought to travel than the guide whom he has paid to show it to him; and that, in respect of any advantage to be derived from the contract, he is much in the position of Mr. Flanagan of Mullingar, when that gentleman was working his passage home by the canal-boat. For the sake of those who are not acquainted with the legend, it may be necessary to explain that Mr. Flanagan, being for some reason under the necessity of observing strict economy in his travelling expenses, arranged with the friendly captain of a canal-boat to work his passage, and the work assigned to him was to lead the horse on the towing-path. It is said that, to the day of his death, he was unable to see wherein the agreement had been an advantageous one to him, and the employer of a guide in Spain will frequently find himself revolving a similar problem.

The guide retained at Plasencia for the purpose of showing me the way to Yuste was in many respects admirably suited for such a pilgrimage. The observant reader of travellers' tales must have remarked that it is the privilege of that class to pick up and employ most exceptional specimens of the human race. To judge by those records, the persons who take service under the traveller are always remarkable men, more than common droll, odd, honest, ugly, jovial, or rascally, as the case may be; in fact, possessed of some quality or qualities in a degree that distinguish them from the rest of their species. The philosopher will, perhaps, attempt to account for the fact by pointing out that the traveller has frequently nothing on earth to do but to meditate upon the peculiarities of his attendant, whatever he may be, muleteer, driver, porter, guide or dragoman, and that,

consequently, these become in time exaggerated out of all proportion, until at length he firmly believes that the wart is a wen, the slight moral obliquity confirmed depravity, and what is mere simple good-humour a concentration of all the virtues. The theory may be a sound one; but, whether it is or not, I desire to maintain the privileges of my order, and, as a traveller, claim the prescriptive right to something out of the common in the way of a guide. He was a tall, lean, elderly man, moving on legs so thin that it seemed like tempting fate to venture abroad upon them in so breezy a country as that of Plasencia. But probably the wind ignored him, as it does the telegraph posts, and in truth he offered very little more surface for it to act upon. His nose and his neck were of unusual length and thinness; the former red at the tip, and the latter bent like that of an aquatic bird. Indeed, it was impossible to look at him without tracing an affinity to the wading order of fowl. A rough portrait I possess of him on a leaf of my pocket-book, is, I observe, labelled "The Stork," and he certainly did resemble one in gait, build, and expression of countenance. He was, I found, by no means inferior as a trencherman, as indeed might have been expected from his length and lankiness; but his doings in flesh-meats were completely thrown into the shade by his performances as an eater of melons. To say that, during the three days we travelled together, he devoured more than his own bulk and weight in melons would give no idea of his powers in this line, for his bulk and weight were not remarkable, while the quantity he consumed certainly was. This fruit, common everywhere in Spain, is particularly abundant round Plasencia, and at every opportunity that occurred en route he called upon me for a few cuartos, and laid in a stock, with which he refreshed himself as we walked so incessantly, that he left an unbroken trail of discarded rind. Either my ready compliance with these frequent calls, or my having agreed without a word to pay him the wages he asked—a dollar, I think—made the worthy fellow attach himself strongly to my service, and he showed his desire to fulfil his part of the contract conscientiously in many ways. At our posada suppers, which of course we took, posada fashion, out of the same dish, if his fork in its wanderings through the stew struck any specially fat or juicy morsel, I had great difficulty in inducing him to retain the prize. His views as to the right of property in such finds were quite feudal; and when we had returned to Plasencia, and I had paid him off, he seemed to feel himself still bound to do suit and service, or else to work out some unsatisfied balance of duty, for, during the remainder of my stay, he hung about the door of the posada, and followed me perseveringly in all my rambles through the town. This kind of dog-like loyalty, even where the relation of master and servant is of the most temporary sort, is, however, very common in Spain, at least in the more unsophisticated parts. The Spanish peasant is full of old-fashioned and



frequently unbusinesslike notions, and in a case of this sort does not at all look upon his engagement as a mere commercial transaction, in which he undertakes, for a fixed sum, to supply a certain amount of labour. He conceives himself to be bound to his employer by ties of a much more personal nature. Occasionally his reading of the terms of his bond will show itself in ways not altogether pleasant, as in the instance mentioned above; but it is impossible to quarrel with the intention. With a little patience and forbearance, there is no man easier to get on with. Though he frequently is about as ignorant as man can be, he is never boorish or clownish, and there is a mixture of simplicity and natural manliness in his character that keeps him from servility on the one hand, and that kind of coarse assertion of equality that is sometimes mistaken for independence of spirit, on the other. As for ignorance, that is hardly a serious drawback. Those who have ever been plagued with a too-well-informed guide will perhaps go even farther, and say with Launce, "O villain, that set down among his vices! out with't, and place it for his chief virtue." In this respect, my friend the Stork was well qualified for the part of companion in a meditative excursion like that for which he was engaged. He had no more ideas about Charles V. than he had about Confucius, and, indeed, I don't know that he had any ideas about any subject whatever. Besides which, long indulgence in melons had evidently destroyed his digestion, and given him a dejected demeanour and a melancholy cast of countenance, quite in harmony with a sentimental journey. As he stalked sadly among the ruins and neglected gardens of Yuste, he might have been taken for the spirit of Dyspepsia, haunting the spot where the mightiest monarch of his day died a victim to that disorder.

Yuste lies seven leagues, or something more than twenty-five miles, nearly due east of Plasencia. Crossing the stream of the Jerte, and the bright strip of pimiento garden and vineyard stretched along its bank, the road winds upwards among the olives on the opposite side of the valley, and, passing over the dividing ridge, dips into and soon loses itself in a region thoroughly Estremaduran in aspect. For a while there is some sparse cultivation. As we passed, the ploughers were here and there at work, scratching the parched soil with the primitive plough of the country, and sending great dun-coloured clouds of dust rolling down over the valley of the Tagus, like the smoke of a battle-field. But soon all signs of man and his doings are left behind, and the country becomes an untamed wilderness, and the way a mere path, "a partridge road," as the expressive Spanish phrase terms it, winding for miles through scrub and brushwood, with here and there patches of larger timber and open grassy glades. To the British traveller it is classic ground, that rough woody hillside sloping down to the broad yellow plain, bounded by the distant Guadalupe mountains. Away to the left lies the field of Talavera; close by, on the right, is Malpartida de Plasencia, where Crauford's brigade was in bivouac on the 28th of July, 1809, after a march of twenty miles, when the Spanish fugitives came in with the news that the army

was defeated, and Sir Arthur Wellesley killed; and it was along here was made that most marvellous of marches, in which sixty-two miles were travelled in twenty-six hours, by men weighted with some sixty pounds each, and this in the dog days, under an Estremaduran sun beating down with a fierceness all but tropical. This, in itself, was a feat worthy of the army that—as was said by him who trained it, led it, and gloried in it—“could go anywhere, and do anything;” but there was something more in it. These men were marching, as they believed, not to share in a victory, but to bear their part in a defeat. It is no disparagement of the heroes of Talavera, Badajoz, or Salamanca, to say that here was a heroism as genuine as was ever shown in the breach or on the battlefield.

The Vera proper is not reached until, skirting the village of Arroyo Molinos, Mill-brook, as we should say, and passing through the little town of Pasaron—a charming jumble of quaint old houses, half wood, half brick, just like those villages one lights upon in nooks of the Moselle country—the path crosses a projecting spur of the sierra, and begins to descend through a forest of oak and chestnut. At length, between the stems, the beautiful Vera breaks suddenly on the view. Far away to the south is the blue line of the sierras of Toledo and Guadalupe, bounding on that side the broad valley, or rather plain, of the Tagus, a vast tawny expanse, streaked with dark lines like a tiger's hide. Opposite rise the Picos de Gredos, a lofty cluster of grey spires, with, beyond them, the main chain stretching away to the east, while the rugged sierra Lanes projects itself in a south-westerly direction towards Plasencia. It was across this latter, having first passed the Puerto de Tornavacas, at the head of the Plasencia valley, that Charles descended on Yuste in his last journey. On the summit is the rough pass, then called the Puerto Nuevo, now the Puerto del Emperador, on which he looked back, saying, “No other pass now but that of death”—“Ya no pasaré otro puerto sino el de la muerte.” Below, in the obtuse angle formed by these two mountain ranges, lies the Vera—a wavy tract of glens and ridges, hills and dales, in some parts thickly wooded with oak, in others a chaos of rocks and brushwood, and here and there spreading out into park-like opens, full of thymy knolls, and slopes deep in fern and dotted with noble patriarchal chestnuts. It was long before I could discover Yuste, but at last, with the aid of the telescope, I made out, half buried among the woods on one of the opposite slopes, a tall grey building, with a lowly, red-roofed, white-walled house beside it—the chapel of the convent, and the palace of the Emperor. In Ford's time, the hospitable monks, not yet turned adrift, welcomed the rare stranger within their walls; but now Yuste is inhabited only by the care-taker of the proprietor, the Marques de Mirabel, and the pilgrim must put up at the posada of the little village of Cuacos, about a mile below the convent. This village of Cuacos, however, has its place in the programme of a pilgrimage to Yuste; for it occupies a prominent position in the annals of the Emperor's retire-

ment. Here lived the chief officers of the little court he retained about him—all, in fact, except those in immediate and constant attendance on his person; and here were lodged those visitors whom affection or affairs drew to the retreat of the royal recluse. Even royalty, in the persons of the Emperor's sisters, Eleanor and Mary, the Queens of France and Hungary, accepted the shelter of Cuacos. An evil name has clung to the people of the village. Ponz in his *Viage de España* credits them with a savage disposition and ferocity, a character which is probably traceable to the records of certain knavish and boorish acts on the part of some of the inhabitants during Charles's residence at Yuste; such as poaching the trout in his ponds, and impounding his cows when they strayed. A heavy item in the indictment is that they threw stones at the young Don John of Austria—then known only as Geronimo, a page in the household of Luis Quixada the chamberlain—because he climbed their trees after the cherries; as if pelting an orchard-robbing urchin were any proof of barbarity. I can only speak of the Cuacos folk as I found them, and certainly I perceived nothing savage or ferocious in their appearance or manners, and encountered nothing but the civility and friendliness which the stranger, as far as my experience goes, always meets with in the villages of Spain. A rough bridle-road, about a mile in length, ascends from the village up to the gate of Yuste, running for the latter part of the way close under the crumbling wall of the convent grounds. Few roads in the world have seen finer company pass along than this wild woodland path. Queens, princes, nobles and churchmen of every degree, ambassadors, and statesmen, have picked their steps over these rough stones; for the retirement of Charles V. was not that complete monastic seclusion from the world and its affairs and cares that Robertson and earlier historians fancied. He had come down from the saddle, but he had by no means relinquished his hold of the reins. Many hundreds of times did Quixada travel this road in his journeys to and fro; and as we view the procession now, now that time has dimmed the gilding and toned down the colours, among all the nobles there is not a nobler figure than his. Quixada, his life, his character, his services, and his connection with Charles and his family, form one of those pleasant by-ways of which we occasionally get glimpses here and there in following the course of history. Pleasant green lanes, so to speak, running by the side of the great dusty highway on which the armies march, and the kings and ministers travel in their gilt coaches; where the collector of the true *pulverem historicum* has no business; and the historian who has to press onward with the throng, cannot afford to linger; but where there is a natural freshness irresistibly tempting the loungee and the idler to turn aside and loiter, letting the crowd pass on. Such an one is the life of Colonel Don Luis Quixada, mayordomo to Charles V., as seen in the few glimpses we get of it, most of them afforded by his own letters, discovered among that great treasure-trove which formed the foundation of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's delightful volume, the *Cloister Life*, and of the *Charles*

Quint, of M. Mignet. In the noble picture gallery of Madrid there are two portraits of Charles by Titian. One, the finest equestrian picture in the world, as Ford calls it, is the eager soldier in full armour, as he appeared on his war-horse at the head of his troops. The other is the hipped and careworn Emperor, weary of life. He stands with his left hand resting on the neck of a noble dog, who looks up in his face with a wistful expression: you can almost hear the affectionate, half-sympathetic whimper of the grand old hound. No one who has read the story of Charles's retirement can look at that picture without thinking of the faithful, single-minded, unselfish old soldier, whose eyes to the very last seem to be fixed upon the face of his master. When Charles landed at Laredo after his formal abdication in Brussels, all was at sixes and sevens until Quixada was summoned from his patrimonial house at Villagarcía, and from that moment to the end, except for one brief interval, he was always at the Emperor's side, supporting and watching. All through the long weary journey across the plains of Castile, he was there, and as they descended the rocks of the Puerto Nuevo, in their last stage, he marched pike in hand, beside his master's chair, rejoicing to see how the invalid bore up against the fatigues of the rough road. Throughout the life at Yuste it was the same. He was always on guard; now snuffing suspiciously at the hampers of pickled salmon and eels that came across the mountains—hampers of gout and indigestion in his eyes; now growling at the monks as they clustered round the royal devotee; now fairly showing his teeth and driving them back, when they wanted, as he says, "to bury him alive" in his last illness, by prematurely administering the extreme unction; and in the last scene of all, standing by the bed of him whom he called, and in his honest heart believed to be, "the greatest man—*el hombre mas principal*—the world had ever seen, or was to see," looking down on the face of the dead, unable to persuade himself, as he confesses in his letter, that death had indeed come between them. Even later, when the body lay in state in the chapel, he still kept his post, and when they brought in a chair for an infirm official, he drove them back, declaring that he would allow no one to sit in the presence of the Emperor. It is easy to see that it was not so Quixada would have had his old master and leader die, if die he must. He would have rather seen him get together his merry men once more and sail for another attempt on Algiers; or, pushing further eastward, engage the Turk, and make an end, like a good soldier and Christian, fighting the unbelievers. Better that, than die smothered in a cloister among a pack of droning monks. Quixada had another responsibility besides that of watching over the health and comfort of the Emperor. He was nominally the master, but in reality the guardian, of the boy afterwards known as Don John of Austria, the *enfant gaté* of the Yuste household, and the one ray of human sunshine in that somewhat sombre little court. Philip II. excepted, he was the sole depository of the secret of the boy's birth; and it is characteristic of his loyalty that he allowed his wife to entertain a suspicion about the parentage of the youth

which would have disturbed the harmony of most families, but which appears to have strengthened rather than weakened the affection of the good Doña Magdalena. A suspicion, too, which was dispelled in a manner equally characteristic, when, on the occasion of a fire breaking out in their house at Cuacos, Quixada rescued his charge first, before he saw to the safety of his wife. Then she was persuaded that it must be the son of their Sovereign they had under their roof. It is a pleasant little group to contemplate, the noble old hidalgo and his lady and their adopted son, for such he always considered himself; and in after years, when he had become the famous general and the idol of the Spanish army, he still preserved the warm affection of his boyhood for that good kind lady whom, as he said himself, he regarded as his own mother. If the church was really the destination Charles had marked out for the son of his old age, he could scarcely have chosen a worse tutor than Quixada to prepare him for such a life; and for such a career as was actually that of Don John, there could hardly have been better training than that he was likely to receive in the household of the chivalrous old soldier and high-minded, high-bred Castilian gentleman. It was probably about the battle-fields of the Low Countries, the assault on the Goleta, and the siege of Metz, rather than about theology, that the master and pupil talked, and possibly they were together when the news came in of the Turkish doings in Minorea; when the pupil, boylike, made his vow—afterwards redeemed at Lepanto—that when he was a man he would go fight the Turks. It must have been a pretty picture, that which these old trees along the Yuste wall have seen many and many a time—the tough old soldier marching with military stiffness up the shady path, with a grave smile breaking out from under his grizzled moustache at the frolics of the bright-haired, blue-eyed, sunburnt boy that frisked along by his side, skimming pebbles after the blackbirds as they shot out of the bushes, or larking with the pretty little peasant-girls of Cuacos as they tripped by in their red and green sayas, with their baskets of eggs for the convent. And it makes one think of another scene a few years later, in which the same two figures appear under another wall, at Seron in Andalusia, when the gallant old soldier and faithful servant lay dying on his last foughten field, in his harness, and in his duty, and his old pupil stood over him, as the historian tells us, “in sorrow as deep as the love he bore him.” *

At a corner not far from the convent gate there is a tablet let into the wall, which the author of *The Cloister Life* seems inclined to attribute to Quixada's affection for the memory of his master, but which is much more suggestive of monkish zeal for the credit of the house and the saintly character of its guest. It bears the imperial arms, and below them the inscription—

“En esta santa casa de S. Hieronimo de Yuste se retiró a acabar su vida, el que toda la gastó en la defensa de la fé y conservacion de la justicia,

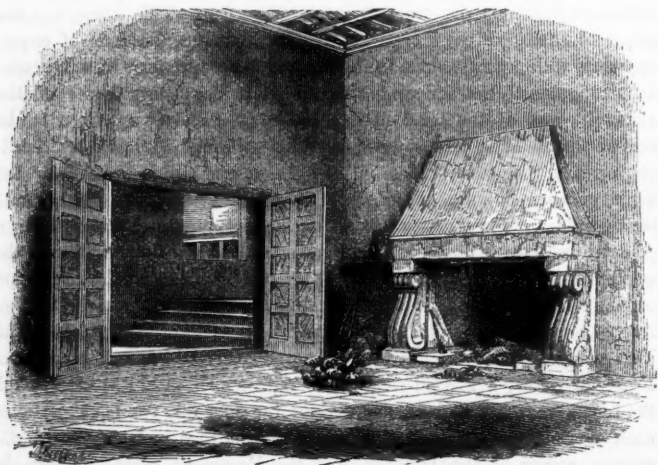
* “Con grande sentimiento conforme al mucho amor que le tenia,”—HURTADO DE MENDOZA: *Guerra de Granada*.

Carlos V. Emperador, Rey de las Españas, christianisimo, invictisimo. Murio a 21 de Setiembre de 1558."

"Into this holy house of St. Jerome, of Yuste, retired to end his life, he who spent it all in the defence of the faith and the preservation of justice, Charles V. Emperor, King of the Spains, most christian, most unconquered. He died on the 21st of September, 1558."

A little further on the path reaches a piece of level sward, shaded by large trees, conspicuous among which stands the nogal grande, the great walnut tree under which was one of the favourite seats of the Emperor, and opposite, to the right, is the west front of the chapel, a plain substantial gothic structure in a tolerably good state of preservation externally. On the left hand side of the chapel are some dilapidated convent buildings and some of modern date, and on the other, the south side, is the gate which gives admission to the palacio of Yuste, as the people of the neighbourhood call it. As I approached I was encountered by none of those dragons or harpies who guard the entrances of show-places in other parts of Europe. There was no one to propose to show me all the available sights in the shortest possible space of time, or to claim the sole power of obtaining the keys of select and exclusive shrines—nothing to be done but to push the gate open and walk in. Inside, I found a small courtyard, in the middle of which stood a noble orange tree, almost a forest tree in size, and all of a glow with golden fruit, which a couple of urchins were endeavouring to bring down with stones. To the right lay the now neglected garden, that was the resource and solace of the Emperor when too feeble for rambles or rides among the woods of Yuste; and in front a modest two-storied house, built against the south wall of the chapel, and jutting out from it into the garden. This, then, was the palace of Yuste. From the pavement of the courtyard a kind of causeway rises with a gentle slope to the level of the upper floor of the house, an arrangement less fatiguing than steps to the gouty limbs of the monarch; and at the head of this causeway a gallery runs across the side of the building, deeply sunk into the wall, and sheltered overhead, but open to the west. Here stands the mounting-block used by the Emperor when he rode abroad; and here was his favourite lounge and basking-place. Here he used to sit on fine evenings, and watch the sun go down behind the distant sierra, pouring a flood of golden light over the wooded slopes below; and here it was that he was sitting, as the inscription on the wall behind sets forth with minute particularity, "on the 31st of August, at four in the afternoon," looking his last out over the beautiful Vera, when the fever from which he never rose again struck him down. From the gallery a flagged passage, at right angles with it, runs through the house from side to side, and divides the floor into two equal portions, each containing two rooms. That at the farther end, in the south-eastern corner of the building, was the Emperor's cabinet, where he received his visitors, gave audience, and transacted that portion of the business of the country which he still retained in his own hands.

For, as has now been abundantly shown, Charles's abdication was an abdication of the pomp rather than of the power of royalty; and to the last he considered himself a sort of final court of appeal in the higher matters of state. The chamber in which the mighty ones of the earth once settled the destinies of nations had become, when I saw it, the dwelling-room of the bailiff's family, and, as I looked in, their mid-day puchero was simmering pleasantly on the hearth. On the opposite side of the passage, abutting on the wall of the chapel, is the Emperor's bedroom, the room in which he died. As I saw it, it was unfurnished and empty, except for a pile of melons and a heap or two of apples on the floor. Like the other rooms of the "palacio," it is of moderate size and tolerably lofty, and, with its ample fireplace, deep-cut window and substantial walls, not without a certain air of coziness and comfort, not altogether consistent with the ideas suggested by the phrase "cloister life." But here again, as Sir W. Stirling Maxwell has pointed out, the earlier historians have been in error. Charles's life at Yuste was not one of monastic seclusion, and still less was it one of ascetic severity. He had comforts, and even luxuries, around him in abundance, and the almost squalid austerity attributed to his retirement is as little in accordance with facts as Robertson's description of the buildings with their actual appearance and arrangement. But the most striking feature about the room is the door or window, for it served both purposes, which opens on the adjoining chapel. It is near the north-western corner of the room, and leads to an opening or passage with half-a-dozen steps, pierced through the thick wall, slantwise and upwards, in such a manner that the high altar in the chapel beyond was in full view from the opposite corner of the chamber.



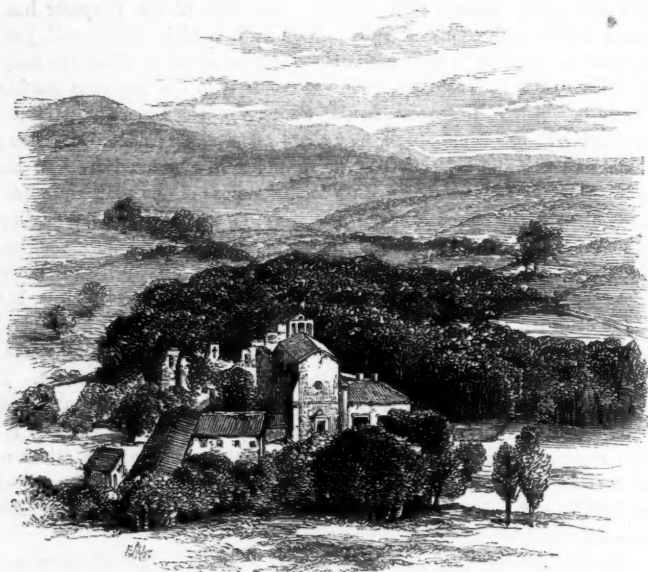
In this corner, the spot from which the accompanying sketch is taken, stood the bed of the Emperor. The altar-piece was the great "Gloria"

of Titian, now in the Museo at Madrid, painted for Charles by Titian, and representing the greatest of the monarchs of the earth kneeling as a suppliant at the foot of the throne of Heaven; and this was before the eyes of the dying Emperor when he murmured, "Ya voy, Señor,"—"Now I go, Lord,"—and passed away.

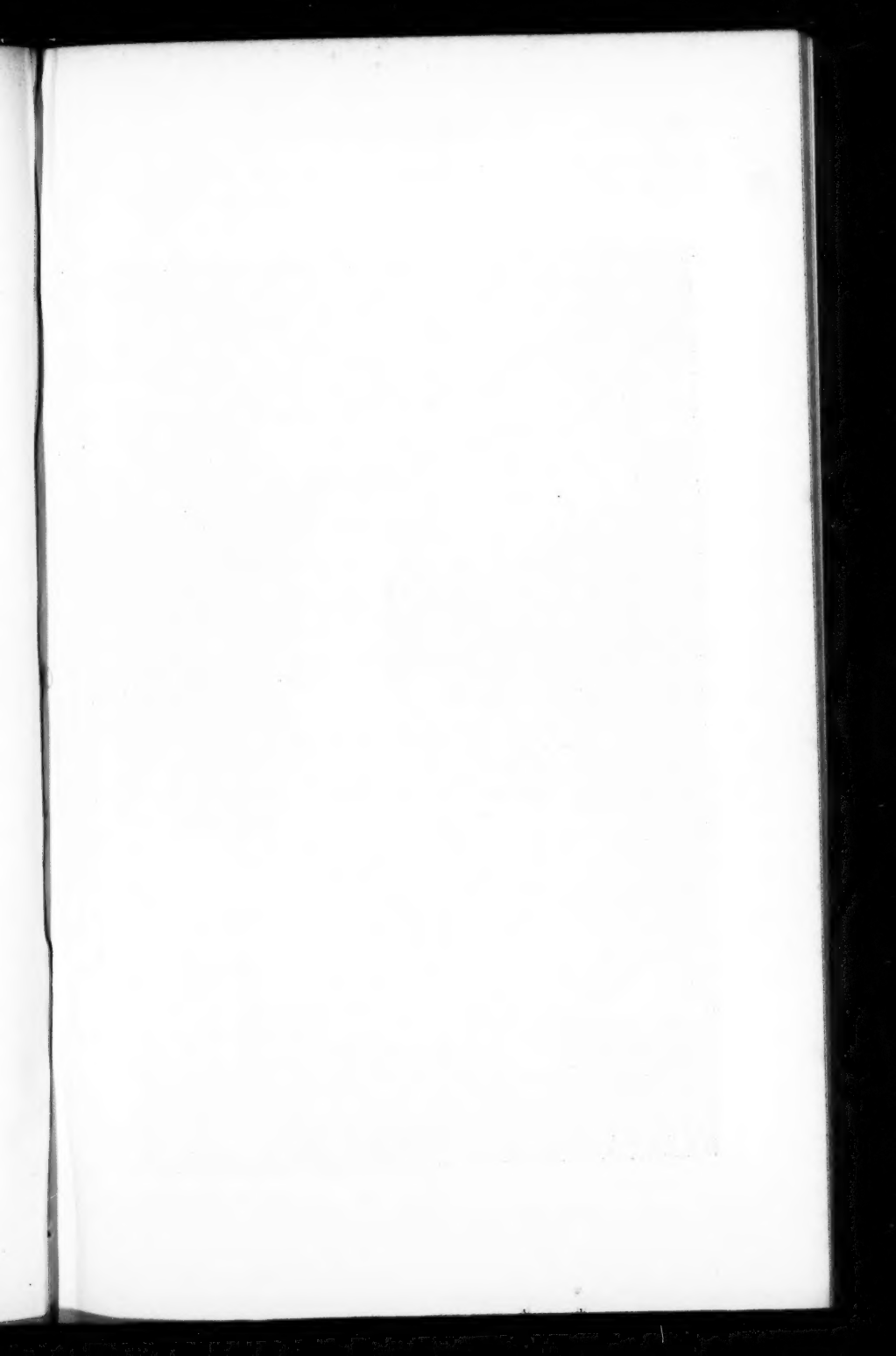
Through the window you can descend on to the platform where the remains of the altar stand. Internally the church is wholly dismantled; everything removable has been removed, and nothing remains but bare walls and a floor strewn with rubbish. One relic of the Emperor has, indeed, survived the general ruin. High up in a niche in the wall, just opposite the window, is the rough oblong wooden chest in which the body lay fifteen years at Yuste, before it was removed to the gorgeous marble lodging in which it now rests, in the Panteon of the Escorial. If these mouldering planks could speak, they could set at rest a disputed question; whether Charles did in truth ever lie shrouded in simulated death in his coffin, while prayers were offered up for the repose of his soul, and afterwards alone in the closed chapel. The story, as the author of the *Cloister Life* shows, rests solely on the account given by Leti in his *Life of Charles*, which was adopted and worked up by Robertson. That some ceremony did take place the day before he was seized by his last illness is clear, but all the evidence goes to prove that it was nothing more than a funeral service, which he attended, without any dramatic assumption of death. The strongest evidence, perhaps, on the subject is of a negative sort. If anything so extraordinary, and so trying to a feeble shattered invalid, had really taken place, Quixada was not the man to remain silent about it; more especially if it was, as Robertson says, the cause of the attack of the next day. No fear of the Church would have stopped the growls of the faithful major-domo, if he had reason to think the days of his master were shortened by any unusual rite.

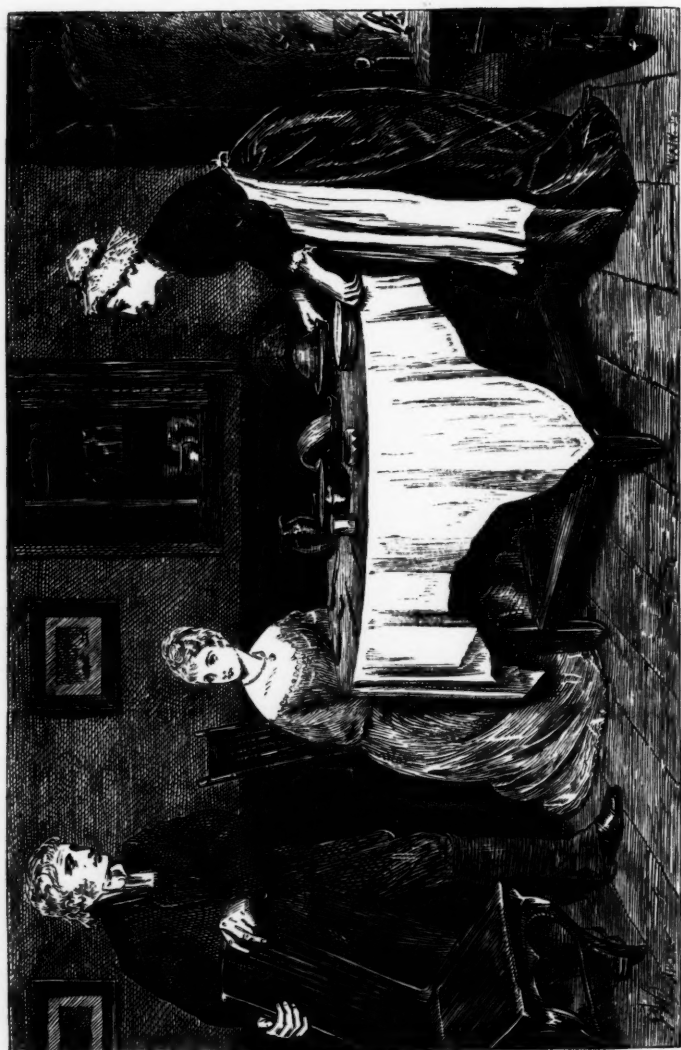
On the opposite, or north side of the chapel, lie the cloisters and ruined walls of the monastery, which seem in many places only held together by the ivy that clings to them. Below, the little cloister garden is a tangled wilderness, and the box edgings which bordered the once trim paths, have shot up and grown into an all but impenetrable jungle. "Aquí no hay mas que ruinas," as the good wife of the palacio said, when we parted at the gate, conveying in those words the utmost depreciation that Spanish phrase or Spanish sentiment is capable of. Still, ruins as they are, there are sermons in the stones, and, more than sermons, some curious sympathetic influence, a certain subtle something, that makes the dry bones in the valley live, and humanizes the postured figures of the Tussaud gallery of History. Something of this sort I felt looking backing upon Yuste from the opposite hill, as the afternoon sun of autumn streamed across the Vera, tinging the tree-tops with gold, and falling bright upon the wall of the gallery, where three centuries ago it lit up the pale face of Charles V., as he gazed upon the same prospect. As I sat I was joined by my comrade, who, too, had his remembrances of Yuste. The

good dame of the convent had pressed upon me some of the produce of the garden, which, as newspaper editors say, I was compelled, from want of space, to decline with thanks. My Gehazi, however, had apparently turned back and taken somewhat of her; for he bore in his arms a melon about the size of a baby, the descendant perhaps of a melon whose growth had been watched by the Emperor; and as we passed into the wood, and the trees behind shut out the view of Yuste, he marched in the rear, munching sadly.



YUSTE FROM THE NORTH-WEST.





"THERE AIN'T A LIGHTER HAND AT A PIDDEN, THOUGH I SAY IT AS SHOULDN'T."

Lettice Lisle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NIGHT-WATCHING AT THE PILOT'S.



N that same November evening, as Lettice and her uncle were driving across the Forest, Mary sat over the smouldering peat fire in the cottage at Edney's Creek, doing nothing, for a wonder. "I can do that as well by the light o' the moon, and save candle," said she to herself, with a sigh, as she thought over the many sorrows and perplexities of her friends; when the door, which was always on the latch, opened suddenly, and a shapeless mass crawled in. She uttered a cry, and Caleb laughed at her, as he raised himself and stood upright.

"I came in under the shadder o' the hill," said he, "in the dusk of the evening, till just the steps, and then I crope, for I thowt bad folk

might be abroad, and I'd best not be seen coming in, with the moon getting up."

"How can ye go for to be so venturesome, lad," whispered Mary, anxiously, "to come like that right into the mouth of the mischief?"

"Well, they're as little like to nose me here as anywhere," replied he, with a smile. "They'll think I should be afraid to come home."

"Ye must be nigh famished, and afrore (*frozen*) too," said she, heaping on fuel, and preparing some food. "And how ever did ye slip off like a bird from the fowlers? They said ye was handcuffed."

"Twere mainly along o' that young Wallcott. He ain't a bad chap, though I don't love him. Where's Lettie?" he went on, his tone changing.

"Gone off to-day, along wi' Tony, as is driving her toward home."

"Gone!" repeated he, with a strong emphasis, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, as he looked out grimly towards the coast-line which led to the Puckspiece.

"Yes. What for should she stop here, wi' nobody to look after her, and her father as can't come back (though he weren't much good, to be sure), and the home all broke up like?"

"I should like just to ha' see'd her again," he answered, moodily. "Who knows how——?"

"What for, lad?" said Mary, turning affectionately round to him, as she stooped over the fire, which she was trying to pet into a blaze. "What good is it searching after spilt milk? She can't have ye if she would, and she wouldn't have ye if she could. What can a man have more?"

Caleb did not answer. He moved restlessly about the room, opened the door, and looked out into the night.

"Sure you'd best not stand there in the open, Caleb," said she, at last. "How can ye tell who's about in the night?"

He came back, and set himself on the low settle in the great chimney-corner, while she hung a cloth over the window.

"You'll forget it after a bit," said she.

There was a much-mended garment of David's hanging up to dry, which he lifted out of his way.

"Look'ee, Mary," said he, "there's some rents you can patch in so neat as you can scarce tell that aught's amiss underside, and there's other some as rags out all round, and you're not a bit forrarder wi' yer work. 'Tis all how the stuff's made, and I ain't one as can take up wi' folk, and set 'um down again so easy."

At that moment David's face peered down from the steep staircase which led from the bed-room; the boy's face looked smaller and whiter, and his eyes bigger and blacker than ever with the excitement of the past days.

"Now, David," whispered Mary, "you be still, and don't you be tittering nor talking. 'Tis as much as his life is worth."

"As if I'd be such a nena," answered he, scornfully. "I ain't a woman to want to go prating, as Caleb says they does. How ever did ye get off, Caleb? Tell me quick." And the boy capered round him like an imp in the firelight.

"There, you go and get on your boots, and help watch outside for me," said Caleb. "I know you'll be safe enow not to let it out I'm here."

"Not till you've telled me about how you giv 'um all the slip," replied the boy, settling himself obstinately on Caleb's knees.

"Well, we'd drifted ever so fur off out, and 'twere no end o' lucky for me as we hadn't got the real thing aboard, only a Custom-house fellow as knowed scarce anything; and when morning came there was the headlands off Lady Cross looking like ghostes in the twilight, sea and sky as thick as pea-soup, but the wind going down a bit with the rain. 'Can't ye put into the Bareham harbour?' says young Wallcott, 'we shan't get back this month, beating up and down against the wind,

this fashion.' 'Hold your tongue!' hollers the other, 'I know my duty, and my orders was to follow the cutter.' 'But if ye can't?' says Wallcott, 'and there ain't neither food nor drink for so many aboard; and we're cold, and wet, and hungry.' 'And cross too,' mutters the Custom-house one. And so at last he gives consent, and 'twere a long time afore we could bring her in anyhow. So then, when we got a bit under shelter, where the sea weren't so rampageous, the officer he stands up wi' the handcuffs in his hand. 'I say, you take the helm now,' says he to one of the men. 'I won't have no skulking off here.' And just then he trod on a coil of rope, and summun (I'm thinking 'twere young Walleott) twitched it up from under his feet, and down he came flat upo' his face."

The boy clapped his hands.

"I owe him a good turn for it, I do; and so then I jumped overboard, and swum for it. I wouldn't be took anyhow again; and a hard matter I had for to get ashore, and were as well nigh drowned as could be, I know that, the sea were so strong. They put off the boat after me; but I were right up the hill and far away in no time, and the sea-fog coming up so as they couldn't see fur."

"And then you hid?" said David, eagerly—who, as he sat astride on Caleb's knees, administered a severe kick whenever the narrator paused for a moment. "What, you knowed the folk down there, did ye? and they took ye in these two days and a night?"

"Well, we come across a pretty deal o' folk up and down wi' the fair-trading, and can do 'um good and harm, too, by times, they knows," answered Caleb, with a tired yawn.

"David, you go off to bed. Folks 'll think summat's wrong if they see thee about. I'll kip watch: nobody 'll wonder if I'm afoot late or early; and we can't never be still wi' thy little tongue clacking. Who knows what mayn't be nigh outside hearkening?"

"But I'm to stop and help take care of Caleb," answered he, half-crying.

"You go off now, and I'll wake ye to take care of me presently," said the sailor, good-naturedly; and with much difficulty the boy was at last got rid of.

"What do ye think for to do now, Caleb?" said Mary, sadly. "Ye can't stop in these parts, poor lad. You'd be safest out at sea. Ye shouldn't ha' come home, though it's summer light to my eyes to see ye back again; but 'tis a sore let and hindrance to yer getting off clear."

"Ye don't know when Jesse 'll be home? I thought maybe he'd be on the watch to help me off. I can't go nigh Edwin: *he* won't do nothing: he's so chicken-hearted, he's afraid o' his own shadder; and the others is at sea. I shall ha' to go farther down coast again, I do believe; but 'twere as if somethin' drew me back home, and I couldn't keep away."

"Ye didden' think ye might find her here?" sighed Mary; but he did not answer.

"Won't ye rest ye a bit then now? You're just fagged and wearied

out," she went on presently, as he finished the warm mess she had got ready.

"I'll not risk going upstairs then—the winder's too small. I'll just lay me down wi' a blanket in the corner, and be off when the moon goes down afore morning light, for there ain't harbour about here for a man to be safe."

But instead of going he sat on over the fire, which had sunk away again, idly drawing figures in the peat-dust, unearthing sparks from amongst the ashes, which grew redder as they met the air, and then went out altogether.

"'Parsons and clerks,' do ye mind we used to call 'um, Mary, and see which on 'um 'ud hold out longest. There's mine dead, anyhow," said he, rather gravely, as one particular brand he was watching sank away. "What did ye see or hear of her afore she went away? and what did she say?" he went on, at last rising.

"She didn't a say much—she ain't a girl, ye know, for much discourse; but it did seem to go right through her, it did, when she said you'd been took helping off that ne'er-do-well, her father, and how ever could she be thankful enow."

"I don't want her to be thankful nor nothing," said he, angrily, kicking over the "andiron"* of the fire, "if that's all she have to give me. I ain't a cow-beaby to ask her alms, or to blare like a silly child if she don't give me what I want. But that she should ha' took up wi' one of them gauger folk goes agin me."

"He isn't a gauger, I don't believe," said Mary, gently, "if that 'll do any good."

"Then he consorts with them as is, and that's pretty nigh as bad. I'd like to hike out the whole boilin' o' 'um," he muttered, violently.

Mary was silent. "'Tis strange, too, how it's a took hold on ye, and ye ha' knowed her so short a time."

"I don't think that odds it," he answered, with a sigh. "There's a blind lad at Seaford what never saw the light: he don't mind; but if so be he'd set eyes on it for ever such a little, I'll warrant he'd pine for it all the days o' his life. And so now I'll be going. Hang that moon," he said, looking out, "she's enow to ruin a man to be so bright to-night o' all the nights of the year. There was clouds rising as I come along, and I hoped we might ha' had cazelty weather this evening at least."

There was a broad sweep of most aggravating moonlight on the sea, inconceivably beautiful, as every little wave caught the beams and was tipped with silver, but there was no one to enjoy it. A small black vessel sailed slowly across, suspiciously near the shore. They watched it together anxiously, but it passed on.

"Good-night, lad," said Mary, tenderly. "'Tis well to breeze up again"

* Her andirons were two winking cupids,
Nicely depending on their brands.—*Cymbeline*.

bad luck ; but 'tis said, 'In quietness shall be yer strength.' Dunnot ye fight too strong wi' fate."

Caleb was silent. "You've been a good sister to me, anyhow, Mary," he said at last, abruptly, shutting the door and going off to his hole.

"He's too masterful wi' life, poor lad," said Mary to herself, as she began to put up a bundle of things for him which she thought might be useful ; "and it falls a deal heavier wi' them as can only break afore the storm, nor wi' them as can bend a bit. God help him, 'tis a poor look-out to have all and everything break up like this under him. I wish Jesse'd come home, as has the helping hand for all, and the word in season : he'd know how to manage get him off and say what would quiet his mind a bit. Who knows, too, when he'll ever set eyes on the lad again as he thinks so much on ? 'Twill be next never's-tide afore ever we have him home again."

She went out again and again in the shadow of the cottage to look up and down and all around. The house was most inconveniently visible on its little knoll, and the short scrub behind was hardly high enough to conceal an escaping man. She listened intently, with all her compassion and all her affection as it were concentrated in her eyes and ears, till the tension grew so great that it seemed to her that she heard footsteps or saw something move in every direction, and she kept on turning from side to side in terror lest she should fail in the look-out on her lonely watch.

But the night wore on without any disturbance.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN OPENING FOR A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

LETTICE and her uncle walked on together in silence, and their thoughts were not so far apart as they fancied. Everhard could not have done a better stroke of business for himself in Amyas's eyes than his last boyish, incautious speech. It was impossible to suspect a young fellow of any sinister designs who evidently let out whatever was uppermost in his mind.

Lettrice's heart was greatly comforted, on the other hand. "I don't care what happens now," thought she to herself, "so long as he haven't been and forgot me." A young girl's love is satisfied with very airy diet. So long as her feelings can find rest in a complete trust, she can wait any indefinite time without even much distress as to the outward presence of what she cares for. Her imagination is so active that she lives a second life with his. It was enough to brighten even the dark and dirty street at Mapleford.

When they returned again to Mrs. Smart's house she had recovered her temper. It is a brittle article, and even the very best will give way, it is well known, under certain provocations ; Jane, her little maid, had

been detected that morning going out with "an artificial" in her bonnet, and there had been a scene in consequence: besides which there had been no time to put up her best curtains, which had been taken down to be made into new ones.

"And 'tis so aggravating," she muttered to herself, "when one's got nice things, and they're out o' the way just when they're wanted. And why Amyas couldn't just give me notice they was coming to stop here? But 'tis just like men. And when one's slaved and slaved, they takes a chop for dinner, or a bit o' pie or so, just as a matter of course, which it's my belief they thinks things grow so, I re'ly do declare."

She now, however, received them with a mitigated countenance, and even went so far in honouring her guests as to usher them into the best parlour,—which was a most doubtful delight.

"You take care as your boots is wiped," said she, anxiously, as they entered, scrubbing her own feet carefully as she spoke, which were already spotlessly clean.

The parlour was a mirror of gentility and a miracle of ugliness; nothing in it was ever used, or ever intended to be used. The fireplace was full of cut-paper, to prevent any weak notion that a fire could be lighted there; the carpet, of a design large enough to fit the town-hall, was druggeted carefully; two patterns and a half of the paper reached across one side of the room, and every colour in the rainbow had been pressed into the service: pink and red, and yellow and blue and green, struggled for the mastery in every direction. The mantelpiece and the sideboard were loaded with frightful ornaments, and everything was so precious that it was covered up and shaded, and oil-clothed and druggeted in the most aggravating way. It was oppressively close: the window had never been opened since the room was made, and the blinds were of course down. There is a curious want of any sense of proportion, or harmony of colour, or beauty of form in the ordinary middle-class house; taste seems a matter entirely of cultivation in England.

"Sit ye down in that cheer on the oil-cloth," said Mrs. Smart.

Lettice felt as depressed when established in this hall of ceremony as if it had been a dentist's room. Amyas muttered something about his horse, and escaped in spite of his hostess's efforts.

"So it's all up wi' the Woodhouse, I hear tell," said she to Lettice, looking after him rather discontentedly. "And what may be the sum as Amyas has been and mortgaged it for, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I don't know, cousin Smart; but uncle Job says it ain't half the value o' the property, and as him as lends on it" (she could not bear to use the word Wallcott in such a connection: it seemed to her a sort of profanation) "would have an out-and-out bargain for his money."

"Is it a' so set and settled as the money couldn't be paid off even now, and the place saved as has been so many years in the family?" said Mrs. Smart, sharply. Her words always came out as if they had an edge to them. Except in the shape of the mouth and chin, her countenance,

however, was even curiously unlike herself; the features were small and delicate: she had been a very pretty woman, and, indeed, was so still, though the bloom had passed out of her face. "But you don't know nothing about it," added she, impatiently.

"What, you weren't thinking as it were possible you could——?" cried Lettice, jumping at the idea of rescue, and preparing to be grateful, though Mrs. Smart's keen steel-blue eye did not give promise of much romantic generosity.

"No, I wasn't a thinkin' o' nothing at all," replied she sharply. "And now, as Amyas's a-gone no one knows where, (as if his horse couldn't eat his vittle wi'out his stuffing of it down his throat,) we may as lief go into the kitchen,—and he been so long away he might stop and have a bit o' chat," she went on discontentedly. "I suppose I must get ye summut for yer suppers now—coming down on one this way, wi' full hearts and empty stomachs, as one may say, which it's a poor look-out. And why Amyas couldn't bide quiet and talk, I can't think I'm sure," she could not help adding, half to herself, as the grievance of his departure once more recurred to her.

The kitchen was so exquisitely clean, so rubbed and scrubbed, and polished and whitened, that it was clear Mrs. Smart's one little maid had no sinecure. It was a good while before Amyas came back; and Lettice had been subjected to such a fire of questions upon all subjects during the interval, that she felt "as if 'twere one of them little birds me and Ned used to roast wi' a string, turning and twistin' on a' sides afore the flame," said she to herself.

"How many cows were there in milk? and what butter did they give? and how much arable land was there at the Woodhouse? What! ye don't know? How many ricks o' corn then was there in the yard this season? What, ye never counted!" And so on for nearly an hour.

"I haven't been there myself since I were a young girl; but I knows a'most as much about it as you, I do believe."

Lettice grew more and more distressed at her own hopeless dulness. Mrs. Smart was a mistress of the art by which you mix in a number of questions on points which your patient is hardly likely to know, and then testify the greatest surprise at his sad ignorance. By this system, properly administered, the victim can be reduced to a state of abject despair at his own pitiable stupidity, and of consequent awe at your powers.

"But I shan't say nothing to nobody, you may be very sure, about the debts. 'Tis an ugly bird that fou's its own nest," she ended.

There was ample space for Mrs. Smart's culinary operations—on which she prided herself—before Amyas again came in; but he was only just in time, both for the temper and the dumping of his hostess.

"There ain't a lighter hand at a pudden, though I say it that shouldn't," said she, as she put one on the table; "but it's a mercy you're in afore 'tis like a bit o' lead," she went on, a little reproachfully.

They sat down together to their meal. Amyas was silent and thoughtful. "I've been inquiring up and down for a place where I could do the work, and find a house for mother and Lettie. 'Tis wonderful how hard it is to find an opening for a middle-aged man," he said, at last, with half a smile at the girl. "I thought I might ha' done summat at the old tanyard; but they don't want hands. Everything's always slack everywhere when a man wants to get him a living," he ended, sadly.

"We all has our troubles," moralized Mrs. Smart. "I'm sure I'm that put about wi' looking after the tenants flitting i' the King William Row, and their slates allays off, and repairs, and rates and taxes, and all along of it, I don't know sometimes where to turn. The late Mr. Smart used to say one wanted a husband wonderful in these days when one had a got a bit of property, if 'twere only just to look after things."

The "late Mr. Smart" would have been much astonished to hear himself thus appealed to: he had not been at all used in his lifetime to be quoted as an oracle with such respect, and had indeed had rather a hard time of it, having married an heiress without much means of his own. "I dunnot know," he'd say, "'how a lone woman's to get on in these days."

"Well, I've allays heard as you managed as nice and kep' all things as straight as anybody could wish to see. I mind you could allays do anything you set your mind to in old days," said Amyas, with a smile, consolingly.

Mrs. Smart indeed did herself the greatest injustice: she was as well able to grasp a piece of business keenly, and carry it through successfully, as any man in England.

"He'd a long illness, hadn't he, poor Smart? I heard he were ailing this ever so long," went on Amyas kindly.

"Ill? He were ill better nor two years; and a very deal o' trouble he were, you may depend on't: wanting this and wanting that, and allays complaining. You're lookin' a deal older, Amyas, since you and me met," said Mrs. Smart, looking across the table with a very cousinly smile, which did not quite say the same as her words, "and yet you and me's pretty much of an age."

"I've had a deal o' trouble, and that ages a man more than years," he answered, with a sigh. He might have said, with truth, how little she herself was changed; but Amyas did not deal in even complimentary truth.

He looked very pleasant as he sat opposite her. The excitement of the day's work had roused him out of his habitual depression, and the mild, serious, thoughtful expression of his handsome features made him by no means an uninteresting cousin; the worn, sad look of his face, with its high bare forehead, had for the moment passed away, and he looked ten years younger than usual.

Lettie gazed at him in surprise: he had always to her been her "old uncle," and now, seeing him through the eyes of a contemporary, who

evidently did not look upon him in the least in that light, "I didn't know as uncle Amyas was like that," she thought to herself.

At length, when the meal was over and disposed of, "I want to speak to you, Amyas, if you be so pleased. Lettice, you go upstairs and help Jane make the beds, or anyways you can. 'Tis about an opening you was speaking of?" the girl heard Mrs. Smart begin as she closed the door after her.

"'Tis a long while since we were together like this, Amyas," said Mrs. Susan gently, clearing her throat, and smoothing her apron as she spoke. "It minds me a deal o' old times, and my father and all."

"Yes, it is a long time indeed," answered the unconscious Amyas, sadly, but not in the least perceiving the line of thought along which his cousin desired him to follow.

"'Twould ha' been a fine thing for me if things had took another turn than they has," went on Mrs. Smart, with a discreet cough; "and perhaps for you too."

Amyas looked up, greatly perplexed.

"I mean," said his cousin, turning bashfully away and snuffing the cauliflower-head of the tallow-candle, 'pour se donner une contenance,' "as your property and mine together would ha' saved the Woodhouse, and kep' out them nasty money-lenders. You behaved very handsome, I will say that, Amyas, about when my father died, and I haven't forgot it to you."

"Well, that's all over and done for," said he, rising a little impatiently. "You was welcome enow, and 'twas your own right, and you married Smart; and a quiet man and a good husband he made, I heerd tell."

"Yes, Amyas," said his affectionate relict, finding it necessary to be more explicit; "but he's dead and gone now, poor man. I was a saying just now, 'twere a pity as my father didn't manage different in the old time. I were headstrong, and wanted my own way, I know; but he should just ha' seen to me as had no mother. Young girls wants guiding to their own good. And what wi' them as wants to marry her and them as she wants to marry, 'tis a hard matter to choose right for she as has a bit o' property; and I chose wrong, I did," said the lady, with much candour; "though I won't say but he were a good man were poor Smart," she ended, with a sigh, and brushing her hand across her eyes. "My property it's worth a pretty penny per year; and we could get the Woodhouse out o' pawn, if we did it together."

She was going on;—but by this time Amyas had caught her meaning, and had risen in the utmost terror. He had the greatest respect for his cousin's powers of managing and of getting what she "set her mind to," and did not feel sure that he should not be compelled to marry her, whether he would or no.

"Well, cousin, bygones should be bygones, they say, you know; and past's past, and old times can't be got back again. When a tree's dead,

you can't make it live again, not wi' a' the digging and dunging and watering in Christendom; and so, you see, we won't talk any more about such things, nor nothing."

Then as a sense of absurdity in the whole matter came over him, with his tender regard for the feelings of others, he returned from the door to which he was making with all his might, and shook hands, with a smile.

"We can be friends and all that, yer know, cousin Susan, and thank ye kindly for thinking of me this way; but it can't be, and so there's an end of it," he ended, with unwonted decision, roused by the magnitude of the peril before him.

Meanwhile the girl had gone upstairs, as she was desired. "Jane" was far too active a person to require any help—and had indeed slipped out "unbeknownst" to her mistress. Lettice sat on alone in the dark little room; but she was weaving her own fancies so busily that she scarcely found it out. She could hear the deep chime of the great clock of the Minster in the quiet of the night; and the remembrance of the organ and the singing which she had heard there that day seemed mixed up inextricably with Everhard in her mind, and all that he had said and done; and these altogether were such good company that she was sorry when Mrs. Smart's voice, less harsh than usual, with a more feminine fall in it than any one had ever heard before, summoned her downstairs again. "I wonder what they've been doing of?" thought Lettice to herself, as she watched her cousin's strangely thoughtful manner. There had been a real honest feeling for Amyas mixed with Mrs. Smart's desire after a good stroke of business, and she was touched and quiet for the rest of the short evening.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAPLEFORD GAOL.

"THE order's for ye to be at the prison-door at eight, Lettice," said her uncle next morning. "And I'll be off to the lawyer as soon as may be, and settle for your father." Lettice put the little bag into his hand.

"I'd rather not," said he, reluctantly; but he could not stand her look of entreaty, and took it sorely against the grain.

"You take yer Bible in yer pocket," observed Mrs. Smart, who had recovered her spirits, (and indeed felt "that all had, maybe, been for the best, and she and her money had perhaps had an escape.") "'Twill be a mercy anyhow. I'm sure he wants doing good to, does yer father. And here's a couple o' apples, and the 'dog in a blanket' as were left yesterday, as he might fancy perhaps."

Then following them, as they had nearly left the house—

"Here's a trac'," she cried: "'Buttons for the Breeches of Salvation,' as was left here t' other day—'tis a pity it should be wasted. 'Twould

be a fine thing for the soul of him if he'd read it. You might happen drop it and leave it there when you come away, who knows?"

And with this mixture of spiritual and creature comforts they at last were allowed to go.

They walked on together in silence.

"I think we'll be off home this afternoon, Lettie," said her uncle, sadly, as they reached the awful door of the gaol. "I don't fancy the town now; and there isn't nothing to be had here to my mind. Leastways," he went on, with a sort of dreary laugh, "them as I suit don't suit me anyhow; and so we won't stop any longer. You and me 's country-bred, Lettie, and we likes those ways best." And he left her to finish his business. With extreme trepidation the girl showed her order at the grim-looking gate. She had the proper horror of a prison, and entered with an awe-struck terror which would have been most wholesome for the offenders within, if she could have communicated it to them.

She passed through an inner court, where a great uproar was going on among the prisoners: some of whom were playing at fives, with much confusion.

"You dreve less noise there," shouted the jailor as they went through, but without the smallest effect, one man even making a face at the authority as he passed. Prison discipline was a nearly unknown art in those times. Lettice, a good deal frightened, followed her conductor at a run, and when they reached the cold stone passage, it seemed almost a haven of safety.

"Here's your daughter come to see you," said the jailor, opening the door of the infirmary cell—where Norton Lisle was lying on a narrow bed, with his broken leg in a good deal of pain—and leaving them alone.

"What, Let, are you there?" said he, surlily. "Have ye got the bag? and has Amyas been after the counsellor for me?" And then, almost without waiting for the answer, "What did that fellow Ned mean by aftering me like that? I weren't on his beat, and he'd no call after me any way." And his abuse became so frightful that at last Lettice, in utter dismay, leant back so that he could not see her—bound down as he was in the bed—and stuffed her fingers into her ears.

His moods, however, never lasted long. In a little time another of the prisoners, a strong-made, lazy-looking fellow in a velvet jacket, who had been set to wait upon the sick man, opened the door and lounged in. The prisoners were all huddled together, old and young, poachers, pickpockets, and felons, without much idea either of reformation or punishment, only of shutting them up out of the way.

"'Tis Jem Grove, old Dannel's son: you knows he, Lettie," explained Norton, almost cheerfully.

"Well, and how's the old man? I haven't seen he I don't know when. There I were out o' luck to-year," grumbled Jem: "I hadn't a had but one month o' the pheasant-shootin', and there I were took quite

uncommon soon. Most times I've a kep' out this ever so much longer, and come in pretty much when 'twere convenient, and got my board and lodging at the dead time o' the year out o' the county, free like, till it were pretty nigh time to begin again 'of a shiny night, in the season o' the year,' " said he, laughing. "I don't say as we hasn't a jolly time o' it here, and 'tis cold lodging out. Nineteen times I've a been here now, and a goodish lot too, and should know; but I'd reither ha' bided out a bit longer too, you tell father."

"Jest you look at me," sighed Norton, "tied like this, and don't you complain as have got yer legs."

"What's the use o' legs if ye can't use them?" yawned Jem.

"Where is it I'm to tell Dannel you were took, and how were it?" said Lettice, in her conscientious desire to take her message correctly.

"Why, there, I were night-poaching, and caught wi' the pheasant on me, and kipper brought me up to the Hall; and 'twere so late, 'Twon't do to rouse Squire,' says he. So him and me and the watcher, and the groom and one or two more, sot over the fire in the saddle-room till dawn, and had some beer and a smoke. And when 'twere dawn Squire says he wouldn't commit me not hisself; and there didn't I drive down to the lock-up in the pheenon as pleasant as could be, a-takin' of the air? And one of the young leddies was a-walking in the park; and I took off my hat grand to she, and she lowted (*bowed*) to me, and I a long way off like, for she conceited I were a gentleman.* Didn't we laugh like anything?"

"Can't ye get me a drink o' water? I'm so drouthy, and that critch † is empty," interrupted Norton, impatiently; "or else didn't ye say you'd an apple about ye? Give me one o' he, Lettie."

"Has she brought word if that fellow Dixon's a-getting on to well, that you shot? If he dies, there won't be much chance for you, I'm thinking," said his Job's comforter.

"These girls never know nothing; but I'll swear I never fired the shot," replied Norton, angrily. "You should ha' stopped for to nuss him, if ye couldn't do anything else," he went on, turning to her. "His life's worth a very deal to me now, which it weren't my way of thinking a little time back."

"No, that I'll be bound for it," replied Jem, laughing, as he fetched the jug; and then, too glad to be rid of his charge, went out again and locked the door.

"So Caleb got away after all?" said Norton presently; it is wonderful how, when there is any sort of confederation or freemasonry among men, like that of smuggling, news will penetrate into the most unlikely places.

Lettice gave a start, and turned away towards the wall, much afraid of her father's observation on her tell-tale face; but he had other things to think of, and took no notice. "How did it come?" said she.

* Him and his work you have right well conceited.—*Julius Caesar*.

† *Fr. cruche*.

"They say 'twere along o' that lathy young chap Walleott, what thought he were a match wrestling wi' Norton Lisle," observed her father with a sort of grin, "and a pretty fall he got trying to take me up, he did." The remembrance seemed to put him in good humour, and he grew more communicative. "I haven't heard not exact how 'twere, but somehow the officer was for putting on the handcuffs aboard ship, after Caleb had been steering 'um all night too—and I will say that for the lad, there isn't a steadier hand at the tiller up nor down the Channel. They'd just got under the lee of the land, and Walleott tripped him up (that's that rascally gauger) wi' haggling at a rope, and the men was just about merry when they see him fall, and that made him mad angry they say, for Caleb cut over the side and swum off like a fish, betwixt and between."

Lettice blushed all over with delight. The thought of Caleb had been like a remorse to her, and that he should be safe, and through Everhard's intervention, made her eyes sparkle and her face aglow.

"Caleb were took like in your stead," she ventured at last to say, as her father seemed to have altogether forgotten this point.

"I believe he were, and he did come in with a whoppen knock or two in the tussle, when he set to with the coastguard; 'twere uncommon well thought on to put in as he did,—but there, ye see I were took after all, so it didn't so much mind," said Norton, like many other folk, only grateful for value received. "Why didn't ye bring word about that Dixon, for to tell me summut as I wants to know?" he said, tumbling about as far as the broken leg tightly strapped on the cradle allowed him. The misery of constraint and quiet to such an active man was pitiable to see.

"Mayn't I turn that pillow, father; and strive set the sheets more comf'able?" she began, compassionately.

"You let me alone," replied he; but somehow she had her pleasure with him, and she went on straightening and smoothing and setting to rights, by a sort of instinct, till she had so changed the look of the wretched, untidy, melancholy infirmary cell, that it seemed a different place.

The relief, however, did not last long. "I couldn't make out about what come o' Caleb after all; and as for that Ned——"

"Shouldn't I maybe read a bit, father?" interrupted Lettice, dreading another outbreak, and at her wit's end how to soothe him. "There were somethin' I mind in the Book about another Caleb as Master Jesse used to read," she said, catching at the word as a sort of diversion to his wrath.

"Well, I don't mind so much. Read away. P'r'aps I might get a nice sleep with it," said her hopeful patient, tossing his arms testily.

Lettice had been brought up to think one chapter in the Bible quite as useful as another: in short, as a sort of charm; and too glad to have found any kind of opening, she turned up and down in much trepidation, looking vainly for the passage containing the account of Caleb.

"Well, cut away," said her father, impatiently. "What are ye waitin' for?" And, in a fright, she fell pretty much at random on a chapter. The lulling sound of the reading told upon him before long.

"That's a pretty tale enow," he said, not attending, and half asleep. "I likes to hear o' all that fighting. I wonder what come of it all, and what all them killings and murderings was about?" he muttered, drowsily.

"But, father," said Lettice, much horrified, and beginning to explain and remonstrate, even at the risk of an outbreak, when the door was unlocked——

"Time's up!" cried the jailor, putting in his head authoritatively; and she was obliged to go.

"She's a middlin' good little maid she is," muttered her father, drowsily, to himself when she was gone. "I don't mind if she do come again, it makes time pass."

But Lettice did not hear this magnificent tribute to her merits.

"'Tis very hard when one can't do nothing at all for a body, and is so helpless and stupid like," sighed she to her little self as she came sadly away, quite unconscious that she had been "making sunshine in a very shady place." "I wonder whether they'll let me see him again, and I'm afraid that I read it all wrong, as he didn't seem to care."

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVERHARD AND HIS MOTHER.

EVERHARD, extremely indignant at his treatment, and nursing his wrath to keep it warm, had gone home to his father's house, after parting from Lettice and her uncle, to fetch his horse and ride back to Seaford. It was a solid, red-brick, substantial-looking place, just out of the town, with a great walled kitchen-garden behind, and a little paved path from the green wicket to the front door, before which stood sentinel a couple of yew-trees artistically carved into a pair of green dumb waiters. It had once been a sort of dower-house for some dowager of a small country family, in the times when Mapleford was a little capital for the winter gaieties of the neighbourhood, before London had swallowed up all such local centres of "good" society; but it had now fallen very much out of repair, and Wallcott had had it "a great bargain."

Everhard came round by the stable-yard behind the house, and found his mother alone in the kitchen. She had made an effort, when first they came into the "grand house," to live a little more "according," as Everhard was always striving to make her do; but gentility was a burden and sorrow to her, and she always escaped from the bore of the parlour to the more congenial saucepans. Dressed, as she was at that moment, in a plaid stuff of some abominable mixture of red and yellow in great black squares, and a black net cap with purple bows—which looked as if it had

been sat upon—she certainly did not appear much like the owner of the house, or the rightful successor of the stiff old strait-laced lady who had lived there before her.

"What! you're not off yet? I thought you was gone," said she, as he came in, with a look of extreme pleasure at the sight of her boy again—the very apple of her eye—even though it might be only for a moment. "Anne's gone out, and I were just doing her work—lest yer father come home, so I'm all in my dishabilles, as they say," she went on apologetically.

"I went down town first," said he, moodily, without at all entering into what he had been doing there.

"And now can't ye stay till to-morrow, Everhard? 'tis too late for ye to ride all that way to Seaford these short days."

"How can you talk like that, mother?" he answered, irritably. "I told you before, Russell would turn me off, as sure as fate, if I didn't get back to-night—he as good as said so that day I'd been out so long in the lugger. He's right down angry this time, and says he might as well have no clerk at all in the office, and cousin or no cousin he won't stand it."

"Will you just stop then while I git ye a bit to eat in no time?" said his mother, bustling eagerly about.

"Make haste then—I can't wait a minute," muttered Everhard, his stoicism giving way: for the smell out of the saucepan was good, and he relented in his own favour. "A pretty way I should be in," he went on, stretching himself, with a sort of dismal laugh, "if I'm turned off there, and can't live here, me and father scarce speaking as now we do."

"Don't ye think you could manage not to go agin' him so much, my boy?" said Mrs. Wallcott—good, fat, comfortable, red-faced woman as she was, who bore no grudges to any one, and could not conceive how anybody should not give up anything for love and peace at home. "I'm sure I can't think what made you take up with that young girl out of all the girls that's in the world, as yer father says, just as 'twere to vex him."

"What's the use of your speaking in that way, mother, when you know she's the only one I ever could or would fancy," said Everhard, angrily; "and she's not so easy to get neither, as you think. I've just met her down at the Minster, and she and her uncle won't have anything to say to me, so to speak, until I've got father's consent, fair and open; so there now you see what's like to come of that, him being what he is, that a regiment of horse wouldn't turn him, when he's got a fancy."

Mrs. Wallcott looked exceedingly distressed, and laid her hand on his shoulder as he sat and ate. He moved a little aside, as if to reach something, so as to shake it off, not roughly, but very completely. His mother gave an inaudible sigh, and turned away to add another to the quantity of useless things which she had crowded on the little table for him: she would not see that he was bored by her caress.

"Don't, mother; there's more than plenty," said he, in a vexed tone. "I wish you'd just sit down now, and be quiet."

Everhard was ashamed of his mother and ashamed of his shame. Her vulgarities and her manners and her dress all galled and irritated him, and he was not so grateful for her unvarying, unwearying affection as he knew he ought to be. He never appeared to less advantage than at home, where he was always saying little unkind, impatient things, which he repented of the moment they were out of his mouth, and doing small ungracious acts, which he would sometimes have given much afterwards to recall, but still not sufficiently so to prevent his acting in exactly the same way a few minutes after. The tone of her voice, the fat way in which she swung into the room, the very sound of her creaking boots, annoyed him beyond measure. He was very sensitive to beauty and grace, and still more to their absence, and as there was not much chance of Mrs. Wallcott's learning to be either slim, or graceful, or educated, or quick of apprehension and tact, (although she would have been cut to pieces for his sake without any hesitation,) he went on sinning and repenting and sinning again in a way which spoilt all his own comfort at home.

Perhaps the thick layers of fat with which nature had endowed Mrs. Wallcott prevented her feeling a good deal of the pain which he inflicted, and her profound sense of his superiority, and virtues, and graces, made her always convinced in the end that he—her last remaining child, her beloved Benjamin—must always be right, whatsoever he might say or do. There was a power of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation in her which took out the sting as it were from any unkind or neglectful thing done to her: "humility is the cure for many a heartache."

His dog at this moment jumped upon Everhard's knees. "Down, Teazer," said he in an annoyed tone. "Mother, you must shut him up till I'm gone, or he'll be after me—here's the chain—and I can't keep him at Seaford any longer. Mrs. Russell's so cross now: she says he brings mud into the house, and she won't stand him no more. She'll be turning all my 'museum' out of doors soon, I do believe, even if they let me stop," he added, dismally. He had fallen on the north side of favour at the ship-owner's, from his repeated absences, and had been made to feel it bitterly.

He rose as he spoke, and shook off his dog's caresses as he had done his mother's: he was very unhappy was poor Everhard, and it showed itself, as it does with some people, in being altogether put out and cross with everything.

Still, however, when at last he had mounted his horse and was riding away in rather doleful guise, he turned back to look at his mother, who was struggling violently to put up the dog. Teazer had been moved out of his usual calm business-like manner by seeing his master go off alone, and was now leaping wildly in the air, dragging at his chain, and howling and whining pitifully in his vain attempts to follow; and Everhard, as he

rode out of the stable-yard into the road, called out, in a much more tender tone to both, "Good-by, mother—good-by, Teazer, poor old dog!"

"There ain't a many like my boy," said Mrs. Wallcott enthusiastically, though much out of breath, as she tried to pacify the unhappy Teazer, and watched her son disappear, with a passionate poetry of affection in her fat old body which would have done credit to the youngest and handsomest of her race, and furnished a whole regiment of poets with materials for no end of odes and songs and sonnets; but she was a "dumb dog," and had neither voice nor manners with which to express what was in her. No one could see the light, or hear the music of the feelings going on inside her; and, indeed, a fat old red-faced vulgar woman like Mrs. Wallcott had hardly any right to anything so beautiful as feelings in most people's eyes.

Everhard had ridden off in an extremely discontented condition. He considered himself a model of chivalry, constancy, and all the cardinal virtues, and with some reason. He had made his home too hot to hold him; and whether he had failed in duty to his father or not, he had certainly not done so to Lettice. True, he had been amusing himself very tolerably up and down the world for the last six months, but it had been all on the highest principles of self-sacrifice; and the evening after he returned from Mapelford, he sat over the fire in the ship's office after work with a pair of tongs in his hands, exceedingly aggrieved, and looking very deplorable as he recounted his woes to Ned.

"And then for 'um to treat me in that fashion; and why she wouldn't marry me and have done with it, I can't think. Wrong! It weren't a bit wrong, when my father's broke his word like that, and I could manage my mother easy enough. I believe after all that she cares for that Caleb more than she does for me, and so I didn't let out to her as he'd got away, and I that have got into all sorts of scrapes for her sake."

Ned had by this time recovered his spirits, and that desire of advising everybody about everything which a man always feels in double force when he has himself been guilty of an action of doubtful expediency. All the time Everhard was talking he had been running over some lists and papers which he had to give in, adding up, comparing, subtracting, and lending only half an ear to the complaints and surmises with which his friend disconsolately solaced himself.

"Look, Wallcott," said he at last, putting the finished return in his pocket, "you're a silly fella. First head"—and he counted on his fingers, "here's a poor girl sees one man doing his out and out best for to save her father, while you're doing yourn to take him up. She mayn't be so fond o' such a one as Norton Lisle, but you can't expect she'd be so over and above grateful to you for what you've a done. Second head, you ask her to run away from Amyas, and them as has been good to her and done for her all the days of her life, when they're in the thickest o' their trouble, and she maybe a help to 'un, and ought to. I like her all the better for doing of it, I do. And as for yer father and Russell, they'll all

come right in time, but you're so tail-on-end (*eager*). So there you has my 'report,' swallow it how you like," he ended, in his dogged, literal, matter-of-fact way, leaning his back against the mantelpiece and lifting up his coat-tails.

"And you think she may care for me just the same as before? After all, I know so little of her," said Everhard, analysing and doubting, as was his manner, and occupied with his own side of the question, as usual, almost exclusively.

"That's yer own fault. I can't answer as to that. Why did ye ask her to marry you before you know'd her then? but I do: she's gentle and she's coy, but she's as true as steel."

"I know that, or I shouldn't have cared for her so," cried Everhard, with angry inconsistency.

"Then she's not like to throw herself at any other young fellow's head, as you seem to think's her way,—and a pretty way too to believe of one's true love," he ended tauntingly.

"There's that mare never will be good for anything since you drove her to death the night we were up at the Puckspiece," said Everhard, not very relevantly, but catching at the first weapon of offence he could think of. "I was better than four hours getting home last night from Maplesford, and all in the dark; and if I'm turned out of the office here—as Russell says he'll hardly keep me for twenty pounds—you won't find another will be so patient with your tantrums, Ned Wyniate," said he at last, standing up, and goaded into a sort of rebellion against his oppressive friend. "You get into scrapes, too; only, somehow, you make believe so hard you're all right, that one gets to think so too!"

Ned knew how true this was, and prudently held his tongue further on the matter. "We'll go out and see what the cutter's been about," he said, consolingly, to change the conversation.

